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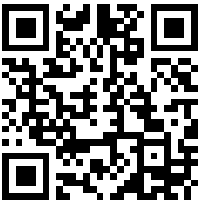

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Vol. III. No. 1. March, 1926

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# The FIGHTING FORCES

Vol. 3
1926/27
V W N

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
*for* THE ROYAL NAVY
• • • THE ARMY *and* • • •
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

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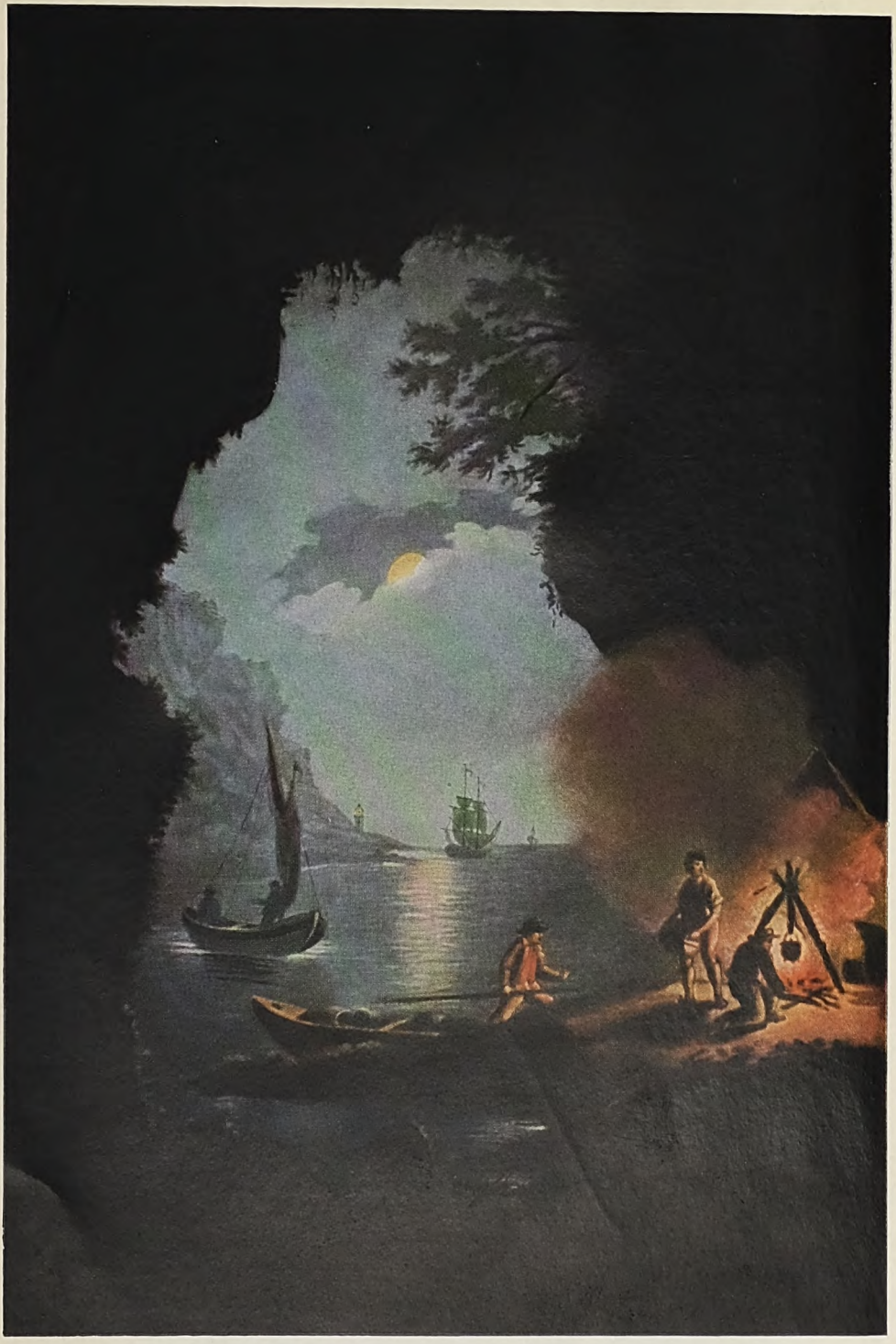

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# *The* FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. III MARCH, 1926 No. 1

## A SMUGGLER'S SONG

(*From "Puck of Pook's Hill"*).

IF you wake at midnight and hear the horses' feet,
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street,
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie.
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!
Five and twenty ponies
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the parson,
'Baccy for the clerk;
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Running round the wood lump if you chance to find
Little barrels roped and tarred, all full of brandy-wine,
Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for your play;
Put the brushwood back again—and they'll be gone next day!

If you see the stable door setting open wide;
If you see a tired horse lying down inside;
If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore;
If the lining's wet and warm—don't you ask no more!

If you meet King George's men dressed in blue and red,
You be careful what you say, and mindful what is said.
If they call you "pretty maid," and chuck you 'neath the chin,
Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's been!



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Knocks and footsteps round the house—whistles after dark—
You've no call for running out till the house dogs bark.
" Trusty's " here, and " Pincher's " there, and see how dumb
they lie—
They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by !

If you do as you've been told, 'likely there's a chance,
You'll be given a dainty doll, all the way from France,
With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood—
A present from the Gentlemen, along o' being good !
Five and twenty ponies
Trotting through the dark
Brandy for the parson,
'Baccy for the clerk ;
Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie.
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by !

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# EDITORIAL

**Locarno.**

Since last we went to press the Locarno Pact has been signed in London. In putting their signatures to this document the representatives of the Powers have accomplished the most noteworthy action, and have made the most constructive contribution towards the peace of Europe since 1914. But mere gestures have never preserved a peace, nor conventions of the most harmonious nature succeeded in allaying international discord. Unless the Locarno Pact is the outward and visible sign of an inward and benevolent will to peace, it will fare no better than its predecessors. The representatives have done their utmost; it remains for the countries themselves to support their endeavours not only in eulogistic phrases, but in the plain fact of reasonable disarmament.

The race for armaments which disgraced the opening years of this century must not be repeated. To realize how this race affected the psychology of nations, and became the most potent of all the causes of the late war, one has only to consult Earl Grey's masterly memoirs, "Twenty-five Years". To go, however, to the other extreme, would be scarcely a better contribution to the peace of Europe, and for the British Empire would be indeed a positive danger. What is needed is a "Washington" agreement applying to land and air forces. But what was possible at Washington may altogether be otherwise at Geneva. Inasmuch as England held the greatest naval force, her expressed wish for limitation of armaments carried weight in America. In land and air forces, however, she holds a lowly place, consequently her voice in Europe may well become that of one crying in the wilderness.

We await the issue of the approaching conference on disarmament with interest.

* * *

**The Budget and the Services.**

As the Budget draws near, once again is heard that hardy annual cry for cutting down the estimates of the Fighting Services. As this question is dealt with by two articles in the present number—"The Navy and The Taxpayer", by Lieut.-Commander J. M. Kenworthy, M.P., and "The Case against Depots," by Major J. H. Piper, M.C.—we do



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not propose to say any more here other than that it will be the policy of THE FIGHTING FORCES to support, during these times of financial stringency, any reasonable system of cutting down avoidable expenses, only so long as it does not militate against the fighting as opposed to the administrative efficiency of the Navy, the integrity of the historic British Regiments of the Line, and the maintenance of the very necessary research work and experiments in the Royal Air Force.

While on this subject we would like to suggest that committees formed of combatant officers in the three Services would be quite likely to tap many unexplored sources of economy, which might well escape the attention of the Colwyn and similar civilian committees.

* * *

**The Navy and the Public.**

There is no use blinking the fact that the Navy is not the " darling of the nation " that it was before and during the war. One recalls the old bitter rhyme which Nelson has quoted in one of his letters :—

> Our God and sailor we alike adore
> In time of danger, not before ;
> The danger gone, both are alike requited,
> God is forgotten and the sailor slighted.

This indifference, which always seems to recur after a great war, is to some extent common to all the Fighting Services, but it is necessary to look farther afield to appreciate fully the falling off in the Navy's traditional popularity.

One outstanding reason is that the sea Service does not enjoy what the shore-going world knows as " a good Press." The three senior daily papers, it is true, stand loyally by it, but certain sections of the Press seem never tired of decrying the value of the Fleet and clamouring for reduction in naval expenditure, while showing little if any regard for our sea security.

* * *

**The Admiralty and the Press.**

It is certainly not the business of the naval officer to advertise his Service, but it is becoming more and more imperative that this campaign of misrepresentation should be answered. In assuming a lofty attitude of ignoring continual mis-statements about the Navy, the Admiralty is simply " letting the Service down " in the public estimation.

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It is not enough to have a stout-hearted First Lord to uphold his naval colleagues in Cabinet Councils, the " Man in the Street " must be won back to his former allegiance to and affection for the Service which alone stands between him and starvation—physical and financial. The Navy of to-day sadly lacks a spokesman with the personality of a Beresford or a Fisher to fire the popular imagination, and the Admiralty does very little to keep the public interested in the Fleet's doings.

Before the war, naval correspondents regularly attended manœuvres and wrote graphic, and often highly coloured, accounts of the operations and of life on board ship. Nowadays we see full facilities afforded to the Press to attend such melancholy ceremonies as the funeral service over " M.1," but the real work of the Navy remains a sealed book to the majority of people. The Navy hates publicity, and the Admiralty loves secrecy, but meanwhile the public is being fed on ignorant criticism of naval matters and denied an insight into their realities. This cannot be for the good of the Service, and one hopes ere long to see a considerable change of attitude towards this matter on the part of My Lords.

* * *

**The Combined Fleet Exercises.**

The annual meeting of the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets is always referred to officially as " tactical exercises," and any reference to them as " manœuvres " is at once repudiated. It becomes a nice point as to where the latter begin and the former end, but seemingly " manœuvres " savour of additional expenditure or militarism or something likely to raise questions in Parliament, and the word is therefore taboo.

The " exercises " this year will doubtless produce further developments in naval air work if the weather is favourable. The big new aircraft-carrier *Furious* is taking part in them for the first time and will fully make up for the temporarily absent *Hermes*. The *Eagle* is again present. Last year the Fleet Air Arm, working from the two latter ships, acquitted itself exceedingly well, and the attacks of the torpedo aircraft gave many " furiously to think."

The marked progress which has been made of late in the work of the aircraft carriers is due in no small measure to the keen interest of Rear-Admiral Fuller, whose nominal command is the Battle Cruiser Squadron. In the absence of

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any squadron to command he has, to some extent, acted as an Admiral of the Fleet Air Arm. When the *Courageous* and *Glorious* have been converted it is highly probable that a regular aircraft-carrier squadron will be created with an Admiral (A) in command.

* * *

**The Colwyn Committee.**

By all accounts the Colwyn Committee, in its desire to please the economists and through complete lack of any naval knowledge, has made such fantastic proposals for reductions in naval expenditure that it has largely defeated its own object.

Very real and extensive economies are being made by the Sea Lords and their staff, and these have all been in the direction of cutting down every kind of expense which is not essential to fighting efficiency, but in one direction there seems to be a steady opposition to reductions where reductions could be made with no loss of efficiency—fighting or otherwise—and that is in the senior, and more expensive, *civil* posts at the Admiralty.

Since the end of the war department after department has been reduced or abolished on the naval side and innumerable temporary organizations have passed away, but reference to the Navy List shows scarcely any change in the names at the head of the Secretary's Department.

It would seem that the Board is in the position of a manager given a free hand to effect economies by reducing the number of workers in the factory, but forbidden to dismiss any of his clerical staff because they are relations of the Directors.

It would be an admirable thing if the Government would now appoint a committee of senior naval officers with Admiralty experience to effect drastic reductions in the civil staff of that Department.

* * *

**Talk of Disarmament.**

The Disarmament Conference has apparently stuck at the very first question they set themselves to answer, viz., "What are weapons?" Under modern conditions every sort of commodity which assists a nation to impose its will on an adversary may be regarded as a "weapon of war." Moreover, every nation has its own peculiar requirements for defence purposes, and what one would be ready to give up another

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will maintain is vital to its security. We have agreed to limit battleships to a certain ratio; we could not possibly agree to a similar ratio in cruisers. We might agree to the abolition of aircraft and submarines; France, and probably most of the other Powers, would not.

The whole question of disarmament is dealt with by two articles in the present number: "The Will to Disarm" by Archibald Hurd, and "Disarmament and the Future of War" by Charles Petrie.

* * *

**A contented Army.**

A feeling is abroad that the advent of General Sir George Milne to the position of Chief of the Imperial General Staff will usher in a period of greater contentment in the Army. The contentment of all ranks is all-important, but it seems to us to have been rather lost sight of in the era through which we have just passed, an era marked by the intense spirit of competition existing between the commanders of certain of the higher formations. Understandable as this spirit is, it has overlooked the fact that it is the personnel—more especially the officer personnel—which counts above everything. The Army must attract the best in the land if its officers are to maintain those splendid characteristics of fearless self-confidence which have done so much to make the Empire in the past.

Financially, the Army has no great plums to offer, such as fall to the lot of those who enter the business world. It has, or can have, infinite attractions in other respects, but these will be forgotten if it is noised abroad that life in the Army means a life of "worry."

In short, supervision has been overdone and everybody feels they want to be left to themselves rather more than has been the case of late years.

Sir George Milne has a very human outlook on life and we believe is fully alive to the need of a contented Army.

* * *

**Promotion.**

The question of contentment inevitably calls to mind the question of Promotion amongst the officer ranks. The situation is rapidly becoming impossible. A subaltern in the Gunners recently informed us that he saw no hope of promotion until he had completed eighteen years' service. The stream of promotion

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in the infantry, though not in such a parlous state as this, is badly clogged in many units.

It should not be impossible to secure a few vacancies in the higher ranks without wounding anybody's susceptibilities and with only a very small increase of cost to the State. Briefly, our views are as follows :—

In the old days on retirement the great majority of officers were perfectly content to seek oblivion in civil life, and their means generally enabled them to do so without difficulty. Now, the cost of living and above all the cost of education renders such a Cincinnatus attitude almost impossible. Another job has to be found. Another job nearly always means capital.

If substantive Lieutenant-Colonels were offered a sum down to retire before their time there should be a number of takers, and the stream of promotion would once more flow more easily. An enormous number of Lieutenant-Colonels have rank service obtained in the war to their credit. By going before their time their pensions would be but little affected ; on the other hand, they would have the priceless benefit of a little capital with which to start their new walk in life.

Possibly the Treasury would raise a howl of protest at any such suggestion as this, and it is fully realized that it could not be for a moment entertained unless there be a corresponding economy in another direction. But it is bad to see young officers losing interest and becoming callous on account of their constantly diminishing hopes of ever obtaining command of their regiments.

* * *

**The Territorials.**

The well-known sympathies of Sir George Milne for the Territorials leave no shadow of doubt that Territorial " stock " will boom in the near future. And it is all to the good that this should be so. Up to date, the Regulars, absorbed in their own interests and prospects as professional soldiers, have been generally apathetic towards the aspirations of their Territorial brothers-in-arms. The word " Territorial " is scarcely ever mentioned in Aldershot and the Staff College is also apt to maintain an attitude of aloofness in this matter. We think we are right in saying that not a single adjutant of Territorials has the letters " *p.s.c.*" after his name ; further that the General Staff would view with disfavour any member of the chosen who

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volunteered for such a job. Yet there is not the slightest doubt that if this nation of ours has the misfortune to be involved in another European war only the very closest co-operation between the Regular and Territorial portions of the Army will see us through.

* * *

**Signalling in the Territorials.**

The Territorials are expected to maintain a high standard in signalling, but receive no assistance in the way of trained instructors. Before the war an adjutant was only appointed to a Territorial unit if he held a signalling certificate. This is not the case now, and, even if it were, it is doubtful whether in these busy days he would have the time to do the detailed training required. But it is absolutely essential that at least one of the permanent staff of each unit should be a trained signalling instructor. It is to be hoped that the authorities will see their way to introducing this much-needed reform.

* * *

**Walking-out Dress.**

The walking-out dress of the British Army calls for early consideration. Let us consider the various alternatives.

*Khaki*, as worn at present, even with the most immaculate of puttees, the whitest of white belts and the brightest of buttons, can never look otherwise than what it is—a drab, unattractive, work-a-day dress.

*Red*, the revival of which has so many advocates, is impracticable on account of expense. Further, the red tunic is too conspicuous, and, though its mass effect at reviews and ceremonial parades is unquestionable, it is doubtful nowadays whether the soldier, when he takes his walks abroad, wishes to stand out like a beacon on the Great West road. Red is easily soiled and most difficult to keep smart and up-to-the-mark.

There remains *Blue*.

A blue suiting in civilian life is always popular. Blue cloth is therefore always available in large quantities and is not unduly expensive. A blue serge jacket and blue trousers is the normal dress for sergeants' and corporals' messes at evening entertainments. Why not extend the privilege of wearing blue for walking-out purposes to all ranks?

It would cost the State nothing, for the man would have to purchase it himself, but it would rest with the Ordnance

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Department to ensure that supplies are available at a reasonable cost.

* * *

**Cairo to Cape Flight.**

By the time this issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES appears the four Royal Air Force machines which are attempting to fly from Cairo to the Cape, will have left Heliopolis Aerodrome on the first stage of their journey. The flight is described officially as a propaganda flight. Coming as it does soon after the wonderful Atlantic crossing by Commandant Franco, this leisurely R.A.F. expedition will be neither a good advertisement of British machines nor of British pilots. It will be like milk pudding after roast meat. If the Air Ministry is organizing a propaganda flight, it should make that flight at least as arduous and as spectacular as foreign flights of a similar kind.

* * *

**Airship Training.**

In the management of a motor-car, lack of practice causes a sensible diminution in precision and facility of control. The same may be said of flying an aeroplane. We view, therefore, with some concern the Air Ministry's decision by which neither of the airships R.36 nor R.33 will be available for the training and practising of crews in preparation for the launching of the 5,000,000 cubic feet vessels provided for in the Government scheme. There have been some terrible accidents to rigid airships in the past. Surely when sending up for the first time an airship larger than any that has ever been built, embodying new features of design and operating from untried mooring masts, it is courting disaster to man it with men who have had no practice in controlling airships for two years or more. A serious accident to one of the 5,000,000 cubic feet airships on its first or second voyage would put a full stop to rigid airship development for a generation at least.

* * *

**Australia.**

The order placed by the Dominion for six super-marine Napier-engined Seagulls, the first of which was launched in the first week of February, still further demonstrates the interest which this country has on air matters. Australia is wide awake to the value of commercial and service aviation, in both of

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which she takes pride of place amongst the Dominions. Her commercial air lines have been operating with a marked degree of success, and traffic over these lines has shown a steady and encouraging increase.

Sir Joseph Cook (the High Commissioner of Australia), who was present at the launching of the craft, in a speech afterwards, reiterated what was in effect the decisions recorded at the last Imperial Conference on the subject of Empire Defence, and this is further practical proof that Australia intends faithfully to perform her full share of the more important of those resolutions.

Sir Joseph said that the order for flying-boats was part of the Defence Policy and that Australia was aiming at standardization of its armament parts with those of the rest of the Empire, so as to be ready to take its share in the defence of their common heritage.

* * *

The following extract from *The Times* gives an interesting summary of the part played by aircraft during the operations against the Riffs :—

**Military Aviation in Morocco.**

Six squadrons (*escadrilles*) were employed on the Rif front, and one in the region south of Taza, where its task consisted in keeping hesitating tribes in a proper state of awe. These squadrons were supported by those stationed in Southern Morocco, which lent nearly all their machines. The work on the Rif front included much transport of supplies and wounded besides the normal military functions of reconnaissance, bombardment, and photography. From July 1st, 1925, to January 15th, 1926, the regiment counted 12,000 hours of flight, involving 5,500 service missions. These included more than 3,000 bombardments, in the course of which 375 tons of bombs were dropped. In the course of 260 photographic missions 1,400 photographs were taken, and finally 500 wounded were transported.

(The number of *escadrilles* (the tactical unit) in a regiment is variable. The strength of a reconnaissance *escadrille* is eight aeroplanes and of a bombing *escadrille* ten aeroplanes.)

In making general deductions, it must be fully realized that no air opposition existed, and but little opposition in the manner of anti-aircraft ground defences. It would be interesting to know the results achieved. The character of the country and the tactics employed by the Riffs would appear to have militated against any appreciable success being obtained by means of aircraft. The figures given in this record sound formidable, but, in effect, are nothing out of

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the ordinary, especially when it is realized that the operations extended over a period of seven months. The transporting of supplies and wounded by air must have proved invaluable in such country, and was probably the most valued of all the functions carried out by the aircraft.

* * *

**Civil Aviation.**

By far the most interesting returns of civil aviation activity for 1925 yet published were those that appeared in *The Times* of February 16th. This contained a summary of the Air Transport in Germany, which shows an enormous increase in Air Traffic over that of the previous year. During the discussion of the Commerce estimates by the main Committee of the Prussian Diet, the Minister of Trade gave the following figures :—

> During the six most important months of last year from the point of view of aviation. more than 2,500,000 miles had been flown, and 48,000 passengers had been carried. The development of the Tempelhof Aerodrome, he said, gave an interesting illustration of the general improvement, The number of passengers carried by aircraft using the aerodrome in 1924 was 1,700; in 1925 it was 20,400. Thirty times as much mail as in 1924, 40 times as much baggage, 14 times as much newspaper freight, and 100 times as much general freight, was dealt with in 1925.

These figures are remarkable, and show quite clearly that not only the Government, but the German people are alive to the potentialities of commercial flying. There is little doubt that Germany intends to lead the world in this new form of commercial activity, and in this respect it is to be noted that her geographical position in Europe gives her a decided advantage over those of her continental neighbours.

It is hoped to be able to publish a tabulated list of the growth of civil aviation throughout the world in the next issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

* * *

**The Aeroplane Club Movement.**

The inspiration from which grew the Light Aeroplane Club movement was indeed a happy one. There are now five clubs in England with about 600 members. Twelve of these members are already qualified pilots, about twenty more are about to take their flying certificates. This record is highly satisfactory, and Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil

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Aviation, as well as the club committees, deserve the commendation of the public. The success of the light aeroplane clubs shows that Englishmen are interested in aeronautics, and that they are anxious to learn to fly if the opportunity is given them.

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A correspondent from Berlin writes :—

The cases of the " vehm murders " (so called from the corrupt secret tribunals which terrorized Westfalia in the fifteenth century) now under judicial investigation in Germany are exceedingly characteristic of the present political and military situation in that country. They were committed two or three years ago by orders of officers of the " Black Reichswehr " on subordinates suspected of betraying that secret and illegal organization. If, as is generally believed, they numbered altogether between thirty and forty, the great majority of them have still to be expiated. Three or four trials, in two of which death sentences were passed, have already taken place, and the attitude of the press towards them shows that the bulk of the German public is only now realizing how tangible a fact the Black Reichswehr actually was. Yet according to an anonymous but obviously well-informed contribution published in the weekly *Die Weltbühne* as long ago as November last, the force in 1923, at the time of the Cüstrin rising, had a " peace footing " of 2,000 officers and men of all arms, and a " war strength " of 7,000. And the writer does not confine himself to a vague statement of these totals, but gives details of each of the ten " garrisons " into which the force was divided.

All these garrisons lay round Berlin, from which none of them was more than fifty miles distant. That is to say, they enclosed an area, more than half of the population of which has been Socialist since the beginning of the century. Now it is an astonishing and to some extent a disquieting fact that it was possible within an area of this kind and size to raise, equip and train an illegal force of infantry, cavalry and artillery to be used primarily against the political party to which the bulk of the population belonged, without more than the vaguest rumours about it finding their way into the press and platform utterances. The Socialists, at any rate, had every reason for vigilance and none for silence. The network of their organization covers the whole of the area

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which the Black Reichswehr intended to traverse in its concentric march against themselves and "red Berlin." They own 100 daily papers, hold 130 seats in the Reichstag, and, most important of all, control the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, and consequently the police. Yet it was only because the Black Reichswehr tried to hide behind murder that it has been dragged into the open. If it had been less melodramatic in its concealments, the masses of the present generation might have remained ignorant of its existence.

True, the public ignorance was to some extent a result of Government efforts to hide the facts. With the naïve mendacity of the child denying that it has been at the cupboard as it licks the jam from its lips, successive German Cabinets assured the world that they had nothing to hide from the Allies' Military Control Commission, and simultaneously had Black Reichswehr cases tried in camera to "safeguard the interests of the State." In most of these cases the defendants were neither the officers who had organized a force for the violent overthrow of the Constitution, nor the men who at their orders had killed comrades suspected of treachery, but persons alleged to have betrayed to foreign governments the "military secrets" of the Army that "had nothing to conceal." The mercilessly drastic punishments inflicted on these wretches suggested that the Black Reichswehr was the very corner-stone of the national defence. Their true explanation was probably political hysteria.

So completely is the German judicial body under this influence, that, when at last the Government realized the impossibility of further concealment, and the consequent uselessness of attempts to conceal, and through the State counsel pressed for open hearing, the judges disregarded this wise, if belated decision, and excluded both press and public from the court. By doing so they merely roused popular curiosity to a still higher pitch, and made it more than ever certain that the full story of the Black Reichswehr will eventually come to light.

But what about the monarchical General Seeckt and the republican Dr. Gessler, who are the Castor and Pollux of the Defence Ministry? They must have known about the Black Reichswehr; if not everything, at least enough to leave no doubt as to its character, strength and aims. For the illegal organization had its headquarters in the building of the 3rd Reichswehr Command at Berlin, and all its "labour

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battalions," as they were called, were affiliated to units of the regular force, and even quartered in its barracks. There is also no doubt that some of its recruits believed themselves to have been enrolled in the regular army. At the same time, it is not easy to believe that a declared republican, who belongs to a republican party and still takes an active part in its affairs, would consciously countenance the formation of a force started primarily to establish a military dictatorship as a prelude to a monarchist restoration. This is one of the most baffling corners of the puzzle presented by the " perpetual Minister," who is always being sharply criticized by his own republican party and warmly defended by its monarchical opponents. There are two main theories to explain the Gessler mystery. One is that the Minister of Defence knows—and does—only what Seeckt tells him. That is undoubtedly the majority view. The other theory is that it is he who is really the " big man " of the pair, and that he tolerated the Black Reichswehr within the sphere of his own ministerial administration because he knew that it could not be prevented altogether, and was justly confident that he could keep it under control and anticipate its dangerous schemes. But who shall decide which theory is the correct one when even the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister keep a nervous watch on the Ministry of Defence, and start violently at the least unusual noise that emanates from its walls ?

* * *

We very much regret to announce the death of two contributors to THE FIGHTING FORCES.

COMMANDER LORD TEIGNMOUTH, R.N., who died at his residence at Clevedon, Somerset, on February 15th, was born in 1847. Entering the Navy as a *Britannia* cadet in 1861, he became a Lieutenant in 1872, and nine years later Inspecting Officer of Coast-guard. This appointment was probably responsible for developing in him a great interest in the history of smuggling. He soon became a recognized authority in this little-known subject, and his book, " Smuggling Ways and Smuggling Days," published in 1892, ran through two editions. To readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES he will be remembered for his two wittily written articles, " The Tale of Two Tombs " and " 'Tis Sixty Years Since."

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A man of wide reading and of varied abilities, his death will be sincerely regretted by all with whom he came into contact.

LIEUTENANT H. R. HANCOX, R.N., who died on February 11th at Malta as the result of a flying accident, was the only son of Colonel H. P. Hancox, of Newington, near Sittingbourne, Kent. Though only twenty-seven years of age, he showed every promise of making a name for himself in literature. Anyone who read his story, "To be Commanders" (under the *nom de plume* of "John Hasty") in the last issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES will realize that his style and construction were of no ordinary merit. Lieutenant Hancox also had three articles accepted by *Punch*—a rare distinction for one of his age.

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ASTOR, LENOX, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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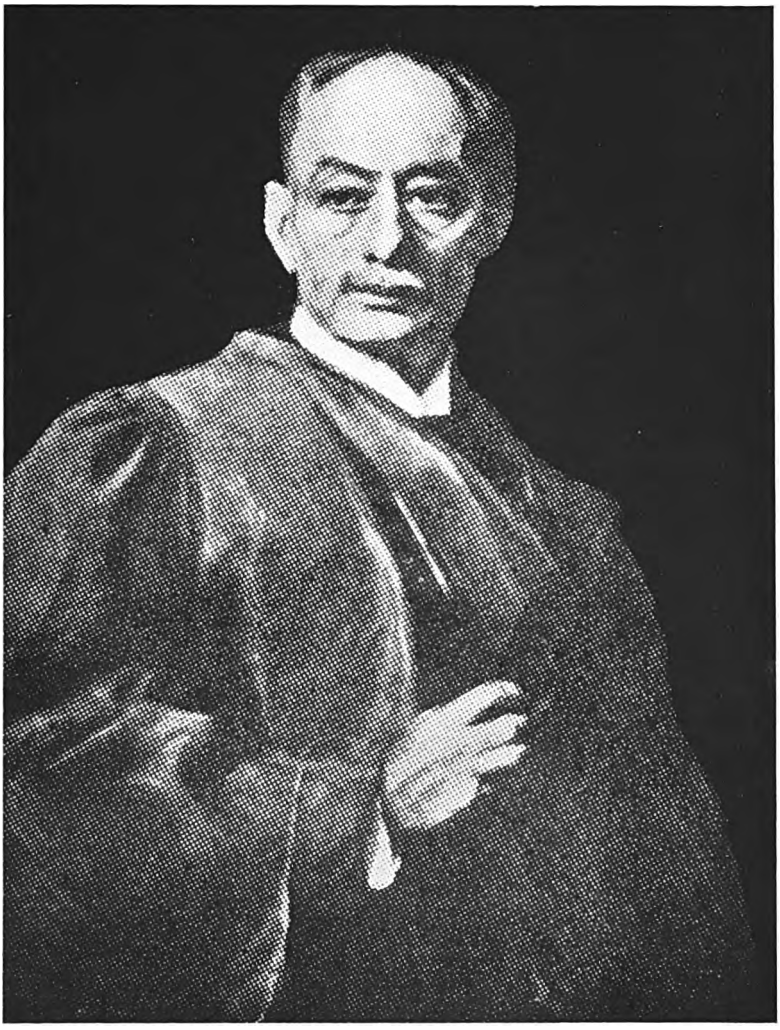

WALTER HINES PAGE.

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# OUR GREAT AMERICAN FRIEND*

By CECIL HARMSWORTH

(*Late Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.*)

WALTER HINES PAGE was American Ambassador in London throughout the period of the Great War, and may be described without exaggeration as the best foreign friend this country ever had. It is possible that, but for Page, America would never have come into the war at all.

The first two volumes of his " Life and Letters " have already become famous, and they rank with Lord Grey of Fallodon's " Twenty-five Years " as among the books arising from the Great War that will always be read. In this third volume are given Page's letters to President Wilson. Most of them were very secret at the time and could not have been published during President Wilson's lifetime. They complete and round off the story of Page's life, and are of surpassing interest, not only to the student of foreign affairs, but to the public generally of our own country and of the United States.

Readers of the first two volumes will be aware that Page found time in the midst of the multifarious duties of his difficult office in London to write at length to members of his family and to public men in America. Usually he dealt with matters of high state ; at other times he gossiped like another Pepys, with much of the great diarist's eye for picturesque detail. In this third volume, for instance, in a letter addressed to President Wilson, is a most vivacious account of a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. I quote it deliberately at length because it is an admirable example of Page's lighter epistolary style :—

> . . . Just now it has been Their Majesties' " Courts," two of them on two successive evenings. Since this is the last such splendid medieval thing left in the world, it has an historical interest in addition to being a first-class show ; and I'm glad to find myself young and simple enough really to enjoy it. It's the crowning act of the royal social system—most admirably staged and managed. You walk a mile along halls and across picture galleries and drawing-rooms and through the throne room till you come to your waiting place, the diplomatic corps in one

* " The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," Vol. III, 21s. net (Messrs. William Heinemann, 1925).



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room and the common herd (of hundreds of ladies) in another, passing on your way gaudy pikemen of pre-Elizabethan England by every door and stairway, and greeted by gentlemen- and ladies-in-waiting at every turn—beautiful women and inexpressibly gaudy men in white silk stockings and breeches and gold-laced coats. The King and Queen are so punctual that you might set your watch by them. The Lancers and the Indian bodyguard take their places in front; at exactly 9.30 you hear the fanfare, the orchestra plays "God Save the King," and their royalties enter, the gold-stick, the silver-stick, and the rest backing before them. A dozen of the royal family follow, all taking their places on the raised dais, a gold-embroidered and gold-fringed rug on it, and the great canopy over them that was brought from the Durbar. When all the attendants have taken their places, the ladies of the diplomatic corps go in, one by one, the ambassadorial ladies first. The medieval attendants straighten out their trains, and with feathers in their hair—the North American Indians wore eagle feathers, these ladies ostrich feathers, alee samee at the bottom!—they march in, in due order, of course, according to the period of their service.

It made no matter last night that Mrs. Page and the German ambassadress were discussing the proper bringing-up of babies. When the bugles sounded they had to fall into line and to sit with the Spanish ambassadress between them, to the postponement of baby-lore. Each curtseys to the King, then to the Queen, and goes to her proper place. Then follow the Ambassadors, each with a secretary (once a year with his full staff), each bows to the King and to the Queen and marches to his place. The diplomatic corps all in, their royalties sit and the great ladies all sit—the diplomatic ladies on one side the throne in rows according to rank and the duchesses on the other side. All the men and the ladies of no high rank stand for two mortal hours while the stream of presentées flows by—in trains and with feathers and jewels, every one making her obeisance. The King and Queen nod—that's all. But everyone has been admitted to the royal presence; that's the game, you see, and when you've done that you've won—won over the 38,000,000 other persons who are not on that evening so admitted. The orchestra plays softly. The uniforms and the jewels make any opera-scene sheer make-believe; the tiaras and the coronets sparkle everywhere, and the "creations" of all the great frock-makers flow along—"The liquefaction of her clothes." The Ambassadors, all gaudier than gold and colours ever before made men—all but me in my distinguished waiter-black—stand a little to the left of the throne and carry on whispered conversations with one another and the gentlemen-in-attendance and the princes. The long procession goes on for nearly two hours. Meantime you can pick up a lot of knowledge that, but for this experience, you would have died without gaining. For instance, no two women curtsey alike, and most of them do it very badly. And you couldn't ever know how many pounds of silver and gold and pearls and diamonds a woman can carry until you have seen these. Now and then one trips. Now and then the lady behind steps on the train of the one before her—three and a half yards long, you know.

The music and the procession continue. Meantime the ladies in the diplomatic corps who were born Americans—she of Holland, she

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of the Argentine, and of the King's attendants, the wife of the Master-of-the-Horse and several others—have all managed to whisper to me their pride in "our compatriots." The Spanish Ambassador keeps reminding me that I must point out the American ladies to him as they pass. Old John Burns stands just across the way in more gilt than any but a strong working man could carry. The American wife of a member of the Cabinet and two American duchesses have as glaring coronets as anybody. . . . This show is perhaps the best managed, best mannered show in the whole world.

Here and there in these letters are equally vivid details of life in country houses in England, pen portraits of distinguished people, and other matters that serve to lighten a narrative that from the circumstances of the time is generally anxious and troubled. If anybody of our time has written better letters than Page's, they have not yet been published. In that field he would have won an enduring reputation even if he had not been a central figure in the great drama of the war.

Three personalities stand out pre-eminently in Page's narrative—President Wilson, Lord Grey, and himself. Of President Wilson, Page had been a friend from early years. This was in itself a highly fortunate circumstance. It led to Page's appointment to the Embassy in London, and it enabled him to write to the President in terms of intimacy and of personal appeal such as have never perhaps obtained between an Ambassador and the head of the Government he represented. Page found in Lord Grey a character whom he could always respect and whom he came to regard as a dear personal friend. They had tastes in common. Both were devoted to English literature, and especially to the poetry of Wordsworth, and both were votaries of the open-air life. So close were their relations latterly that Page was entrusted by Lord Grey and by the British Government with all the secrets of state, just as if he were a member of the War Cabinet itself. He was fully worthy of this high trust. He was what is called, I think, a "hundred-per-cent" American. His duty, as it should have been, was first to his own country. After that came his profound admiration for our country and his conviction that a close friendship between Great Britain and the United States was necessary for the salvation of free institutions in Europe and even of civilization itself.

The main subject of this third volume is the conversion of President Wilson. It was a difficult process, and in the



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end the sheer ineptitude of German foreign policy effected more than all Page's appeals. President Wilson had a mind of unbending rigidity. It was a mind dominated by inelastic formulæ. For one of these he had the sanction of generations of American authority—namely, that the United States must in no circumstances be drawn into European complications. Another was that, of the contestants in the Great War, all were equally culpable. If, in the earlier years of the war, President Wilson exhibited any bias it was rather against the Allies and in favour of Germany. At least, so it seemed to us at the time, and even to Page. We can all remember the pin-pricking manifestoes of the United States Government about the blockade. We thought at the time, and again Page thought so too, that the President was much more concerned with the profits of American exporters than with the fate of Europe. It is true, as Page shows, that the niggling remonstrances of the United States about the blockade were the work of singularly incompetent people in the American State Department rather than of Mr. Wilson himself. But the effect on opinion in the allied countries was deplorable, and the chief anxiety of Page and of our own Foreign Secretary was to adjust the essential blockade policy of the Allies to the thin-skinned susceptibilities of American exporters and of the American Government. We were, on many occasions, on the point of an open rupture with the United States. The noble patience of Lord Grey, and the fact of his friendship with Page, did more than anything else to keep the peace and to make it eventually possible for the United States to come whole-heartedly into the war.

I have spoken of Page's admiration for the British people. He was far from blind to the defects of our qualities, while he overestimated—as he was entitled to do, of course—the virtues of his own people and what he considered the superior conditions of life in the United States. Here is a characteristic passage from a letter written to President Wilson in May, 1916 :—

> The English ought to be drawn and quartered for their sluggish stupidity in forever abusing one another and for forever grumbling. They seem to have (with their Allies, all of whom they maintain by money and supplies) the military situation well in hand. The Germans have had a hard blow and a serious setback at Verdun. In spite of that, the prevalent English mood is a mood of depression. They fear that they can never win a real victory, but only a draw—and this just

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when they have voted for conscription and can thus continue to put men into the field, a larger reserve than Germany has. Waves of feeling sweep over them as billows break on a rocky shore. But the rock remains after the billows are all gone—luckily for them. My own belief is that the only invincible thing in Europe are these same English. If all Europe were against them instead of the Germans, still they'd win in the long run. Yet they wrangle and become " grouchy " and decline even to permit their friends to know what they are doing. I could with truth tell the whole race what I've often told groups of them —that they are good for nothing except to become ancestors of Americans and Colonials. In America and their large colonies, the English become free and hopeful. The despair, the depression, the melancholy, the slow ichor in the blood—of all Europeans, with the possible exception of the French—is what damns them all. It turns their eyes inward and backward. And yet these are the only invincible people in this world—this race. Perhaps I've told you that I talk with many women who have come to ask me to have inquiries made about their sons and husbands who are " missing." " Missing " generally means dead, and that is what they all fear. But they hope it may mean imprisonment. They tell their stories with the same fortitude, the same self-restraint, the same sorrowful pride—noblewoman and working woman alike. The Spartan women were weaklings beside the English. I daily grow stronger in my Americanism—real Americanism, not the hyphenated counterfeit. For the British race is the best race yet mixed and developed on this globe, and this race comes to its best under freer and more mobile conditions than this rainy isle of Dukes and Earls permits. People here now discuss everything with reference to " after the war." " What are we going to do after the war ? What do we do best ?" I have an easy answer. " Send your children to the United States. Your daughters will become handsomer and your sons more adaptable—they'll be English set free ; that's what an American is. The best thing you've ever done is to breed men for freer lands." And they believe it—some of 'em do, at least. These English are the most interesting study in the world. Just when you'd like to hang them for their stupidity, you become aware of such noble stuff in them that you thank God that they were your ancestors. And Europe would be a bloody slave pen to-day but for them. It's a shambles as it is.

They are not going to get tired. Peace ? Yes, on their terms. And while they are fighting for their lives, they are the only nation that is not fighting also for booty. And among many things that this war is teaching them is the stupidity of their arrogance when they twice provoked us to war. They pathetically yearn for our utmost good-will—even while they (some of them, at least) curse us. My admiration for their racial qualities deepens while my impatience with their ways is heightened. I could write a book in worship of them, and another book damning them—both true, both concrete, both definitely proving my thesis.

And thus the weary, wearing, endless but interesting days go on. A sort of new Old World will emerge at last, wherein the English will still be dominant and—let us hope—chastened and humbler and, therefore, greater than ever.

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As I have suggested, Page's appeals to the President for American aid in behalf of the Allies had less effect than the foolishness of German diplomacy. The Ambassador never flagged in his efforts until towards the end of his correspondence with the President, when he became aware that his letters were often unread, and when, indeed, their friendship had practically ceased. Mr. Wilson began to regard him as too definitely pro-British, and Page to think of resignation. It is a curious circumstance that, while there can be little doubt that Page's insistent representations to the President excited the latter's severe disapproval, he never sought to replace Page by an Ambassador more in tune with his own policy.

We do not know what might have happened if it had not been for the Zimmerman incident, which is described in this third volume. Some of us have already forgotten, I dare say, how that Herr Zimmerman, the German Foreign Secretary, conceived the Gilbertian plan of stirring up war between Mexico and the United States, and how he entrusted the German Minister in Mexico with the additional task of alienating Japan from the Alliance! In return for Mexican aid, Mexico was to receive back the lost territories of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. What Japan—who knew nothing of the projected overtures at the time—was to receive in return for her secession from the Allied cause does not appear. Herr Zimmerman was determined that his message should reach the German Minister in Mexico. He flung it out, in his most secret cypher, by four different routes, one of them being by way of the United States Foreign Office at Washington! The four several messages were picked up at once by Admiral Sir William Reginald Hall at the British Admiralty and deciphered without difficulty. Poor Herr Zimmerman! We ought to be grateful to him. His messages, duly transcribed, were handed by Mr. (now Lord) Balfour to Page, who transmitted them to President Wilson. And then the United States came into the war.

If this were a suitable occasion, it would be interesting and profitable to contrast the efficiency of Germany in her preparations for war and the childishness of her statesmen in diplomacy. We had our own blazing example of her stupidity at the outset of the war, when the German Government calmly proposed that we should sit idly by while she devastated France. The Zimmerman case would be incredible if it

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were not already an established historic fact. To rely implicitly on a secret code, which was read almost as easily as print in the secret service department of our Admiralty ; to broadcast the message by four different routes ; to make use *of the American Foreign Office itself* for the transmission of what was virtually a declaration of war against the United States—these proceedings did not arise solely from the congenital imbecility of Herr Zimmerman. He cannot have acted in this matter without the concurrence of the German Cabinet and of the Kaiser. With all their thoroughness in military things, the Germans seem incapable of understanding the psychology of other peoples. Their diplomacy will always be worth whole army corps to their enemies.

As readers of the two first volumes are aware, Page only survived Armistice Day by little more than a month. The burden of his office as Ambassador began latterly to tell on a constitution that was never very robust. He was as much a victim of the war as any one of the millions who laid down their lives on the various fronts. He died in his own home at Pinehurst, North Carolina, on December 21st, 1918. Five years later a tablet to his memory was placed in Westminster Abbey. The concluding words of the inscription are :— " The friend of Britain in her sorest need."

We had many good American friends during the war, of whom not the least was Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, who has lately been so indignant about our rubber policy. But Walter Hines Page was the indispensable friend, equipped—providentially, it might almost be said—with just those qualities of mind and temper that exactly fitted him to work intimately with the best of our own statesmen. He was willing to risk—and did in fact risk, and even forfeit—the friendship of his own President in his advocacy and support of our cause. It is well that his name should be honourably and affectionately recorded in Westminster Abbey among the greatest names in our history.

Apart altogether from his profound belief in the Allied cause during the war, Page was, as we have seen, a life-long advocate of friendship between his own country and the peoples of the British Empire. It was the only way, he believed, to ensure peace and to save civilization. Not once, but a score of times, he pressed this view on President Wilson and his other correspondents. Writing to President Wilson in November, 1916, Page said : " A proper and sympathetic

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understanding between the two English-speaking worlds seems to me the most important duty of far-seeing men in either country. It has taken such a profound hold on me that I shall, in whatever way I can, work for its complete realization as long as I can work for anything." To another correspondent he says : " *The* thing, the *only* real thing, is—a perfect understanding between the English-speaking peoples." A score of such passages might be cited from the three volumes of his " Life and Letters." He came to this opinion before the war. The events of the war immeasurably strengthened it. It became a passion with him, and he urged his view in season and out of season both on the President and on his other correspondents in America. Indeed, as we have seen, his insistence on his favourite theme offended the President at last. Not that Page sought for a formal alliance between his country and ours. He was as much opposed to " European entanglements " as Mr. Wilson himself. " A proper and sympathetic understanding," the avoidance of causes of dissension, a friendly co-operation in hours of need—he asked for no more, but so much he demanded with all the energy of his ardent nature.

Page was not blind to the obstacles that lay in his path. There was the old-time and ingrained distrust among his own people of British policy, and there was the active ill-will of Irish- and German-Americans. More than anything, he feared the growth of trade rivalry. His last letter to the President concludes with the words, " My fears for our future dealings centre about trade jealousies." In this he showed his remarkable prescience as a political thinker. There are now no grounds between us and the United States for disputes about territory ; we have long since recognized the Monroe Doctrine as outside the bounds of discussion ; and we have replaced our Treaty with Japan—so long the cause of suspicion and misgiving in the United States—by an agreement to which the United States are parties on the same terms as ourselves. We run no risk of quarrelling about any of these things. But, as Page saw, new causes of trouble between nations, if indeed they are new, have arisen in these days. Rivalry in trade and the growing intensity of competition may become as potent causes of international mischief as the quarrels of kings or the animosities of religious factions. I have referred to the recent outcry in the United States

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about rubber. The smuggling of British-manufactured spirits into the United States by British agents is a more reasonable and a more enduring grievance. We, on our side, have frequently complained of the almost prohibitive operation of American tariffs, and have been apprehensive of the adoption by the United States of differential shipping laws. Again, during the early years of the war, the two countries were within an ace of a violent quarrel over the blockade. The blockade policy was, of course, an Allied policy, and we were no more answerable for it than France or Belgium. But it was our ships of war that stopped American ships carrying contraband, and it was to our Government that American remonstrances, frequent angry and even menacing, were exclusively addressed. We were interfering with American trade, and, though we were doing so in defence of our national existence, that was enough for popular American opinion.

It is true, incidentally, that we were ourselves largely responsible for American misconceptions about the blockade. Of necessity, British vessels of war were mainly employed in enforcing the blockade in northern waters. But we neglected to associate the blockade with the other Entente Powers. When eventually we did so, as in the historic instance of the steamship *Dacia*, American opinion underwent an immediate change. The *Dacia*, it will be remembered, was sent from America early in 1915 with a full cargo of cotton for Germany. She was intended to provide a test case, and if she had been seized by a British ship and taken into a British port, our relations with the United States would have been at breaking-point. Page and others intervened with the fruitful suggestion that the *Dacia* should be intercepted by a French ship and conducted into a French port. This was done, and nothing more was heard of the *Dacia* from that period of the war until the end. What the French—who are not serious competitors in trade of the United States, and who were at the time regarded as their traditional friends—could do with impunity, we could not have done without risk of an explosion that might have rendered it impossible for the United States ever to join forces with the Allied Powers.

The repayment of our debt to America will be a further cause of irritation between the two peoples. What a pity that the earlier proposal to cancel all international debts arising from the war was not maturely debated before we

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bound ourselves and our successors to the almost intolerable hardships of the existing settlement !

Page's ideal of a close and friendly working arrangement between the English-speaking peoples is difficult of achievement. There are the trade and financial jealousies and resentments. But the difficulty is not insuperable. Good sense is needed on both sides, and good humour, and a sleepless carefulness on the part of our own statesmen and of those of the United States. Little " business " clouds must never be suffered to enlarge and to overwhelm the international landscape in thunder and lightning. It is not too much to say that friendship between the British Empire and the United States should be the principal aim of our foreign policy—that, in the words of Page, its furtherance is " the only job in the world worth the zeal and energy of all first-class thoroughbred men in the English-speaking world."

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# THE NAVY AND THE TAXPAYER:
## ECONOMY WITH EFFICIENCY

By Lieut.-Commander J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

ALWAYS after every great war there is a drastic cutting down of the services, sometimes with a definite loss of efficiency. Nor is the tendency to economize in the fighting services confined to one party. After the Napoleonic Wars it was the Tory Party of the day, the predecessors of the modern Conservative Party, and under the premiership of the Duke of Wellington himself, which cut down the Army and the Navy to the bone. The politicians were right, as it was necessary at all costs for the country to recover its prosperity, and to this end taxation had to be reduced and debt wiped off. In fact, we had the Industrial Revolution in England, and the wealth of the country increased tenfold in the next thirty years of peace.

The efficiency of the Navy did not suffer greatly, owing to the sea tradition then firmly established, though in actual numerical strength and the weight of metal carried in our ships we once or twice, during the nineteenth century, fell below an equality with France, our then most probable enemy. The effects of a reduction in the fighting services were more felt at that time in the Army, as the Crimean War showed only too plainly.

We have just been through another great war, and all the signs point to no danger of another conflict on the grand scale for fifteen or twenty years at least. Once more demands are being made for a drastic cutting down of the fighting services.

The Navy suffers from a double danger here, as our commitments are actually heavier on the one hand owing to the greater dependence of the country on supplies than in the early years of last century; and, on the other hand, because a new element has been conquered by man's genius, and swifter and more destructive action is actually threatened by means of air attack from across the Channel than from any invasion or blockade. This latter fact may as well be recognized plainly by naval officers and well-wishers of the Navy. We gain nothing by burking awkward facts; and it

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is a fact that a supreme Navy *alone* cannot preserve us from danger to-day as formerly. The fact of the air danger is very plain, and, owing to the mistake made after the Armistice in almost obliterating the whole Air Force, the British flying service has a lot of leeway to make up. Our Army, in point of numbers, is reduced to the bare minimum in view of our various commitments. The Navy, therefore, now becomes the target for the most drastic cutting down. The fact that there will have to be a saving on the Navy estimates must be faced; but the highest naval and political strategy should direct policy to cutting down the unessentials and leaving an irreducible minimum of efficiency in the sea service.

At the end of last year, as the result of a long struggle between the Treasury and the Board of Admiralty, the Government finally decided upon a definite programme of naval construction lasting until 1930. As the present Conservative Government is likely to remain in office for another three or four years, there is little danger of this programme being departed from. Nevertheless the danger exists; and with heavy subsidies required for the coal industry, and the demand for assistance by other industries such as agriculture, ship-building, etc., even this Government may retrace its steps and limit the programme agreed upon.

Broadly speaking, this programme adds to the existing ships under construction—namely, two battleships, eight cruisers, and some smaller units—an additional programme spread over four or five years of sixteen cruisers, twenty-four submarines, and twenty-seven destroyers. Some auxiliary vessels are to be laid down, and the total additional cost of construction alone is estimated at £58,000,000. In view of what is going on abroad so far as regards new construction, the Navy is well provided for. But further economies have been promised and will undoubtedly be made.

In what direction can these economies be made without sacrificing efficiency? One direction in which they cannot safely be made is in curtailing sea training. But this is just where the temptation will be. The effects of a lack of efficient training are felt in subsequent years. It is easier to turn out war vessels than to make trained seamen and efficient officers. Nor can we safely economize on the War Staff proper. Many defects were discovered in the Navy during the late war, and they may be traced not to a pinching of the services, but to a lack of an efficient War Staff at the Admiralty. To-day the

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number of naval officers attached to the Admiralty is only 261, as compared with 152 before the war. On the other hand, the Civilian Staff has been swollen out of all reason, and undoubtedly drastic economies could here be effected. During the fiercest period of the war the Admiralty accommodated 4,366 persons, male and female. On March 31st last year this staff had increased to 8,771 ; and remember that before the war the personnel of the Navy was 151,000 in round figures, and this year it is only 103,025. Again, the number of ships on the Navy List in 1914 was 566, and last year was about 350. There is obviously no excuse for this swollen civilian staff, and it should be drastically reduced.

Secondly, with regard to dockyards. A start has been made with the decision to close down Pembroke and Rosyth. There was at once fierce opposition, and it was disheartening to find it was led by avowed pacifists who had been clamouring for a reduction of armaments, either on account of pressure from their constituents or because their nationalist feelings as Scotchmen or Welshmen were offended. It is an open secret that the Admiralty had also proposed to close down or drastically reduce Chatham and Sheerness, which could both be dispensed with on strategical grounds. But the outcry and pressure was so fierce that the project seems to have been abandoned for the present. It is absurd that, for the sake of the dockyard workmen and the tradesmen depending upon them, unnecessary dockyards should be maintained to the charge of the Navy votes while the Fleet suffers in fighting efficiency.

While on the question of dockyards, I must say a few words about Singapore. Here I know I am treading on more controversial grounds. At the same time, it is well worth considering whether it would not be better policy to abandon the idea of a great battleship base in the Johore Channel near Singapore and, instead, to concentrate on making Sydney into a first-class Fleet base. Singapore is already an efficient cruiser base, and its defences could be strengthened by an aircraft and submarine flotilla with long-range heavy guns of position to command the Malacca Straits. The advantage of concentrating on Sydney is that there is already a considerable naval establishment, skilled white artificers to draw upon for labour, and the churches, hospitals, schools, places of amusement, and other necessities or amenities required for a permanent fleet base in peace-time. Furthermore, we might well

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in this case look to the Australian Government to provide a larger proportion of the cost.

Singapore has the disadvantage, compared with Sydney, that it is too far from the probable line of defence of a Japanese expedition against Australasia, probably by way of the Marshall or Caroline Islands, for effective operations; while a fleet in being in Australia would make any attempt at invasion impracticable until that fleet had been decisively defeated. An efficient flotilla with cruisers at Singapore and adequate shore defences similar to those so successfully utilized by the Germans for the defence of the Heligoland Bight would guard the Indian Ocean against raiders from the Pacific.

Next, with regard to shore establishments. There are far too many persons employed on shore at our various naval ports. The Flag List is also too full, and should be drastically reduced. There are too many Admirals for our immediate needs. Jobs are provided for them, and in most of our naval ports there are three or four flag officers in the shape of Commanders-in-Chief, Dockyard Admirals, Admirals commanding Reserve Fleets, etc. One flag officer with a proper staff should be sufficient at every naval base.

There should be a fresh clearance of the Navy List of vessels not suitable for modern warfare. For example, we maintain thirty-five sloops in addition to eighteen river gunboats and sixty-two mine-sweepers. These sloops are too slow and too weakly armed to be of any use in modern warfare. They may be useful for police duties and for peace-time routine, but the work could be done by light cruisers with greater advantage all round, and the flag shown with greater dignity and power.

In the same way, the yachts maintained for the Commanders-in-Chief on foreign stations should be abolished, as should the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*. On the last occasion the *Enchantress* was used for an official visit to Malta the high naval officials travelled overland by train and the yacht picked them up in Southern Italy. She is undoubtedly a very pleasant perquisite for the First Lord of the Admiralty, and is useful for entertaining parties at annual reviews of the Fleet at Spithead. But in these hard times it is positively sinful to spend money on such a vessel while destroyers are being paid off for purposes of economy, and the Fleet kept in harbour instead of being trained at sea to the extent required for efficiency.

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But the greatest economies could be effected by a combined Ministry of Defence. There should be one buying organization for all the stores, munitions, clothing, provisions, etc., common to the three services—namely, the Navy, Army, and Air Force. Two branches of each of the three services could very well be combined with no loss of efficiency, but great saving of money. I refer to the medical branch, including Surgeon-Admirals, Surgeon-Air-Marshals, and Surgeon-Generals, and all the other and intermediate ranks down to the three separate corps of nursing sisters and hospital attendants. It is absurd that each branch of the fighting service should maintain its own dentists and its own oculists. Similarly, the religion taught by the chaplains of the Army, Navy, and Air Force is much the same; and the chaplains' branch might well be combined. To a great extent also the educational services of the three arms could be combined under one head and a great saving in headquarter staff accomplished.

Two more services common to the three arms in which combination would not only mean no loss of efficiency, but a gain in effectiveness and certainly much economy, are the Intelligence and Scientific Research Services. With regard to the Intelligence Service, much of the work done is common to the three arms; and yet many comic opera episodes have occurred through the fact of these three services working in watertight departments. It has actually happened that the secret agents of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, and the Diplomatic Secret Service, have been engaged in spying on each other and in counter-espionage against each other's agents in all innocence. The Army, Navy, and Air Force Intelligence services should certainly be combined.

With regard to scientific research, the work of the three departments attached to the three arms becomes more and more similar. Take, for example, researches into chemical warfare, smoke screens, explosives, and wireless telegraphy. All these and several other lines of research should be conducted from one establishment.

Lastly, a supreme Ministry of Defence would allocate the money available in the best possible manner between the three services as most urgently required for fighting efficiency. No doubt vested interests would suffer and many snug jobs would have to be suppressed. But the interests of the State must override that of the individual.

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# THE AMBUSH

By " BHUSA."

THE sun, setting behind the bare hills of Baluchistan, touched with level rays several groups of officers sitting round the tables scattered about the grass.

" These raids are all nonsense," said Charles Kenley, moving his chair into the lengthening shadow of the trees. " Once a month some Pathan comes into Headquarters and tells the authorities that raiders are about, but nothing ever comes of it."

" Nothing for you flying people, perhaps." Major Vincent laughed across the table at the Flight Commander. " You and Jimmy Fraser go up in the air for a couple of hours, and spend the rest of your day on the Club lawn, while we cavalry soldiers get pulled out of our mud fort to chase round the hills in the sun."

" All the same," put in Fraser seriously, " if the villagers would only send in decent information, we would fly over and bomb any raiding party before it could do much damage."

" You'd never see them !" Dennis tilted back his chair. " You know very well that you never saw my company last week."

" You and your Punjabis," retorted Fraser, " were sitting in the shade in a nullah. Do you ever do any work in the infantry ? I hear that you're going on leave again."

" Yes, three days from to-morrow, to try and shoot a markhow, if you know what that is."

" A goat with twisted horns, of course ! I bet you don't see one."

Fraser turned from conversation with the next table. " What time are you going to-morrow ?"

" About ten if I can get away."

" Then we shall see you," said Fraser, " in your car, and we shall descend upon you from a great height. We are going photographing up the North Road to-morrow, aren't we, Charles ?"

" For Heaven's sake, don't !" Dennis laughed over his shoulder. " Remember the camel you descended upon last month. . . ."

* * * * *

The sun beat down on parched soil and bare hills

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unrelieved by shade ; southward the blue bulk of the Takatu Range swum in haze against a cloudless sky. Sher Gul shifted the rifle farther under his body, and sniffed the smell of dust, goat and wild mint that an eddy of wind brought him. Faintly on the same breeze came the sound of a car. Without lifting his gaze from the road he whistled, and was answered by five of his party, whose dirty clothing merged indistinguishably into the hillside. Black-bearded, keen, swarthy faces framed in greasy locks, their wild eyes sunken with fatigue and hunger, they looked what they were—desperate men, driven by necessity to attempt an enterprise in which success was likely to be more dangerous than failure.

On the previous afternoon, the capture of a Hindu merchant and his cash-box had failed through the narrow escape of the victim in the guard's van of the down train, and although the station-master's report was not likely to be believed without further evidence, yet it meant that the time at their disposal was limited. For this reason Sher Gul had turned towards the Garrison Post instead of away to the north, and was now trying the dangerous expedient of stopping the first car to come up the road.

If it were full of shopkeepers with a fat wad of rupee notes—good. If, on the other hand, Sahibs came, they would have rifles and there would be a fight ; well, he was desperate and cared little for the result. Across the Border rifles were worth their weight in rupees. A single Sahib to be captured and held to ransom would be most profitable ; Sher Gul felt in need of a free pardon. But it would be difficult to get the prisoner away ; it was said that Vincent Sahib was in Khan Serai, and unpleasantly close to the line of retreat. . . . The noise of the car came closer ; Sher Gul pushed forward the safety catch of his rifle.

Dennis shifted his position for the twentieth time, and lit a cigarette. The Chevrolet was getting hot, and so was he ; in a few minutes they would reach the top of the pass, and Perhan Singh could fill the radiator. They had met no other cars on the long hour's drive up from the plains ; only occasional travellers used this road. If the tale of raiders was true, they might close the road, but he reflected that reports of raiders were more numerous than their actual appearances. The car turned the last corner, and he leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the hills beyond. . . . The driver pulled up suddenly.



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" Burst tyre, Sahib."

" It didn't feel like it, Perhan Singh."

Dennis pushed open the door, his foot slipped on the step, and he stumbled into the road on hands and knees. Four shots cracked over his head ; the windscreen starred into splinters, and Perhan Singh crumpled forward over the wheel. Dennis was on his feet and tugging a rifle clear of the baggage in the back when they rushed him. He turned, a blow smashed the helmet over his eyes, and he went down, stunned, under their weight.

" So far, so good." Sher Gul appraised the contents of the car. " Tie the Sahib securely ; this is already dead."

He took the gun cases from the car, and was reaching under the hood for the cartridges when a sound caught his ear, faint at first, then swelling rapidly into the unmistakable drone of an aeroplane, flying low up the valley.

The raider's mind worked rapidly, to grasp the bare chance remaining to them. Dennis, coming dizzily to his senses, was bundled into the front seat, and the men obeyed Sher Gul's urgent order to gather round the door of the car.

" These Sahibs be but fools," he said fiercely. " They will think we are but coolies come to beat the hills for this Sahib's shikar. Quick, throw your rifles into the motor car."

All the same, his confidence was put to a severe test when the Bristol Fighter droned a hundred feet over his head, banked so that the wing tips seemed almost to brush the hillside.

Dennis, bound and helpless under the hood, could see nothing, but when he heard the high singing note of the wires, and the rush and hum of the aeroplane coming over for the second time, he thought for one moment that Kenley and Fraser might have suspected something. So, too, thought Sher Gul, gazing up into their faces, and he waved his arm in sudden bravado. To his relief, the observer, leaning over the side, waved back ; the aeroplane rose swiftly out of the valley and disappeared in the haze of the big range.

To Dennis the diminishing sound of the engine meant the end of any hope of immediate rescue ; even had they realized his predicament, it meant some time before they could reach the Post and turn out an armoured car to look for him, while he and his captors would be many miles away in the hills. The next car that came by would find Perhan Singh's body and report the raid, but it would be a long time

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before effective pursuit could be organized. Knowing Sher Gul's reputation, he realized that his only chance was to go quietly and wait for a chance to escape later ; the fact that he was still alive looked as if the raiders were after ransom, but he had no illusions as to how long he would stay alive once his presence became embarrassing to them. Assured that the aeroplane would not return, Sher Gul gave orders for immediate retreat ; taking the rifles and ammunition, and untying the cloths that bound his ankles, they led Dennis down the north side of the Pass.

All the morning they travelled across the hills, only halting at rare intervals when shepherds drove their flocks of goats across their path. Moving fast along narrow paths, Dennis, with aching head, gave up thinking of escape and set his mind on walking. By late afternoon they had covered twenty miles, and it was clear that Sher Gul was making for the inaccessible Border country to the north of Khan Serai.

When at sunset they halted at the mouth of a valley leading up into a jungle of foothills, he was glad to share a meal of tepid spring water and dry cakes with his captors.

* * * * *

The last plate exposed, Kenley touched Fraser's shoulder and pointed up the valley ; sitting back in the observer's cockpit, he watched the steep hillsides stream past their wings. An expert and daring pilot, Fraser followed confidently the ribbon of roadway that twisted round spurs and across river beds, always climbing, in and out, up the narrowing valley. The photographs had taken longer than he had expected, and it was not until the top of the Pass that a dark spot on the road caught his eye. The nose of the Bristol went down, and to Kenley—standing up so as to see over Fraser's shoulder—the neck of the sunlit hill with the road curling over it, with a car stopped at the side, came nearer and larger.

It was Dennis's car all right—no mistaking the patched hood—but with a crowd of natives round it. The hillside tilted over as Fraser turned the Bristol in a steep bank, and the sunlight travelled back and across the map on his knees. About the eighteenth milestone, that was it. He looked up ; they were nearly over the car again, but lower. Why was that fellow waving—and wearing a bandolier, too ? He waved back, but a sudden doubt crossed his mind, and he thought hard.



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Kenley leaned forward and shouted. Without comment, Fraser glanced at his instrument board, swung the Bristol round, and flew for the shoulder of the mountain that filled the sky in front of them. Thirty feet under their wheels the rock towered up into the sunlight from cool, shadowy depths; the aeroplane skimmed the crest and dived down the slope beyond. Oblivious of this spectacular performance, Kenley sat down in his cockpit out of the gale and went on thinking.

They reached Khan Serai, where Vincent's squadron of Indian Cavalry was stationed, in under half an hour. The raiders, he argued, would risk a lot of travelling by day, in order to get Dennis to the Border as soon as possible. Once there they could treat in safety for a substantial ransom and the safety of their own necks. Their most direct road lay over the Nigandi Kuz Pass, and by hard marching they could get there by nightfall. If he could find Vincent in Khan Serai, and persuade him to block the paths, there was a sporting chance of collecting the gang and rescuing Dennis before he got himself shot in trying to escape. If Vincent believed his report, they could safely leave the rest to him; but many people had cried "wolf" over raiders before, and after all he had seen very little.

A succession of bumps shaking the machine interrupted his thoughts. Behind them the Takatu Range towered into the sky; below, a wide red plain was racing past under their wings; twisting pillars of dust rose from nothing, pirouetted across the floor of the valley and disappeared again; the hot wind of a Baluchistan summer was making the air bumpy and uncomfortable.

The machine sank lower, and the trees and fort of Khan Serai began to piece themselves together out of the haze; a few gardens and bungalows passed under them, then the fort, like a child's toy with tiny figures moving about inside.

The noise of the engine ceased; Kenley saw the dusty landing ground come up to meet them, felt the Bristol tilt and straighten again, heard the engine roar and splutter into life, and saw a thick, twisting, swirling column of yellow dust sidle across in front of them. . . . Things started to happen. He recovered his balance to find the machine on its nose, and Fraser climbing out of his seat.

"Are you all right, Charles? We've blemished again; so soon after the camel, too—the squadron commander will

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not be pleased. H'm ! one propeller and one under-carriage—rather bent."

" Bad luck, but that dust-devil appeared out of nowhere. . . . Hullo, Vincent ! Yes, we're all right ; Jimmy got tired of the blameless life and wanted to break something."

" It looked pretty sudden, I must say. Come in and have some lunch—you can't get a car out until this evening. What are you doing here, anyway ? I thought you were playing about over the other side of the range."

Kenley rapidly outlined his story. Vincent, a frontier soldier of experience, listened in silence, occasionally tapping his boot with a short cane.

" If you hadn't arrived in such a dramatic manner, I might have thought that you were trying to pull my leg. If we wire to the Post, they can't do anything until they've sent out a car to have a look. If anything is to be done, it must be from here, and if—as we'll hope—it's all a mistake, I can explain afterwards. What time do you suppose they'll cross the pass ?"

" About ten o'clock, when the moon's up. They must stop for a bit of food and rest, and they won't want to trek through those hills in the dark. Besides, Dennis will be getting tired—if they've still got him with them."

Vincent's mouth hardened under the clipped red moustache. " Yes, that's the devil of it. Even if we do find them, it's not going to be easy to get him away undamaged. Look here, I haven't got too much time if I'm to get out there without being seen by the whole countryside. You know where the Mess is—go in and help yourself. If you see Jones, ask him to come over to the lines at once."

Kenley turned with relief to his companion. " It's all right, Jimmy. I was afraid at first that he mightn't like the scheme, and if we've made a bloomer it will take some explaining to the war-lords at Headquarters."

" Made a bloomer ? Great Scott !" Fraser pointed at the Bristol squatting in its wreckage. " If your yarn isn't true, it strikes me we shall have to do quite a lot of explaining ! Come on, let's drown our sorrows in Vincent's beer."

* * * * *

To the men lying among the shrub and boulders, the moon's rising came as a relief. The last hour, ever since

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they had climbed the hillside and crawled to their places in the dark, had been full of uncertainty. Now the moon, sailing from one ragged patch of cloud to another, lit fitfully the narrow valley that yawned below them, and they felt that they might have done some useful shooting, only that the Major Sahib had forbidden any man to fire.

To Vincent, lying on the path in the narrow neck of the Nigandi Kuz Pass, the suspense had been almost unbearable. He was not absolutely certain that Dennis had been captured ; Kenley might have been mistaken. He was not certain that the raiders would come this way, but if they did it would be by this path and in the next hour. He could not tell just how they would come, and on that depended what he had to do.

They would have one scout at least in front, who would shoot at the first sign of danger. A shot at the wrong moment would mean Dennis's death and the raiders scattered in the darkness. Assuming that they were anxious to get away with their prize, they might take the risk of coming up in a body ; it was a lot to hope for, but not impossible, and he had laid his plans for a fight here at the top of the pass, under the muzzle of the Hotchkiss whose gunner lay beside him in the shadow of the rocks. Since shooting at night is a chancy business, Jones and six sowars, with drawn swords, lay a little to the right of and above the gun. The other men were posted on the hills overlooking the valley ; he went over their orders again, and knew that there was nothing to be done but wait.

If only that confounded moon wouldn't keep going in. The thought of shooting a party of villagers in the dark crossed his mind ; then he thought of Dennis as a prisoner in Sher Gul's hands, and his misgivings died.

The early evening had been gusty, but now there was scarcely a breath of air stirring ; far down the valley a jackal howled. He strained his eyes to see the path up which the raiders might be coming ; the click of shoe on stone came out of the darkness on his left.

He stared in the direction of the sound ; a shadow moved in a shadow, and then the moon lit the scene again almost as bright as day. Thirty yards away on the hillside, a man was climbing, nearly at the top. He had three men up there under an Indian officer ; spellbound, he crouched, watching.

A cloud crossed the face of the moon, and darkness

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swept up the hillside. The raider turned and saw him; in the last moment of light, a star flashed above the man's head and fell in a bar of silver; a stone rattled, and all was quiet. Rissaldar Mohammed Khan had made no mistake with the sword.

Now the moon was hidden by a black mass of cloud, and Vincent held his breath to listen. Once metal clicked against metal, and once somebody slipped and sent a shower of pebbles rattling. From the darkness below came the sound of footsteps, and the breathing of men climbing the steep path. Glancing up, he saw that one edge of the cloud was silver; in another minute it would be light.

Ten yards away they stopped. A voice called softly in Pushtu: "Oh, Ras Gul! Where are you?"

Silence followed the echo, and the moon showed a group of men standing on the path; it glinted on rifle and bandolier, and on Dennis's white face as he stood among them. Vincent's order came coldly and distinctly: "Dennis, lie down!" Then he touched the Hotchkiss gunner's arm.

A spurt of unruly flame leaped from the shadow, the night split to a crackle of shots, ending abruptly as they came. The echoes crashed, rolling along the hills.

The sabre party had charged, but there was no fighting; the fickle moon looked down on four astonished ruffians, standing rigid at the sword point. Sher Gul alone had been caught by the Hotchkiss, and lay at Dennis's feet with a bullet through his head.

"Good show, Vincent!" Dennis spoke with a catch in his voice. "I ducked just in time, and this poor devil got it."

"Any more of them?" asked Vincent sharply. "We got the scout."

"That's the lot, then."

"We'll get back to the horses as soon as you've had a drink. Jones will look after this crowd."

"Thanks!" Dennis handed back the flask. "How did you get to know?"

"Kenley and Fraser flew over this morning. It's their show altogether!"

"Then they did see me after all!" Dennis whistled. "I shall have to make my apologies to-morrow."

"You can do it to-night; they crashed their old tin kettle and had to stop with us. We can get back in an hour if we trot."

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# THE TERRITORIAL ARMY

## SOME RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

By COLONEL JOHN BROWN, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., T.D.

(*Commanding 162nd (East Midland) Infantry Brigade.*)

THE strategist, who has to consider the size and organization of our defence forces, is naturally guided by our commitments during peace, the possible requirements of war, and, above all, the financial limit that the politician imposes.

Previous to the Great War, continental nations threw the weight of their strength into their Army. We, for the manifold duties of policing the trade routes of the Empire, on account of our geographical situation, and from the fact that we have never nor would ever fight a European war alone, have rightly placed the greatest strength in the naval arm of our defence forces, the Army being maintained sufficiently strong to police our Empire, conduct a "small" war, and, as in the Great War, to form a shield behind which the nation can develop its full effort.

Now, to-day, a new factor has been introduced—"Air Warfare." Our strategist, therefore, has to consider the proportions of three distinct arms in the place of two. No one would desire or dare to reduce the efficiency of the Navy. The one power standard we have to-day adopted is the irreducible minimum. With the development of the submarine added problems arise in this branch of the defence forces; nor can the Royal Air Force, still in a process of development and experiment, be denied its full place in the defence forces of our country.

While stressing the importance of the Navy and the Air Force in our defence forces, it cannot be claimed that either or both can conduct or conclude a successful war without an army, which will continue to play a primary rôle in the defence forces.

I am dealing mainly with the Army, but the Royal Air Force will also require considerable expansion, both as a portion of the Navy and Army and in the rôle of an independent force. We finished the war with the finest air force in the world, and it is to be hoped that the Territorial Air Force will prosper so that the great amount of trained personnel that exists may not be lost to the country.

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The strategist faced with the financial limitations and these additional problems, must of necessity rely to a greater extent than before the Great War on a citizen soldiery to fill in his scheme, and so we accept the greater responsibility that is now placed on the Territorial Army.

Our country is one that would not accept conscription in a continental sense, but that is not to say that the defence forces are any longer a thing apart. The citizen became aware during the Great War that the life of every individual was affected, and it was proved that the manhood and the womanhood of the country were prepared to play their part in the defence of the honour of their country, and in a like manner any great or national war in the future will be the concern of each and all of us. This, then, must be my excuse during peace time in looking at the problems that we may be called upon to face, for unless the individuals of our nation are prepared to face and shoulder our responsibility, so surely will our nation decay.

From a peace to war footing of our defence forces, I visualize that the greatest increase will still be required in the Army, and as my twenty-five years' service has been spent in the Territorial branch of the Army, I therefore confine my views to the Army section of the fighting forces.

I have shown that the problems of a great war are the problems of the nation as a whole, not the problems of the fighting forces as separate from the civilian. If they are the same in war, they must of necessity be the same in peace, and so the various divisions of the Army—the Regular Army, the Militia, the Yeomanry, the Territorial Army—are somewhat anomalous, there can only be one army, as during the Great War, with one standard of efficiency, viz.: the individual fit to play his part intelligently and efficiently in war.

We will retain the two terms—the Regular Army and the Territorial Army—for the sake of clearness, as to-day they are readily understood for what they stand for, viz.: the different terms of service of the two branches of the Army. We will drop the term " Yeomanry " ; it is now absorbed in the cavalry of the Territorial Army, and the Militia, despite the fact that a few people are anxious to retain it as a separate force (with what appears to be a sole rôle of being used in industrial disturbances—an inglorious use for a force with a great past), is to all intents and purposes extinct. They can

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have no separate existence in a national army of the future, the Territorial Army has taken their place.

Now, in a great war, it is the nation that is at war, and it must follow that national service is an accepted fact, for a national war requires the whole energies of a nation whether in the fighting forces or in industry.

In order that the energies of the nation may be directed aright, our strategist has to decide—a very difficult task—the proportion of its manhood required for the fighting forces and for industry, and how best the womanhood of the nation may be utilized, for we saw in the last war how great a strength to our country were our womenfolk. And as a corollary how best can the energy available be drafted to its place in the scheme? We must not put the square pegs into the round holes.

The Territorial Army Associations are to-day theoretically responsible for the recruitment of the Territorial Army, whilst a separate organization (which, in part, coincides with the Territorial Army) is in existence for the Regular Army.

When the Territorial Army was inaugurated, the Associations were formed with the object of providing and equipping the forces, leaving the unit commander free to deal with training only. In actual practice this has not been the case. The majority of unit commanders undertake the recruiting of their units, and it is my opinion that they and the officers and men of their units are the best fitted to undertake the work; the shortage of men in the low establishments of the Territorial Army units to-day is evidence that the present system is not the success that we should expect.

It is a debatable point whether the county organization is the best to-day. Its boundaries are a relic of the Middle Ages, and population and communications have altered inhabitants' interests. There are many areas on the boundaries of counties which are more in touch with an adjoining county than with their own. The country to-day is organized on a municipal basis. The great cities and towns have replaced the county areas in influence and importance. The great bulk of the Territorial Army is recruited from the cities and towns, the villages finding an infinitesimal number of men.

Territorial Army Associations are on a number of questions a "sovereign" power in their county area, and

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some eighty-seven sovereign powers within the main scheme requires a superior authority who can adjust any differences that may arise as to recruiting areas, etc., between Associations in the interests of the units concerned.

If Territorial Army Associations are to justify their existence they must within their area create an atmosphere in which the unit can work to produce the men.

In *The Times* of January 16th last, a correspondent stated Associations stood as a buffer between the Territorial Army and the War Office. But does the Territorial Army not need a buffer between itself and the heads of the Army? I have before, during, and since the war on numerous occasions been in close touch with soldiers in high authority and with various War Office departments, and have without exception found a very real desire to help, and to sympathize with one's difficulties. Closer and still closer touch between the Territorial Army and the Directorate at the War Office is what is required. Service as an Adjutant, or in some other rôle with the Territorial Army, should be a preliminary to service on the Directorate of the Territorial Army at the War Office. The writer of the above-mentioned letter also states that " efficient " associations are the backbone of the Territorial Army. This, surely, is a statement which lacks a sense of proportion and at the same time admits that there are inefficient associations. As a member of an association I consider my sole rôle on the Association to be a servant of the Territorial Army, and it is thus that associations must view their work if they are to play any useful part.

In the event of a national war the present Regular Army recruiting areas would disappear and the one source of recruiting only be open.

To the Territorial Army Associations, with the addition of others of influence in different spheres, and with committees for every town and district, will be assigned the duty to draft men either to the fighting forces or to industry in accordance with the plans of the " strategist." Thus no waste would accrue. We should not have men without arms or more arms than we had men to use.

The augmented Territorial Army Association should also be responsible that the county's quota in " material " was duly provided.

The Territorial Army Associations should also be responsible for the re-settlement of all the men on

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demobilization within their areas, and thus would be avoided many of the difficulties in re-settlement that occurred after the late war.

During the last war the country made a considerable difference in its estimate of the personal value of the individual and his worldly possessions. A man was taken and he got his shilling a day—his worldly possessions, if taken or offered, received almost a religious protection and veneration, and " interest " that would have appeased " Shylock " resulted.

This at times caused much dissatisfaction amongst men in the fighting forces, as did the different rates of pay between the various arms. For example, the infantry man in the front line, the expert technical soldier behind the line, and the munition maker at home, each was necessary, and the greater personal comfort and safety of some appointments (whether it be private or workman, general or employer), should compensate for the special skill necessary. Pay and allowances should be equal for the different grades of the fighting forces and ancillary services. The discontent was greater after the war, when closer contact was made and the unequal pecuniary profit of the soldier and tradesman was compared at close quarters.

If the Territorial Army is to fulfil the rôle that we have given it of being the main source of expansion of the Army during a war, and being the foundation on which the national army is to be built, then its organization must correspond to the organization decided upon for the national army, and its training must be such that it is fit to take the field at a very early date after embodiment. Reliance cannot be placed on a period of months in which to complete its training.

We will assume that the present organization of fourteen divisions, and the army and corps troops does correspond to the requirements of the national army. As other arms or units are seen to be required, their counterpart should be found in the Territorial Army.

On embodiment we should get the five Regular divisions and the fourteen Territorial divisions. The Territorial divisions should immediately complete to establishment; for some years there should be no difficulty in this. The Briton is by nature a soldier, and whatever he may say to-day, in the event of a great war ex-service men would rally to the colours in great numbers. I had a practical experience of this. On the return from South Africa of the men of my

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volunteer company who had served there, I was only able to get one man to rejoin the Volunteers ; the others were quite definite that they had finished with soldiering, but, at the outbreak of the Great War, when I was still commanding the same company, these men were up at my headquarters, even before mobilization notices were up, wanting to rejoin ; and so it would be again.

Whilst completing to establishment, cadres for a second fourteen divisions and Army troops must be provided ; these would come chiefly from the Regular Army, who must not throw all their experts and teachers into the early struggle as in the last war, and from such as can be spared from the existing divisions of the Territorial Army. Further fresh divisions would be similarly raised as required, and thus we should find the best use being made of the men provided, and technical experts would go to units where they were of most value.

Our aim should be that the first fourteen divisions of the Territorial Army should be ready to proceed complete overseas within one month of mobilization, for " the defensive battle should be fought in advance of localities, the retention of which is vital to the defender," which is undoubtedly overseas ; at the same time the second fourteen divisions would be in being.

The divisions in England whilst completing their training would also have the duty of providing drafts for the units overseas, and would receive convalescent men and new recruits. The depot staffs would be available for these divisions.

This gives us the standard for our serving Territorials to reach—to be fit to take their part in the field within one month of mobilization. A high standard, true, but not impossible of realization.

Let us examine views of successful soldiers of the past as to the objects of our training and the results we should work for.

The Earl of Essex, in a " worthie speeche " to his " armie " before their arrival at Worcester, on Saturday, September 24th, 1642, says :—

> " I shall desire all and every officer to endeavour by love and affable carriage to command his soldiers since what is done for fear is done unwillingly, and

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> what is unwillingly attempted can never prosper. Likewise 'tis my request that you be very careful in the exercising of your men, and bring them to use their arms readily and expertly, and not to busy them in practising the ceremonious forms of military discipline, only *let them be well instructed in the necessary rudiments of warre*, that they may know how to fall on with discretion and retreat with care, how to maintain their order and make good their ground."

Sir John Moore, who did so much to train the Army of his day in the necessary rudiments of war, in writing to his general, Sir Ralph Abercromby from St. Lucia, West Indies, on September 2nd, 1796, gives us his views, which he afterwards developed at Shorncliffe :—

> " A parade twice a day, consisting of a mere inspection and exercise of arms, is easy for officers ; it leaves them what they call more time."

In a report of the action of his brigade at The Helder, in 1799, appears :—

> " The enemy had struck upon the flank of the 25th Regiment . . . three companies of the 92nd Regiment were sent to their support, but coming up incautiously into so hot a fire they suffered prodigiously."

When inspecting the 52nd Regiment at Milazzo, Sicily, on March 13th, 1807 :—

> " General Paget, who commands here, pays great attention to the troops, and they are in good order. I have the pleasure to observe that my Regiment preserves an excellent spirit, and both officers and men take a pride in doing their duty ; their movement in the field is perfect, it is evident that not only the officers but that each individual soldier knows perfectly what he has to do ; the discipline is carried out without severity ; the officers are attached to the men and the men to the officers. The men find that pains are taken to keep them from doing wrong, that allowances are made

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> for trivial faults, and that they are not punished for serious crimes until advice and every other means have been resorted to in vain."

In one of Lord Roberts' frontier campaigns a certain battalion suffered heavily in consequence of its mechanical precision. It refused to budge from its parade-ground perfection. Lord Roberts expressed the opinion that this fine battalion suffered heavily "in consequence of being over-drilled."

During the late war, a number of instances easily come to mind where lack of tactical training in units meant heavy casualties.

And so we can safely affirm that our training must be such as to fit every individual to play his part intelligently in war.

The training required to reach this standard means that officers have to be capable of handling tactically their commands, and smaller unit commanders must be able to handle tactically their groups, and the individual be able to handle tactically his weapon. The tactical side of war is the most interesting to study, and I have found that both officers and non-commissioned officers rise to the occasion, study, and become really proficient.

Elementary training is necessary, but it is also necessary to understand the greater problems, and then one realizes the reasons for the minor problems. One would get very tired in learning to kick a football by numbers, and practising the rôle of, say, a centre half-back, unless we could visualize and participate in a full-dress game of football. There is only one standard of instruction—what is required from the individual in war.

And then, the man who works the weapon, he, of course, must be expert in this. To do that it is not necessary for him to know the names of every single part and the weights of ammunition, etc.; he has no control over these; he must use the weapons provided. I drive a car and can do the ordinary running repairs, but I do not know or trouble about technical names of parts; we can learn to drive a car in a very few hours and be quite safe on the roads.

And so with the majority of weapons. We can teach an intelligent man to be efficient mechanically with automatic weapons, such as the Lewis Gun and the Vickers, in a

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comparatively short time. The rifle takes a much greater time; it is no use the man being technically expert unless he can handle the weapon tactically and get good results from it.

The larger weapons are manned by teams where each man does his own job, more like factory work ; and to produce men quickly various operations must be the job of different men. Efficient team work of experts is the aim, and not a number of Jack-of-all-Trades. The tactical handling again is of supreme importance.

This leads us up to the conclusion that the training of the leaders is of the paramount importance, and cannot be neglected—staff rides, tactical exercises right down to the section leader, are the only means of doing this. One unit of my brigade held thirty-four of these last year, and the difficulty was to select fairly those to attend. There was no shortage of applicants, the work is of absorbing interest.

The training of the men should be concentrated on the handling of their weapons expertly and the playing of their part in the general scheme, and to avoid waste of time and temper we must learn the weapons as a man works his machine in a factory or we drive a car. Selections from the men should be made to understudy junior leaders, and their training advanced, and also men selected and trained as instructors and technical experts such as the armourer. We shall find the training of the individual to become an expert rifle shot the most difficult.

The man must always be impressed that his rôle is to cause the maximum number of casualties to the enemy, whilst avoiding himself becoming a casualty.

How is this result to be achieved ? During the winter the training of the leaders by tactical exercises out of doors, or by means of the sand table or war games, specialist training, such as signalling, would go on side by side with this. In the spring the recruit would receive his individual training from the permanent staff, and then in early summer the leaders take over their commands and put into practice their work of the winter. By this means, early in camp or mobilization, the unit becomes an organized whole. It may be said some units are too dispersed, and that only individual training can be carried out in ordinary peace time. In my brigade I have units with numerous detachments, and have found officers and men make great efforts and sacrifices to attend interesting training. Repeating tables would be very tiring

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to an intelligent schoolboy, whereas working out mathematical or Euclid problems would hold his interest.

As war gets more and more mechanical, the routine work is more quickly assimilated by the civilian soldier ; it bears a much nearer resemblance on that side to ordinary everyday life.

It has been my experience that the success of a Territorial unit depends on the enthusiasm and energy of the head, but more particularly on the young officers—the company and platoon commanders and their equivalent, and we cannot have inefficient or slack officers in these positions, better have a few officers keen than many officers inefficient. Inefficient officers lower the standard and keen officers raise it.

The keen young officer makes the Territorials his main hobby and interest outside his business or profession and finds in it great satisfaction, and with good leadership will always respond. Where units are successful, look at their young officers and you will find that they know their non-commissioned officers and men personally—their work in private life ; they are interested in their institutes and are, in fact, leaders of their men.

The men we require in the Territorial Army are those who join for the " sport " of the thing. There is no doubt soldiering is the greatest of games. They are willing soldiers and only need leading, and so we get a cheerful obedience, and discipline is not a matter of regulations and punishments, but of a good understanding.

It must not be thought I depreciate the value of " drill," but we must not overestimate its value to the detriment of war training. A unit which is well trained for war is at the same time a unit which is well disciplined, cleanly turned out, and drills with precision, for they have confidence in their knowledge and pride in their unit. The officers in maintaining a right discipline have a big responsibility ; here again we can be guided by Sir John Moore, who, in 1796, wrote to his chief :—

> " Great attention must be paid to get proper officers who will re-establish discipline and inspire those under them with zeal and ardour.
>
> " Such officers I am sure still exist in the British Army, though they are not to be found exclusively amongst those who have most money or most political interest."



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Whilst in command of a battalion for over two years during the war, I always appealed to the honour of the men, and as a consequence they never failed me, and though times were trying and drafts were made up with a big proportion of men who had no local or personal interest in the unit, there was not a single case where a court-martial was necessary.

Drill halls and institutes must always be clean and cheerful, with many signs of their military object. I have been in large drill halls where one can see tennis or badminton courts laid out, but not a sign of their military object. The result is reflected in the men who drill there.

The non-commissioned officers and men must know they have a leader and a friend in their commander, and must look upon their headquarters as the centre of their social and military life, and by the pleasure and profit they get out of their Territorial Army life, the flow of new blood in the person of recruits will be measured.

For the Territorial to reach the standard required means much hard and continuous work, though he will obtain personal pleasure from his association. I attended a reunion dinner a short time back; two of the guests had joined the Volunteers in 1861 and served for some twenty years in the ranks, and, though now well over eighty, they both affirmed that they always looked back on their soldiering life as the happiest period, for they had had a great deal of interest and made many friends.

I have tried to show that a great war is the concern of every individual in the nation, and, consequently, what should be the place of the Territorial Army in the community to-day. We see, then, that the individuals who to-day make up the Territorial Army are performing one of the greatest services to the nation that any public spirited individual can do.

A high standard has been set, and now let us look at the difficulties that confront the Territorial officer and soldier in reaching this standard.

First, the officer and soldier has to bring himself to the standard required of his rank. This means attendance at tactical exercises and study, but he is well repaid for this by the new interests he has in life, and, beyond all, the joy in success.

And, then, the training of his men—the difficulty in getting full parades any evening—the Israelites' task in making bricks without straw was a simple one compared with the Territorial

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officer's task; the men's difficulty in getting away from business, but these difficulties get less and less as the training becomes more and more interesting, and once interest and enthusiasm of the men is gained, it is surprising how quickly they respond to good leadership.

The getting away for the annual camp can only be made easy when the employer becomes interested and enthusiastic for the Territorial Army; you cannot expect men to risk their employment, although I have known men become so keen that they have done this.

And so we find the success of a unit will vary in proportion to the standing of the Territorials in their community, and as a preliminary to success we have to ensure that the community realize the part that they have to play.

The Territorials must become an integral part of local life, and this can be done by making welcome at all Territorial functions and at all drill halls and ranges, leaders in local life, civic authorities, employers of labour, etc.; they should be invited on every possible occasion. Higher military authorities, when in the district, should be encouraged to meet the local leaders. No Territorial unit ought to go to or come from camp without a public reception, and units will find as outside interest increases their prize funds will also increase. Often times I find the Territorials try to live a life apart; that can no longer be done—a war means the concern of every individual, and the fighting forces during peace are, as a consequence, the concern of every individual. Territorial Associations can help in this, but the greater work can be done by the serving officer—he is the man the public looks up to.

However hard one works, real success will not be attained until the Territorial Army rightly takes a premier place in the life of the community.

What of the Territorial officer and man who is doing this work? What does he get for his work? Pay whilst in camp or at courses. It is true that he can, if he is careful, make both ends meet, but then the work outside camp—financial reward, *nil*. I do not think the giving of monetary inducements alone would produce the results required. What, then, does our country offer him?

> "That he may be exempted from jury service provided he puts in his claim for exemption each time the lists are made."



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I wonder if one-tenth of one per cent. of Territorials would trouble to submit such a claim; Gilbert and Sullivan could have made a fine song under the heading "Make the reward fit the service."

John Ruskin said: "I tell you solemnly that the day is coming when the soldiers of England must be her tutors, and the captains of her Army, captains also of her mind." The nation should reward adequately these men who are undertaking the responsibilities of national defence and make full use of their services to the community. They are better citizens through their military service. One use where advantage to the community would accrue and recognition of their services be made, would be to appoint all captains and senior ranks Justices of the Peace during the period of their service in the area of their commands. They are mostly young men, and their widened outlook on life and their youth would be an advantage to any magisterial bench.

To bring and maintain the Territorial Army to its full establishment cannot be separated from its efficient training; the two things go together. No man likes to belong to an inefficient unit, and the most efficient units will retain the men when they have got them. To get the men, the unbounded enthusiasm of the officers and of the men already serving is required; this enthusiasm will have good ground on which to work if the Territorial Army Associations and those in positions of influence will play their part by creating local interest in, and a due realization by the nation of, the important part the Territorial Army plays in our defence forces.

It is a great work on behalf of our Empire—let our watchwords be Enthusiasm and Efficiency.

[The above article by Colonel John Brown, the well-known Commander of the 162nd (East Midland) Brigade, Territorial Army, is the first of a series of articles we hope to publish dealing with Territorial topics.]

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# THE WORLD RACE IN AIR EQUIPMENT

By Major Oliver Stewart.

AERIAL tactics, as it has been shown by Capitaine René Fonck and other authorities on air warfare, are inseparable from aerial technics, and any sensible increase in the air power possessed by a nation is dependent upon research work. The result is that the size of an air force is but small indication of its strength if the quality of its equipment remains unknown. An air force flying low-performance aeroplanes, even if it be numerically superior, cannot compete successfully with an air force flying high-performance aeroplanes any more than twenty men armed with revolvers can fight successfully with one man armed with a rifle at 300 yards' range. All examination of the air strength of nations, therefore, should be made with the primary object of discovering the degree of technical excellence attained by their equipment.

The importance of quality in air equipment has been stressed lately by a number of writers, but the impression still persists that standardization and production have to do with quality and should be the chief aims of the aeroplane designer as they are of the designer of cheap motor-cars. As I point out in my recently published "Strategy and Tactics of Air Fighting," the first need is for good aeroplanes. The suitability of those aeroplanes for production in large quantities is of secondary importance.

Appreciation of the value of a strong air force, both as an adjunct to the land and sea forces and as a separate striking instrument, has spread rapidly among the nations of the world. Some countries understand that air power can grow to full strength only when that seed, research work, falls upon good ground; others have concentrated upon developing and enlarging the personnel side and so have neglected technical development. Amongst those entered for the race, therefore, some, through ignorance of the best methods of running rather than through lack of stamina, have fallen behind already.

Which nations retain positions near the front, will become clear when the facts about world progress stated hereafter are perused. But the outstanding deduction which may be made

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from those facts is that technical progress in aeronautics is swift, and that the relaxation of effort by a nation, even for a brief period, may cause it to be left so far behind that many years may pass before it can regain a position among the first four powers.

The cause of the swiftness of the race and of its arduous nature may be traced readily to its source. Air power, it is known, is the essential concomitant to land and sea power; who that has any two without the third has the walls of his house, but not the roof. In order to make the house secure, both walls and roof are necessary.

"Against an army sailing through the clouds," said Dr. Johnson, one hundred and fifty years ago, "neither walls, mountains, nor seas afford security."

The instinct of self-preservation, as powerful in a nation as in an individual, divines the necessity of the trinity, air, land, and sea power, and appreciates that adequate strength in all three is the only guarantee of security. Consequent upon this realization of the fundamental principle of modern defence, comes the natural, but none the less unusual, spectacle of parties holding violently opposed political views agreeing with perfect unanimity when the granting of money for an air force is being considered, and so air strength comes to depend more upon the genius of a nation than upon its wealth.

And, as with other tests of skill, the world race in air equipment is being run with a kind of inspired frenzy which will show no sign of abating until one nation obtains a large and unquestionable lead. Indeed, the race is becoming more and more fiercely contested. The great aeroplane designers of the world, backed—well or ill—by their countries' peoples and governments, are engaged for the greater part of their time upon war aircraft, and every scheme for improving speed, climb, manœuvre, and weight-lifting capacity which ingenuity can devise and knowledge suggest, is tried in some country or other. In this country Mr. Folland and Mr. Green respectively are the designers of the two latest types of fighting scouts in use in the Royal Air Force—the Grebe and the Siskin. In France, among the most prolific designers, are some whose names recall the infancy of aviation. There is M. Louis Bleriot, M. Bréguet, M. Hanriot, and M. Hubert, the designer of the machine which holds the world's speed record. Holland is fortunate in the possession of Mr. A. Fokker and Mr. Frederick Koolhoven. At one time Mr.

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Koolhoven designed some highly successful fighting aeroplanes for this country. In Italy is Commander Gianni Caproni, and in Germany, Professor Junkers.

These are the men whose quiet labour and whose patient calculation make possible the astounding advances in speed, altitude, and distance which, in a few years, have turned completely upside down all preconceived ideas of what constitutes speed, altitude, and distance. The rapidity of this technical progress is apt to be overlooked or, at least, taken for granted, unless occasionally a glance is thrown back to the past. It is still within the memory of many people when the expression " one hundred miles an hour " was used only as a figure of speech. The phrase conveyed the impression of immense but unattainable speed, and it was ranged beside " like lightning " and other pictorial hyperboles.

To-day the official world's speed record stands at 278·4 m.p.h. This record was made on December 11th, 1924, by Adjutant Bonnet in a French Bernard monoplane with a 550 h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine. And the height record stands, also to France's credit, at 39,576·5 feet or 7½ miles high. It was made on October 10th, 1924, by M. Callizo on a Gourdou-Lesseure monoplane fitted with a 300 h.p. Hispano-Suiza engine. The non-stop distance record stands to the credit of France at 2,728 miles.

Record-breaking is often said to serve no useful purpose, to be the sport of lunatics, and the result of chance—by those who do not succeed. Actually record-breaking is far from being the result of chance; it is the product of genius reinforced by pertinacity and a vast store of advanced technical knowledge. From the moment the first conception of a new type of aeroplane is born in the designer's head to the moment it starts its attempt on the record, be it speed, altitude, distance or duration, many disappointments have to be faced and many preconceived notions discarded. The machine must be altered, the engine adjusted, and the pilot undergoes a course of training more strict than that for an athlete.

And let it not be thought for one moment that record-breaking has no bearing upon the development of the fighting aeroplane. On the contrary, it is in the fierce-looking record-breaking aeroplane of to-day that may be seen a vision of the fighting aeroplane of to-morrow. It is in the record-breaking machine that the designer calls his ambitious dreams into actuality, and its success or failure in flight directs the

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whole stream of his future ideas. World records give a very clear and accurate idea of world aeronautical progress which, as it has been shown, bears directly upon fighting strength. At the time of writing the more important world's aeroplane records confirmed by the Fédération Aeronautique Internationale stand thus :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Speed ... ... ... | 278·4 m.p.h., France. |
| ,, 500 kilometres ... | 190·6 m.p.h., France. |
| ,, 1,000 kilometres ... | 153·9 m.p.h., France. |
| Altitude ... ... ... | 39,576·5 ft., France. |
| Distance ... ... ... | 2,728 miles, France. |
| Distance, cross-country ... | 1,963 miles, France. |

Altogether there is a total of more than eighty world's records (including the above) which have been confirmed by the Fédération Aeronautique Internationale. In order the nations stand thus :—U.S.A., France, Italy, Holland, Denmark.

Great Britain holds no world's records.

Already plans are being prepared for an attempt to raise the speed record to over 300 m.p.h. and, so fierce is the competition, that it is probable that this year will see many other records raised.

Detail examination of the machines which hold these records reveals the trend of ultra-modern design and some important generalizations are possible in consequence.

First, there is a strong tendency to return to the monoplane for the single-seater high-performance machine. In this country development of the monoplane has been retarded owing to the wide prevalence of the belief that the pilot's view from a monoplane must, from the very nature of that type, be more restricted than from a biplane.

Secondly, a tendency to use rigid materials for wing coverings is observable. That is to say, thin wood or metal sheeting is beginning to replace fabric. This substitution of wood or metal for fabric has for its object the better preservation of the form of the wing camber in flight. Fabric tends to sink inwards between the wing ribs and therefore there are, in the wing surface, a series of small " waves " which detract slightly from the aerodynamical efficiency of the wing. It has also been found that fabric may be stripped from the wings by air suction at extreme speeds.

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Thirdly, engine superchargers for the high flying aeroplanes are being adopted in increasing numbers. By means of the supercharger the engine cylinders are fed with petrol-air mixture under pressure, and thus full power is obtained while the machine is flying in the rarefied air met with at great heights. This use of the supercharger should not be confused with its use on motor-cars, when it is simply called upon to force into a given cylinder capacity more power than is normally available.

Fourthly, the spread of all-metal construction is shown to be continuing slowly, although the increase in the number of all-metal designs is not very marked.

And now that the position in advanced aeronautical research work which has been reached by the nations which are leading in the race has been indicated, it is possible to turn to the practical results of that work and to discover how Service aeroplanes have been influenced by it. It has been remarked that victory in aerial warfare depends most of all upon the performance of the opposing machines ; the efforts to advance in technical knowledge and research work have been indicated ; the results of those efforts may best be given by taking a typical modern Service aircraft of each of the leading nations and noting its performance. A comparison of the figures (shown on the following page) will permit the indications of national progress given by the table of world's records to be checked and confirmed.

One important aspect of machine performance admits of no exact tabulation ; this is the relative powers of manœuvre possessed by the machines. The ability to manœuvre his machine swiftly and easily is, for obvious reasons, of very great value to the fighting airman ; but since no means has been arrived at yet by which the " manœuvrability " of a machine may be reduced to figures, only a very general comparison may be drawn. Generally and broadly, then, the British and American machines lead in manœuvrability with the French and Dutch second.

No tendency to depart from the machine-gun armament for fighting aeroplanes is noticeable. Guynemer's and Fonck's experiments with a 37 mm. gun and the Royal Air Force Research Department's trials with the Coventry Ordnance gun and with the Davis gun, have not yet been followed up, and increases in armament power have been made only by adding to the number of machine guns mounted and not by

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## SCOUTS.

| NATION :— | GREAT BRITAIN. | FRANCE. | U.S.A. | ITALY. | HOLLAND. | CZECHO SLOVAKIA. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Machine name ... | Grebe. | Gourdou-Leseurre. | Curtiss. | Piaggio. | Fokker. | Aero. |
| Engine type ... | Radial engine. | Radial engine. | Water-cooled engine. | Water-cooled engine. | Water-cooled engine. | Water-cooled engine. |
| Speed ... ... | 150 m.p.h. | 186 m.p.h. | 170 m.p.h. | 160 m.p.h. | 158 m.p.h. | 149 m.p.h. |
| Climb ... ... | (To 20,000 ft.) 24 mins. | (Ceiling) 29,500 ft. | (Ceiling) 27,800 ft. | (To 16,225 ft.) 16 mins. | (To 16,225 ft.) 16.3 mins. | (Ceiling) 28,000 ft. |

## BRITISH AND FRENCH TWO-SEATER FIGHTER AND BOMBER PERFORMANCES.

| TWO-SEATER FIGHTERS. | | BOMBERS. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| GREAT BRITAIN. | FRANCE. | GREAT BRITAIN. | FRANCE. |
| Bristol Fighter. | Bréguet. | Virginia. | Liore et Olivier. |
| Watercooled engine. | Water-cooled engine. | 2 Water-cooled engines. | 2 Water-cooled engines. |
| *Speed :* | *Speed :* | *Speed (about) :* | *Speed :* |
| (At 10,000 ft.), 102 m.p.h. | (At 6,500 ft.), 130 m.p.h. | 104 m.p.h. | (At 6,500 ft.), 118 m.p.h. |
| *Climb :* | *Climb :* | *Climb :* | *Climb :* |
| (To 10,000 ft.), 17·5 mins. | (To 6,560 ft.), 7 mins. 28 secs. | (To 5,000 ft.), 12½ mins. | (To 16,700 ft.), 60 mins. |
| (To 15,000 ft.), 42 mins. | (To 16,400 ft.), 21 mins. | Useful load (about) 2,467 lbs. | Useful load, 1,510 kilogrammes. |

NOTE.—Great Britain has a number of new single-seater and two-seater fighters with better performances than the machines quoted. These, however, are on the Air Ministry's secret list and their performances cannot be given. Moreover, it is common knowledge that other countries also have new secret machines, so that the only comparison which can be made usefully is between machines in general use.

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substituting guns with a larger calibre. At present, while aircraft carry no armour, the need for any projectile larger than a machine-gun bullet does not arise for rate of fire is the determining factor; but it is significant that the French are now arming their scouts with four and six guns instead of two. This example will certainly be followed by other countries in due course.

As for detail equipment experiments are now being conducted both in this country and in France with the object of discovering a protective suit for airmen flying at high altitudes. Pressure suits—on the principle of the diving dress—are expected to provide the solution to this problem which, owing to the great heights attainable by the modern fighting aircraft, has become an extremely urgent one. M. Callizo, when breaking the world's height record, suffered acute pain in the eyes owing to the cold. The moisture in the eye has been known to freeze after passing 37,000 feet. All coverings invented hitherto which succeeded in preventing the cold from reaching the airman's eyes, were attended by the disadvantage that the glass (or mica) " fogged up " under certain conditions and so prevented him from seeing. The pressure suits now being tried incorporate, of course, oxygen supply systems for high altitudes.

It must be emphasized that, from an outline of world technical progress in air equipment, it is possible to form a closer estimate of the air strengths of various nations than from a comparison of the budgeted expenditures or the strengths of personnel of their air forces. In fact, the general position may be put thus: technical development in air equipment is the essence of air strength. That development is shown by the performances recorded by special racing, high-flying, weight-carrying or other freak machines. Accredited world's air records provide a reliable guide to the performances of those freak machines.

There is then a gap between the performances of record-breaking aeroplanes and those which would be available for war purposes, but this gap is nearly always of equal extent. That is to say, the nation which has produced an aeroplane thirty miles an hour faster than any other nation, will certainly possess standard war aeroplanes at least twenty miles an hour faster. This hand-in-hand progress of record-breaker and standard machine is due to the accumulation of knowledge which is amassed by the designers who aim for extreme

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performances; knowledge which can be obtained only empirically, and which, having been gained, is available only for other workers of the same nationality. Thus a kind of private reference library of advanced aeronautical knowledge comes into existence.

The nation which desires to be strong in the air must resolutely cast aside the shibboleths and catch-phrases of those who preach wholesale expansion before technical development and of those who see standardization and production as exemplified in cheap motor-car construction as the only ideal to be aimed at in air equipment. To cast aside those false ideals is a difficult matter; for standardization, production, and expansion have been dinned into the heads of the public so long and so loudly that it requires thought, to many a painful process, before they can be discarded. When once they have been discarded, however, the true ideal of technical advance may be seen clearly and pursued steadily.

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# "THE WILL TO DISARM"; DOES IT EXIST?

By Archibald Hurd.

WHEN the Locarno Pact was signed, it was suggested that an international scheme of disarmament had been brought within the realm of practical politics. The fears and suspicions which had encouraged the maintenance of great navies, armies and air forces had been exorcized, and all the nations, and particularly the nations on the Continent of Europe, wearied of war's alarums and overburdened by war's costs, would welcome any plan, universal in its application, which would lift from their manhood the liability of service under arms, and enable them to effect large economies in their expenditure, relieving the taxpayer of " an intolerable burden."

In the King's speech at the opening of Parliament it was declared that one of His Majesty's Ministers would " proceed to Geneva as British representative on the Preparatory Committee on Disarmament which is to work out the bases of a general conference on the reduction of armaments," and it was added that it was believed " a substantial step forward in that direction would now be possible as a result of the system of security created by the Treaty of Locarno and subsidiary agreements." The prospect seemed still further to improve when, with the approval of Congress, the American President announced that the United States would send a delegate to this preliminary discussion, though it would take place under the auspices of the League of Nations, the child of President Wilson's fertile brain, which the overwhelming majority of the American people have disowned.

The scene has since undergone a radical change. The preliminary Conference has been postponed. It is still uncertain when it will assemble, though it is hoped that its first meeting may be held before the middle of May. In the meantime, the League of Nations itself has become involved in fresh controversies. Invitations to join the organization were sent some time ago to Germany and Russia. The former country has returned a favourable reply, for she has a definite purpose to pursue as a member of the League, and may introduce, as we shall show later on, a disturbing

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element into any negotiations which may take place with a view to bringing about a limitation of armaments. The Soviet Union, with its headquarters at Moscow, has sent no definite reply, but is apparently manœuvring for a position of advantage. It has, from the first, regarded the League of Nations with the bitterest hostility as a combination of "bourgeois states," which worship "the golden calf of capitalism," and it has advanced various excuses for having nothing to do with it.

Another disturbing factor is that Poland, Spain and Brazil have asked that they shall have permanent seats on the Council of the League, though neither can be looked upon as a first-class Power. A serious situation may arise as a result of this unexpected development. Spain is even more insistent than Poland and Brazil in pressing her claim. She is a non-permanent elected member of the Council, which must be unanimous if Germany is to obtain a status equal to that of the other Great Powers, and if Germany does not receive this treatment, she may refuse to join the League, and Germany's inclusion is essential. As Sir Austen Chamberlain has stated, and, indeed, it is obvious, the admission of Germany to the League has opened "the whole question of the composition of the Council," and it is an open secret that France has for some time been taking steps to ensure the restoration of the "equilibrium" after Germany's entry. It is in these circumstances that this scheme for enlarging the Council has developed with at least French approval—to state this matter with extreme moderation. It is furthermore urged that Belgium should also become a permanent member of the Council, to which she has hitherto belonged by election, a tribute to the heroic part she took in the war. "It would, indeed," *Le Temps* has suggested, "be a strange irony of fate if by chance vote Belgium should lose her place on the Council at the very moment that Germany enters it to occupy a permanent seat." These claims, it is stated, represent a carefully thought-out plan to neutralize German influence and assure France's dominant position in the League, to the detriment, as has been suggested, of the interests of the British Empire in so far as they may be affected by this august world assembly. Influential Paris newspapers have urged that this "change in the balance of power" would be in no way injurious to the peoples of the British Empire so long as the British peoples support French aspirations

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and reinforce her safety. Great Britain's position at Geneva, according to the journal in the French capital which most often reflects official opinion, would be in no way weakened provided she continued to act in " close collaboration with the Allies for the defence of the Treaty of Versailles, at the foot of which she has put her signature, and to the maintenance of which she is as much bound as we are." On the other hand, this minatory statement continued, " should it be otherwise no one could blame the other Allied countries, to whom the Peace Treaty is their supreme guarantee of independence, looking after themselves to make sure that Germany shall not be able to abuse her position in the bosom of the League of Nations in order to ruin the peace treaty of 1919." The reaction of these internal controversies of the League of Nations on the prospect of reaching a solution of the disarmament problem in its embarrassing variety of aspects is so obvious that it need not be stressed.

Apart from these difficulties, the general situation appears to be by no means favourable to a successful issue of a Conference on Disarmament, because there is a transparent absence in many, if not most, countries represented in the League of that " will to disarm " which the Prime Minister has admitted must exist if progress is to be made. He has declared once more that this country is going into the Conference " in a whole-hearted endeavour to carry out the undertakings and intentions which were put in the Covenant and the final Treaty of Versailles "—undertakings and intentions which are not, unfortunately, always interpreted in the same way. What are the intentions of the other Powers ? At one end of the scale Russia stands armed to the teeth so far as her land forces are concerned, and she is—in some confusion, it is true—attempting to resuscitate the Russian fleet. As a seapower Russia has never counted very seriously, but her military pretensions, in view of her population, cannot be ignored. Trotsky has expressed with candour the views of his colleagues, which certainly hold little promise, that Russia, if she joined the League, would assist in any scheme of military disarmament. In a recent speech, he declared emphatically that the campaign against " the bourgeois states " would not be arrested. A militarist " appeal " has been made to the civil population of Russia, not only every youth, but every individual, whatever his age, being urged by exhortations, which will not probably be unsupported by

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coercive methods peculiar to the Communistic regime, to undergo some training as a soldier. " An army such as the Red Army, with such a militarized rear, trained and armed, will," he has asserted, " be the mightiest army the world has ever known. It will not only serve as a weapon of defence to Communism against possible attacks, but will give the proletariat in other countries support in their struggle against Imperialism." Those words reflect the temper of the men who have imposed their will on the people of Russia. They want larger and not smaller armaments.

At the other end of the scale we have Germany. What is her attitude towards disarmament, with Poland and France in close political association, on her either flank, and Russia, with her over-vaunting military ambitions, as her close neighbour, the Russia in which she herself deliberately sowed the seeds of Communism to serve, as her former rulers believed, Germany's own ends, when the vision of victory in the Great War was becoming dim. Russia, as an Ally, was to be weakened so that Germany might the more easily win. But Russia under the Communists has become the " mad dog of Europe," a menace to every state and not less to Germany, as the Communist leaders themselves boast. Germany's plea in the new situation which has developed on the Continent, as a result of the war settlement, is that, as she was disarmed under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, so every other Power should also agree to disarm. She even claims that this obligation was implied, though not specifically set forth, in that instrument. The medicine which was forced upon her in defeat, when her army was demobilized, her fleet surrendered, to be sunk eventually in the waters of Scapa Flow, and her aerial development interdicted, was never intended for her exclusive benefit. That is her case. It was claimed, she adds, that her action before the war in strengthening her army, expanding her fleet, and building up her air force, was responsible for the increase of armaments in Europe in the early years of the present century. If there was any foundation for that assertion, she now declares, the fighting forces of Europe should forthwith be swept away, since whatever menace Germany may have offered to other nations has been laid. She even declares, as has been stated, that justification for this demand is to be found in the armament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, as well as in the Covenant of the League of Nations. Germany's

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insistence on disarmament is almost as disturbing as Russia's resistance.

In between these two extremes—Russia, on the one hand, striving to increase her armaments, and, on the other, Germany disarmed, even her arms factories having been demilitarized—we have the other great Powers, all of whom have consented to recognize, at least, the Preparatory Conference which will settle the scope of the subsequent discussions on disarmament. Turkey is intransigent, rebelling against the authority of the League, and China, also under the influence of Soviet Russia, possesses no stable government which can speak on the disarmament problem or any other problem. In both these countries, reacting in different ways to the persistent Soviet propaganda, the outlook is so uncertain that no one can foresee what developments may take place during the next few months, affecting, it may be decisively, the discussions at the Disarmament Conference.

Does the will to disarm exist in France or Italy—France still watching Germany with suspicion and fear, and Italy, freed from the menace of Austro-Hungary, nursing the ambition to declare herself an " Empire," and obviously regarding the future course of events in Europe with a certain measure of distrust. Signor Mussolini's speeches suggest that he views all talk of disarmament with a cynicism Bismarckian in its realism, or at least with a reserve which in itself might prove an obstacle to progress. Both countries are devoting to armaments a larger proportion of their revenues than at any period of their history. In reply to a recent question in the House of Commons, Sir Austen Chamberlain stated that the expenditure of France and Italy (in millions of francs and lire respectively) on Army, Navy and Air services, and the percentage of the total national expenditure in the last three years, were as follows :—

| | France. | | Italy. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *Services.* | *Percentage.* | *Services.* | *Percentage.* |
| 1923 ... | 5,550 | 13·3 | 3,558 | 14·3 |
| 1924 ... | 5,143 | 12·3 | 3,274 | 14·6 |
| 1925 ... | 5,596 | 16·9 | 3,100 | 16·5 |



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Lastly there are the three other Great Powers—Japan, the United States, and the British Empire. Japan is pursuing her way in the Far East, in large measure, in detachment from the problems and policies of the Old World. She is maintaining her military strength unimpaired, and is faithfully observing her obligation under the Washington Treaty, which restricts the strength of her battle fleet, inferior only to that of the battle fleets of the British Empire and the United States, apart from the clauses limiting the aggregate tonnage of aeroplane carriers and the displacement and armament of cruisers. What of the English-speaking countries, which are also vitally concerned in the peace of the Pacific ? Something in the nature of a concordat between the two great branches of the English-speaking races seems to have come into being, resting on no negotiations finding expression in understanding, much less anything in the nature of alliance, and inspired by no animosity towards other states. The peoples of the United States and the British Empire* are in peaceful mood and desire to lead tranquil lives. The sequence of events supports that conclusion. When the war came to a close, it seemed as though the Anglo-German rivalry in naval armaments, which ran its disastrous course in the first decade of the century, might be replaced by a competition waged by the American and British peoples. Under the leadership of President Harding, that spectre was laid at the Washington Conference. Though the other Powers which were represented would have nothing to do with any proposals to limit their military or aerial strength, a treaty was negotiated limiting navies. That instrument imposed many sacrifices on the American, British and Japanese fleets, while those of France and Italy were in no way affected. though the future naval activities of the two latter countries were restricted. Only the American, British and Japanese navies were required to scrap any of their capital ships. The naval armament movement was thus stabilized so far at least as the five principal maritime Powers were concerned, though the French Government has since made certain reservations which in conceivable circumstances might react on the policies of the other signatories, and has indicated that when the Treaty expires France will not renew it, at least in its present form.

* Under the Naval Treaty, the British Empire is regarded as a federation of nations, with a single battle fleet.

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The British Government did not wait for the Treaty to be signed before it implemented it by acts which demonstrated, beyond cavil, its serious purpose, and the administration at Washington was hardly less prompt in hurrying to the shipbreakers the capital ships which had been singled out for destruction. In the one case, 19 vessels of 583,000 tons were destroyed, and progress on the four new " Hoods "* was arrested, while, in the other, no fewer than 30 ships of 845,740 tons were broken up.† Both countries immediately after the close of the Great War had demobilized their armies and their air forces and had returned to that purely defensive military condition which reflects the attitude of both states, monarchy and republic, towards armaments, for as in the British Isles, so in the United States, there is no form of conscription for military service and the army, which is supported by voluntary enlistment, is little more than a police force. So that by the time effect had been given to the Washington Treaty, the British Empire and the United States, though they retained battle fleets of approximately equal strength, and stronger than the battle fleets of every other country, had shed every vestige of their armaments which could be looked upon as possessing, in any circumstance, aggressive significance.

In succeeding years, under the pressure of the successive Governments, reflecting public opinion, a policy of rigid economy has been urged on the British naval authorities. The naval expenditure, which amounted, in round figures, to £76,000,000 in 1921, when the Washington Conference dispersed, has since been brought down to approximately £59,000,000 ; the whole naval establishment, afloat as well as ashore, has been pared down to the bone. Not only has the traditional Two Power standard of strength been abandoned, but the sea-going fleet is to-day smaller than that of the United States. That statement was recently made on the authority of the Navy Department at Washington,‡ and was chosen as a text for some arresting comments by a committee

* These vessels, which were to have been of 45,000 tons each, had already been begun. They would have been the most powerful ships afloat in all respects.

† Japan was under no obligation to scrap any units of her fleet, but she abandoned ten ships in course of construction as well as her future programme, representing 448,928 tons.

‡ *cf. Daily Telegraph*, February 10th, 1926.



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of the House of Representatives, to which consideration of the appropriations for the American fleet for the fiscal year 1927 had been remitted. In its report, this Committee remarked :—

> With respect to putting some of our vessels in reserve, it should be pointed out that Great Britain has but 13 of her capital ships in full commission. We have had 18 until recently, when 3 were detached and decommissioned for modernization. Of destroyers we are told Great Britain has 54 fully manned out of a total of 183. We have, using the same comparative data, 106 out of a total of 267. As to light cruisers, Great Britain possesses a larger number, and naturally has more in commission.

Passing on to the consideration of the naval situation as it has been affected by the action of the Board of Admiralty in Whitehall, and defending its proposal further to reduce the outlay on the American Fleet, the Committee added :—

> Furthermore, that Great Britain is doing exactly what the committee is proposing, and that her statesmen are giving attention to possible naval economies is borne out by the discussions in Parliament. On November 18th last, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in response to an enquiry as to steps taken to effect a reduction in naval expenditures, indicated that 18 destroyers had been placed on the disposal list, that 15 would be similarly dealt with in the next financial year, that a cruiser squadron had been reduced from five to four ships, and that a destroyer flotilla attached to the Atlantic Fleet was being reduced to a reserve basis. The committee submits that it is time for us to give attention to such matters.

In this atmosphere of peaceful emulation, the peoples of the two great Sea-Powers, situated on either side of the Atlantic, the British Empire and the United States, whose military forces are contemptible in relation to those of other Great Powers represented on the Council of the League of Nations, are vieing with each other in cutting down their naval expenditure in seeming disregard of what the rest of the world is doing and thinking.

Such is the situation at a moment when there is the prospect of another Conference assembling with a view to rounding off the work initiated at Washington five years ago. Naval disarmament can obviously go no further until progress has been made in military and aerial disarmament. For that reason the peoples of the British Empire and the United States are not as vitally concerned with the fortunes of the forthcoming assembly as they were with the proceedings at Washington. Then the United States took a bold initiative

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which startled humanity, and her efforts were whole-heartedly seconded by the representatives of the British Empire, for all the Dominions as well as the Mother Country had delegates at the conference. The British and American delegates could take that course because on the sea the two countries were supreme and were becoming even more supreme. But what gesture can they make, in their present weakness, when military and aerial problems come up for discussion ? They have played their parts on the world stage, so far as setting an example in the direction of disarmament is concerned. The leading rôle in relation to the armies of Europe, larger than before the war, and the expanding air forces, must be played by some other Power or Powers, if it is to be played at all, and if the Conference at Geneva is not going to lead merely to intrigues and manœuvres tending, like the assembly at The Hague, which met at the invitation of the Tsar, to stimulate the fears and suspicions which, it was claimed, the Pact of Locarno had dispersed.

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# SERVICE CELEBRITIES

## 1.—GENERAL SIR GEORGE F. MILNE, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.

"UNCLE GEORGE." Anyone who served in Macedonia will recognize the almost affectionate title. General Sir George Milne, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.S.O., who came from the Eastern Command in February last to take up the most important post in the Army, is, like so many other soldiers who have climbed above the clouds in their profession, a "gunner," and a gunner who spent his earlier service going through the mill of regimental soldiering. During the Great War he made his reputation essentially as a commander, notably in command of the 27th Division and later as an army commander in Salonika, where he carried out a most difficult task with consummate skill. In that Macedonian salad of varied nationalities he maintained at all times a calm and imperturbable poise. Although not in supreme control, he was the dominant factor in keeping the peace between the Allied forces, and in effecting the complete defeat of the Bulgarian armies which was the first step towards the final German debacle.

At the conclusion of the war Sir George Milne commanded the Allied forces in Constantinople during the years 1919-1920. Despite his past services the recognition awarded him was in no way commensurate with the rewards showered on other army commanders. This was perhaps fortunate, inasmuch as it enabled him to remain on the Active List; and he has now been tardily rewarded by those in political power by his appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Of commanding appearance, with a presence in keeping with his high office, he could not fail to be singled out by any observer. No one who saw him—A.D.C. General to the King—at the Birthday Parade in London last year will readily forget him. Although a Scot—and an Aberdonian—he has a deep and subtle sense of humour. Austere to the point of severity as a young commander, his face in repose still gives but little clue to the fashion in which time and experience have tempered that austerity, but his smile at once betrays the human feelings that lie beneath.

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[*Photo: Russell.*

**GENERAL SIR GEORGE F. MILNE,**
**G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.**
**Chief of the Imperial General Staff.**

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" Not a bit like a soldier," was the comment of one of the employers of labour, after listening to a speech of his last year, when Sir George had been explaining why they should let every possible man of the local Territorial Brigade go on manœuvres. An interesting comment, showing how wrong a notion of soldiers some people have, for Sir George Milne is so much more like a soldier than most soldiers : devoted to his profession, well read, steeped in the lore of military science ; eagle-eyed mentally and physically ; unerring in his instinct for finding a weak spot ; generous in his appreciation of work well done, and unsparing if blame is deserved. An enemy to fear if his enmity is provoked, but a good friend where his friendship is justified.

A big man for a big job.

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# PAN'S PRESERVES

By " TOUCHADAM."

" FOR priests and such-like who go there on their lawful occasions, yes ; but for the likes of you and me, No ! When I was young I took my herd there once. The grazing, I knew, must be good, and I laughed at devils. I have never laughed at them since. Two of my buffaloes went over the precipice ; one was taken by a tiger ; two more died possessed. You may go there and you may shoot ibex—there are plenty yonder, but you'll bring nothing back."

The speaker was one of a pastoral tribe, fast dying out, who herd buffaloes, practise polyandry, and inhabit a green plateau in Southern India, eight thousand feet above sea-level.

He was standing on a grassy knoll, leaning on his herdsman's staff, and watching his long-horned ferocious charges.

I had asked him about a certain weirdly shaped peak that flung up into the blue sky a gnomon-shaped crest. This lay about a dozen miles from us and topped one of a chain of hills which rimmed the plateau in that direction. There were many legends about this peak. But my friend summed the matter up by saying, " It is devil's country."

Not being a believer in devils and keen to find some good ibex ground, I started off with a dozen pack-ponies next day and, the same afternoon, had pitched my little camp—just my own and a servant's tents—a few hundred feet below the gnomon-peak. Here there was a little grassy pocket or crease in the mountain side with a brook tinkling across it for water and a ravine full of crimson-blossomed rhododendron trees close by for fuel.

It was as beautiful a little sylvan spot as could be desired ; the weather was perfect and, if statistics counted for anything, should have remained so for many weeks.

There was one little fly in the ointment. It being the dry season, the grass was being fired all about. I could from my altitude count a dozen stretches of country ablaze. But none to windward of me. The place was far from suggesting devils or evil spirits of any kind whatever.

Towards sunset I climbed to the peak, which had an altitude of nine thousand feet, to see what was beyond it. Now, most peaks have other higher peaks on the farther side.

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This one went to the other extreme and had nothing beyond it. It didn't even possess a further slope. As I stood on the tip of the gnomon I looked a sheer thousand feet through space on to a floor of banked but slowly moving clouds. What further drop was under that floor I knew not.

It was no spot for a queasy stomach to linger on, and I withdrew mine without further delay. I was glad to have my back towards that horrid abyss and my face towards the twinkling of my camp fire.

I dined early, for I was to be up early. But it was a restless night. The wind started blowing and by midnight had reached the strength of a gale. My tent had not been pitched for rough weather, and this kept me awake. A most dismal screaming began at 2 a.m. There was something so compelling about it that it drew me out of my tent to discover what caused it. It came from the direction of the peak right above me and only in the stronger gusts. I decided that it was the knife-edged gnomon whistling, as it were, through its teeth. I looked to windward and I turned in. There was no sign of a grass fire, but a thousand feet below me, far out on the plateau, there was a regular march of fires over the grassy undulations.

I was glad to turn out at 4 a.m. for an early breakfast and start. It was very dark and blowing harder than ever. I took a hurricane lantern, but this was at once blown out, and we—shikari Anthony and myself—found our way down the steep descent as best we could.

It was growing light when we reached the bottom and began a long ascent. The path followed the very edge of the plateau. On my right, all along as I proceeded, terra firma suddenly ended and there was a sheer drop of many hundreds of feet and a nearly precipitous further drop of several thousand feet. We were eight thousand feet above sea-level, and the sea was visible. I kept a good twenty feet from the edge of the precipice because the wind, in its harder gusts, might have blown me over it. But I had not gone a mile when I received such a buffet on the back as sent me staggering forward. To stop myself from coming to my knees I crooked my arm into a bush. It was lucky I did so. I found myself looking over the abyss and still propelled forwards by the force of the blow. It was a question (luckily the answer came soon) as to whether that slender anchorage which my right arm had taken round the bush held or not. I heard the

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shikari's cry of horror; I envisaged my left hand, with the rifle clutched in it, advanced into space—and still advancing! But the bush held. Luckily it all happened in such a flash that I hadn't time to drop the rifle before both it and I were pulled back into safety.

I did not ask the shikari whether it was he who had hit me on the back because he was on my left, or safety, side, rather in front of me and clearly visible to me. The buffet that had sent me staggering could only have been dealt by the wind—and yet it scarcely felt like that.

The precipice had come curving in here and lay right across my path. We gave it a wider berth and proceeded.

The shikari, a little farther on, crawled to the edge, lay down and looked over. He beckoned me up and I looked down on a small herd of ibex browsing on the face of the precipice a few hundred feet below me. There was a good buck among them and his white saddle-mark showed up very plainly. He was within easy range, but we could never have recovered him. I did what was almost—perhaps quite—as good as shooting him. Through a powerful stalking glass I brought him to within a few yards of me, so close that I could see him wink his eyes. I watched him and his mates for half an hour. It was fascinating observing these wariest of animals at such close quarters as it were, in their perfectly natural, unalarmed state.

At about noon we were passing across the head of a little valley that ran off to our left. Coming up towards us, on the flat green floor of it and at about a thousand yards distance, was an animal that, at first glance, looked like a small donkey. But donkeys did not roam hereabouts. I thought it was a donkey only because no normal ibex would be strolling, solitary and unconcerned, in this manner. But a second glance showed it to be undoubtedly an ibex. Half-way between us and him he would be passing some craggy, precipitous ground, and I thought I might catch him, either as he passed this or, as was more likely, as he climbed into it. Keeping out of sight, I ran for it. I reached my point, rather blown. Here I stood, waiting for the ibex to show up.

While I had been running he had taken to the cliff and now poked his head out—nothing more, from the face of it. He wasn't a hundred feet off, but I was standing, a position I hate for shooting; the wind was boisterous, and an ibex head is a small mark. I drew a bead on him. The wind forced

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the ivory tip of my foresight slowly off the mark. My trigger finger was too late for what was in effect a running shot.

Again I began to bring sights and ibex head into line, and again the wind tried to defeat me. There was something uncanny in the way that ibex kept his head protruded and held me in his glassy stare. This time I kept a wary eye on the foresight bead as it blew across the target. I pressed the trigger and hoped for luck. I had it. The ibex shot out from the cliff, fell forty feet, struck a steep grass slope, rolled to the bottom of the valley, and lay dead.

He looked an ordinary shootable buck, but he had behaved as no ordinary shootable bucks behave. They do not, solitary and unconcerned, walk slowly in valleys, but climb, nimbly and gregariously, on perpendicular surfaces. Nor would a normal ibex have poked his head out of the recesses of a cliff and steadfastly regarded me while I essayed to get the sights on him. He was a mystery.

I left the shikari to take off head and hide, and told him to follow me to a named spot. Having reached this I sat down to eat my sandwiches, my back against a great isolated rock. I slipped a metal protector over my rifle sight and carefully stood the rifle against the rock, after withdrawing the cartridge from the chamber and pressing it into the magazine. The wind had completely fallen, the sun was pleasantly warm, and, after eating lunch, I must have fallen asleep.

I was awakened by the clatter of my rifle which had fallen. The sun was gone, so was the sky ; so was everything else. I stared into a white opacity—as opaque as a London fog. I was enveloped in cloud. Now, to be cloud-caught on these hilltops is no laughing matter. In a London fog you have a kerbstone, a line of houses or a policeman to guide you ; you keep moving on and you will arrive in time. Here there was nothing to feel your way by and, if you kept moving as others had, you might disappear and never be heard of again, as had been the fate of those others. Some had fallen over precipices, some had wandered on and on to perish more miserably in leech-haunted forests. There was only one thing to do here when cloud-caught, and that was to sit still.

It was the more annoying because, during this and the following two months, these hills were invariably immune from cloud and rain.

I picked up my rifle. It had fallen forward on velvety

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turf, but there had been one little stone just where the sight protector—a brittle metal one—had hit the ground. The protector was broken and so was the ivory foresight. The rifle was useless.

I was just realizing this when, behind me and above me, on the rock I was leaning against, or behind it, I heard a pawing of the ground, such as might be made by an unshod hoof, and a laugh. I call it a laugh because it sounded like a laugh. There is only one laugher with a cloven hoof and he is usually represented as playing on a pipe. It might have been a sambur stag, of course, but a sambur grunts or makes explosive noises as the mood takes him. It might have been an ibex, but the ibex of these hills, who is really not an ibex but a close cousin to the Himalayan thar, utters a whistling alarm note.

Whatever or whoever laughed and pawed, and whatever or whoever had pushed over my very carefully placed rifle, I took a scunner at that rock and the something, or somebody, that was on top of it or behind it. I resolved to quit, cloud or no cloud.

I knew the edge of the precipice was a good hundred yards straight to my front. I couldn't see it for I could barely see the length of my arm. But I decided that if I moved fifty paces straight to my front I should be well clear of the edge. I gathered cartridge bag and rifle and paced forward that distance and sat down. It was dead still, and I felt enveloped in woolliness. My steps had sounded muffled. I was about to cough to see what sort of a sound it made, but no, I felt somehow that I preferred not to give away my position.

I must have sat for a quarter of an hour in dead silence. Then I heard footsteps; shoes this time, clopperty ones. Surely the shikari couldn't have been fool enough to try to follow after me in this fog! I called out—"Anthony!" There was no answer. I didn't expect one. I could feel something close to me. I felt the wind of it as it passed. I could see nothing, of course, but I heard a chuckle. I fired from the hip, towards the chuckle. It was like shooting into a bale of wool. There was another chuckle—and silence.

Whether the rifle shot did it, I do not know, but a tiny patch of blue sky appeared through the fog above me. It was a pleasant sight and no sooner seen than it vanished. Then a light puff of air struck on my face. I could see the fog beginning to swirl, thin out, tear into wispy rents and then,

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within one minute, it vanished away leaving not a gossamer behind it. Once more the sun shone from a blue sky and on to the tenantless green expanse about me.

The shikari, I knew, must have been stayed by the cloud as I had been. I retraced my steps expecting to meet him. But I reached the head of the valley where I had shot the ibex—and no Anthony! Thinking that he would still be skinning the animal, I went down the valley to find him. I got to the spot where I had left the ibex. There was no ibex and no shikari. There was a little blood and, lying close by, my hunting knife which I had lent Anthony.

Thinking that he had mistaken my orders and that he had gone back to camp instead of following after me, there was nothing for it but to return there myself. Still—what about the carcase? Anthony could not have carried it—the head and skin would have been quite enough for him. What had become of it?

I reached the base of the gnomon-peaked hill late in the afternoon. Another hour would have brought me to my camp. But I found awaiting me here my servant and the shikari.

The servant had an urgent tale to tell. At about midday he had heard what he described as heavy rifle fire, and then, suddenly, a grass fire had swept down on our camp, passed through it, burnt one tent (his), and stampeded the baggage ponies. It then disappeared over the next hilltop. It had all happened within a few minutes. He had jumped the fire and run all the way down the hill to bring me the glad news.

This was all plain sailing, except about the rifle fire, and I sent Mr. Mahommed, who had evidently lost his head, sailing back up the hill, and followed with the shikari.

The shikari's tale was less plain. He had taken off the ibex head and started skinning when—the rest of the report was so involved as to be almost meaningless. But I gathered that he had got frightened, had heard noises, and had run for his life.

"What!" I said, "in all that cloud."

"There was no cloud—only noises."

"And where's the ibex head?" I said; "you didn't leave it, did you?"

"Yes; I was frightened and left everything. There were devils."

I could not bring myself to be very angry with him, because, though I was not so candid about it as Anthony, I had

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been frightened myself. If I hadn't been frightened I wouldn't have fired at a chuckle! It was that which gave me away.

But what about the dead ibex? Where had it got to? And the cloud that had enveloped me; why had it not enveloped Anthony who was scarcely half a mile distant? And what had panicked him and made him hear noises, and bolt? This led to another question, of course. What had panicked me and made me hear them (and shoot at them)? I could answer one only of these questions. A tiger might have removed the ibex. Tigers were known to exist in these hills, and at even higher altitudes, but they were very rare—and tigers like killing their own meat.

Our little camping ground was a melancholy sight, blackened and desolate. But the fire had swept through it so suddenly that the only real damage was the servant's tent and some smouldering pack saddles. These we threw into the brook and saved. My own tent had escaped. Even while I examined things some still burning bamboos, growing on the bank of the brook, kept popping off with considerable noise. This accounted for Mahommed's rifle fire, which had occurred in a hidden ravine a mile to windward of camp. I examined this later and found it full of burst and blackened bamboo stumps.

I had a spare foresight and replaced the broken one. After dinner that night, servant and shikari appeared with a petition. The glib domestic spoke. He said that the place was a bad place. No good would come by our remaining here. Asked to be a little more definite, he gave his expected answer, there were devils abroad. He used the word "Shaitan," which is a generic term for all kinds of evil spirits. "Besides," he added, "the tent has been burnt and we are in a bleak spot." The shikari backed him and said he knew of good camping and ibex ground about eight miles off. The stampeded ponies had been recovered and we could move early next day. We could, *en route*, recover the ibex head. This latter argument decided me. The shikari was unaware of its disappearance, but I was most anxious to look for the track of the agency which had removed it. I gave orders for shifting camp next day if the pony-men pronounced their singed pack saddles fit for use. The pony-men hereupon advanced into the firelight and said that they could manage. They, too, were keen to quit the spot.

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We left early next morning. The shikari and I diverged from our route to recover, as he thought, the ibex head. I left him to make the discovery that it was gone together with the carcase. He was in no sense a tracker, nor was I, but if a tiger had shifted that ibex he must have left some pretty obvious marks. There were none, neither paw tracks nor the mark of a dragged carcase. And no panther could have eaten, in the space of a few hours, a whole ibex, including horns, nor could he have removed an animal of that bulk.

We had to leave it at that, for we dismissed the idea of the removal having occurred through human agency. These hills were absolutely unpopulated.

Not wanting to arrive in our new camp before things were ready, we crawled round some likely sambur places and saw only hinds. The weather conditions were all out of gear. We finished our day in a thin drizzle and a rising wind. It was just twilight when we topped a rise and the shikari said that the lights twinkling below us were those of our camp.

We arrived pretty well soaked. There was a stone shepherd's hut here which gave my followers good shelter and unlimited stuffiness. It possessed a small doorway and no other apertures whatever.

That night I lay and listened to the storm without. My camp was at the bottom of a valley which here forked away into three ascending ravines. At the head of these I could hear the wind marshalling its forces, rumbling as it does in old chimneys. Then, with a hooroosh, it would come charging down and buffet my tent. But this was well pitched, roped to stout wooden pickets (none of your iron pegs) and well trenched all round. I could lie and laugh. Darkness, uproar, and wet without. Warmth and dryness within—pleasant things at all times, but doubly so in knowing that only a sheet of cloth stood between me and the elements.

Next morning there was no need to look out. I could hear the weather. Instead of turning out at 5 a.m., I rolled over and went joyfully to sleep. I breakfasted in bed. But the zest of this novel experience was wearing off at 10 a.m. At that hour it was reported that we were out of wood, the pony-men refusing to go out and get it. I soon had them out. We rolled down plenty of fallen timber from the ravine, and built an immense fire. Those who wanted to could stand by it and get wet and dried at the same time.

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I spent the rest of the day in bed and the weather never let up.

The next day was the same. One pony died from exposure. Blankets were becoming wet. Unable to endure my tent any longer, I gave the shikari my waterproof and went out with my rifle. But the clouds were down and Anthony was terrified. I forced him up a well-defined spur in the hope of seeing something to shoot, for we wanted meat badly. At the top, however, the visibility was nil. The man refused to move another foot, and we groped our way back. We were lucky to hit off camp.

Next morning it was as bad as ever, and two more ponies were dead. The attractions of a solid roof, a dry bed, and a hot tub began to loom very large. All these luxuries existed in a snug forest bungalow of my acquaintance ten miles distant. But it was now a question whether we could get there bag and baggage. The pony-men had no doubt about the need of a move to shelter and lied lavishly over the ability of the nine remaining ponies to carry our stuff, wet though it was. So I decided to abandon the shoot and to shift.

Next morning the nine ponies were reduced to eight, and these were not in a condition to carry much more than their soaked, doubly heavy pack saddles. There had not been room in the hut for these.

We loaded up with bare essentials. I sent my servant on ahead with orders to be lavish in the matter of fuel and food for man and beast at the bungalow and to have everything ready against our hoped-for arrival.

I was the last to leave camp, and was to perform the irksome duties of rearguard to my demoralized army in retreat. My tent and a good deal of stuff were left *in situ*.

The ponies started staggering at the very outset. One fell and his load was jettisoned. Even then he could barely keep with the rest. Our pace was about two miles an hour, in the teeth of a gale and blinding rain. For the gale I was thankful, for it permitted no bad fog.

With the loss of another pony and its load, the rearguard arrived, soaked through, with a deep sigh of relief, at that bungalow after six hours of a terribly slow march. I looked in at the earlier arrivals and found men and ponies all gathered round a blazing log-fire in a roomy stable. There was a glad sound of munching of hay and sizzling of human food. On the hearth of the bungalow another fire roared and on the

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table tea was laid. But, better still, a huge zinc bath in another room was full of steaming water. This had the prior claim on me. The fireside, an easy chair and tea came afterwards. And, later, a bed with dry bedding formed a pleasant contrast to a wet valise laid on the muddy floor of a soaking tent.

The bungalow was situated at the foot of a pass down which we had come that afternoon. It snuggled close under some extraordinary fluted cliffs. When we were crossing the pass I knew that we were leaving spook-land behind us and were in the territory of good angels. The climate was milder and, though it rained, it no longer blew down here. But, just before turning in, I went out and craned my neck to look up at the precipice. I could see nothing in the inky blackness, but I could hear the wind making spooky noises in the flutings five hundred feet above me ; very eerie sounds.

Next morning the weather was clear and serene. It was delightful to be able to see clear-cut edges once more after having viewed nothing but befogged outlines and looming shapes for the past few days. I looked up at the cliff above me and my eye followed them till they ended, a mile or so off, and merged into a very steep, forest-clad hillside.

But, even as I looked, the hillside began to move—slowly, smoothly, without gathering speed. The trees canted, toppled and capsized. Boulders and rocks started, gathered speed and hurtled down the surface of their moving bed. To my amazed eyes the hill seemed to be silently sloughing its skin, for not a sound reached me there. I could see the beginning, but not the ending of the avalanche. A spur, jutting from the range between me and the landslide, hid its coming-to-rest. Perhaps the spectacle was none the less impressive for that. The hillside simply slid out of sight. The rest was left to the imagination. Where had stood a dense green forest was now a vast, raw, red scar. And then the sounds of it came to me, softened by distance to that of a long, rumbling sigh.

* * * * * * *

On my return to civilized haunts I consulted an old friend—an authority on Classical Mythology, named Smith. I asked him for the cause of all my misfortunes, and he at once elucidated the matter. He said : " We need not, in the present case, go into the doubtful parentage of the god Pan.



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Suffice it that he was a goat-footed, puck-nosed voluptuary, a wanderer on the summits of mountains and that he amused himself with the chase and in other less reputable ways. You were certainly trespassing on Pan's preserves. He, as certainly, damaged your rifle, nearly pushed you over the precipice, swaddled you in cloud, carried off your ibex, burnt your camp, destroyed your pack ponies, and, finally, kicked you out with a landslip. It is also probable that he caused you to be afflicted with a disease called panic. This has been diagnosed as 'sudden fright without visible cause.' You will find the matter dealt with at greater length in my Classical Dictionary."

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# THE FUTURE OF THE GERMAN NAVY

By CAPTAIN PERSIUS

(*Late Captain in the Imperial Navy.*)

THE thought of the present-day German Fleet brings nothing but sadness to the heart of the German Nationalists. In 1914 the "Black, White and Red" floated proudly at the masts of a fleet which, as far as numbers and equipment was concerned, could claim to be second only among the Great Powers. Great Britain at that time possessed the strongest navy with 2,800,000 tons, completed and building; Germany followed with 1,340,000 tons; then came U.S.A. with 1,100,000 tons. In the case of England, this included 46 capital ships—*i.e.*, battleships and battle-cruisers, in Germany 28, and in U.S.A. 16.

To-day, Article 181 of the Treaty of Versailles lays it down that the strength of the German Navy may not exceed 6 capital ships of the *Deutschland* or *Lothringen* type, 6 light cruisers, 12 destroyers, and 12 torpedo boats. Submarines are forbidden. What these clauses involve may be gathered from the following. The *Deutschland* and *Lothringen* represent a type, launched in 1904, of 13,200 tons displacement, with four 28-cm. (12-inch) guns, and develops a speed of 18 knots. The latest British capital ships displace 40,000 tons, are equipped with nine 18-inch guns (40·6 cm.), and can move at 23 knots. The American are of similar construction, and the light cruisers, destroyers and torpedo boats are in about the same relation. The cruiser *Berlin*, for instance, which is at the moment abroad on a visit to South America, displaces 3,650 tons, has a speed of 22·8 knots, and has ten 4·9-inch guns (10·5 cm.); while the latest English cruisers of similar type and already in service—*e.g.*, the *Vindictive*—displace 10,200 tons, develop 34 knots, and have seven 8-inch guns, three 4·5-inch, and so on. German torpedo boat destroyers, which in Germany are called "big torpedo boats"—*e.g.*, the S18 or S19—as compared with English boats of similar class—*e.g.*, the *Witch* or *Wishart*—launched in 1920, displace respectively 630 and 1,350 tons, and have speeds of 25 and 35 knots.



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We are therefore forced to the conclusion that the German Fleet has no real fighting value, and is only fit for a museum exhibit. The question forces itself on us whether its survival is justified.

The Nationalists declare that we must keep our fleet that we may not be wholly defenceless, and, further, that it may be the germ of a later and stronger navy. Opinions of the same sort were expressed at greater length by Admiral Zenker, the First Lord of the Admiralty, on March 11th of last year, on the occasion of the discussion of the naval estimates before the budget committee of the Reichstag. His words were: "The Navy must not forget how to build ships or neglect the art of battle manœuvres. It must protect the German coasts and defend German neutrality." A Socialist representative, Herr Schöpflin, answered Admiral Zenker as follows: "We should consider whether a navy, of its present size, has any excuse for existence at all."

Every unbiased expert will admit the truth of Herr Schöflin's contention that the German Navy, as it exists to-day, has no justification, since it has no longer any defensive power. In an article, "Scrap the Fleet," published in the well-known Berlin paper of Herr v. Gerlach, I expressed views which coincide completely with those of every competent expert. That article urged upon the Admiralty the necessity of economizing whenever possible, for the money spent is practically thrown away. The details of the Budget were discussed under their respective heads, and it was shown that they might at least be considerably reduced. Considering the appalling destitution among the people, we are far too extravagant on our Army and Navy. For the year 1925-26 we have budgeted for these two heads for 578,400,000 M. (£29,000,000), and for the next year, 1926-27, 685,800,000 M. (£34,000,000) are demanded. In 1914 the Navy involved an expense of 476,000,000 M. (£23,000,000); in 1925, 155,000,000 M. (£7,500,000); and for 1926 we are asked to spend 203,300,000 M. (£10,000,000)—*i.e.*, £2,300,000 more than in the previous year. All this money is spent unnecessarily, for with the terms dictated to us in the Versailles Treaty concerning the size of the ships and their armour, we can never hope to indulge in any kind of military activity. Our few capital ships are wholly obsolete, and we are forbidden to build bigger and more modern vessels. It is the same with cruisers and torpedo boats, while U-boats are

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absolutely barred. Since only submarine vessels have, on the whole and by general consent, any offensive power, the construction of any other ships, more especially of small ships, involves useless and irrational waste.

The reactionary Nationalist replies that we must keep our fleet in order to avoid being wholly defenceless, and, further, because it is to be the germ of a future and stronger navy. But anyone with an eye to realities would tell him that it is only because the militarily-minded German finds it difficult to confess that it were wiser to give up all naval armaments. We ought not to forget that Germany's ship-building mania was to become fatal, for every schoolboy knows that ultimately it was the naval construction policy of William II—or, if you like, of Tirpitz—that caused the world war. It was only the infants in politics who did not realize that the hectic construction policy was bound to bring England down upon us; only fools romance about English jealousy of the increase of our commerce, and its being the cause of Great Britain's joining the ranks of our enemies in 1914. William II himself says in his book that the condition of our trade was excellent, and no one interfered with its freedom.

When our present First Lord of the Admiralty tells the Reichstag that we must not forget the art of shipbuilding or of manœuvring in combination, he should have been told, first, that the only building with which our dockyards should concern themselves is that of U-boats (which is forbidden); and, secondly, that battleships will never sail in mass formation again because of the danger from submarines and aeroplanes. They will act in isolation, as was generally the case even during the war from 1914 to 1918. There is no expert who is unaware of that. Further, if Admiral Zenker says that our fleet is to protect the German coasts and neutrality, we should reply that such an idea is on a level with von Tirpitz's explanation of our need for a strong German Navy—to protect our trade, our coasts, and our colonies.

We were soon rid of any need to protect our colonies during the late war. Our fleet could no more protect them than could our colonial troops. If German East Africa defended itself until 1918, that proves nothing, for it had no real use and was only an heroic gesture. That is clear to every man of intelligence. In the Southern Pacific, in Samoa, etc., the enemy proceeded with the hoisting of their flag in

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place of ours without loss of men or ships; which was a relief to every pacifist. Our coasts were defended from 1914 to 1918 by mines and U-boats, and that was the reason for their immunity from English attacks. Of what use, indeed, would such an attack have been? It would have been sheer madness, for the work of the British Navy was to sweep our merchant marine from the seas. That our fleet would never be able to protect that marine from the British sea-power was obvious to everyone except Admiral von Tirpitz.

The same arguments hold to-day against anyone who argues that we must be able to protect our coasts and neutrality. It is inconceivable that ships like the *Deutschland*, launched in 1904, armed with four 12-inch guns and with a speed of 18 knots, could protect our coasts or our neutrality against the nine 18-inch guns and 22 knots of such a ship as the *Nelson*. The most complete ignoramus of naval affairs will realize the truth of this, but it will be some time before this simple fact dawns on the Admiralty and the Reichstag.

Is there any prospect of the unproductive expenditure on our fleet being reduced? This will depend on the future course of political and economic affairs. Should the League of Nations act in any way energetically on the question of disarmament, it is possible that the German naval quota might be raised to a sensible level, and, above all, our navy, which would then be only a contingent of the international defensive force, could be modernized. Against expenditure of this sort no one would wish to raise an outcry. But we must make it quite clear that there are at present very few Germans who place any hopes on the disarmament policy of the League. We harbour no illusions and realize that there is little prospect for disarmament as long as military and armament interests are allowed to have any say at Geneva.

In view of political considerations, the further development of the fleet—obviously within the limits of the Versailles Treaty—*i.e.*, twenty years old for capital ships and cruisers, fifteen years for destroyers and torpedo boats—will depend on the question whether the Left or the Right gains the upper hand in the Reichstag. In the latter case attempts will be made to increase the fleet both in personnel and material as far as possible. The Conservatives—I mean, the members of the German National Party and the German People's Party—would obviously try to obtain commissions for their sons, and the industrialists would like to make profits out of

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shipbuilding and munitions. In that respect Germany is like the rest of the world. It may happen that economic difficulties will bar the way. For even the Democratic and Centre Parties are becoming restless about the exorbitant demands of the Admiralty. During the last few months, even a moderate democratic Berlin organ has drawn attention to the grotesque figures given for the officials at the Admiralty. "The Admiralty," we are told, "have no less than 15,400 officials and workmen, for a total, for the Navy, of officers and men of 15,000. The Admiralty requires 26 advisers alone." We are informed that the Home Office, in spite of its 75,000 police, etc., only requires 16. The personnel of the Navy may, by the terms of the Treaty, not exceed 15,000, which includes officers and men of all arms and ranks. As a fact, the Navy List does not give any higher figure. What we have to note is that the number of officers, and more especially of higher officers, is far too big in proportion to the ordinary sailors and stokers. In the Navy List which appeared recently we may discover that the Navy has 1 Admiral, 3 Vice-Admirals, 6 Rear-Admirals, 31 Captains, 21 Vice-Captains, 79 Commanders, 153 Lieutenant-Commanders, 222 Lieutenants, and 41 Sub-Lieutenants, apart from the following engineering officers :—1 Rear-Admiral, 2 Captains, 4 Vice-Captains, 17 Commanders, 44 Lieutenant-Commanders, 52 Lieutenants, and 15 Sub-Lieutenants. The total tonnage of the capital ships of the German Navy amounts to 79,200 tons—*i.e.*, six times 13,200—and that of the cruisers to 18,000 tons. In 1914 the Navy had 573,950 tons of capital ships completed, 186,000 tons of armoured cruisers, 117,850 tons of ordinary cruisers, and so on. The total personnel at the time was :—2,197 officers, 529 engineer-officers, with a total for the whole Navy of 73,115 men. At the present day our Navy, with a total of 15,000 men, requires, apart from medical officers, paymasters, etc., 692 officers. The British Navy in 1914 had 3,576 officers and 968 engineer-officers, a total of 4,544 for 146,414 men—*i.e.*, one officer for 32 men. In Germany, in 1914, one officer commanded 27 men, to-day he has only 21 men under him. Even that is quite a creditable achievement! Nor are measures neglected for keeping the supply of recruits well up to requirements. In the *Weekly Gazette* of December 4th, 1925, we are told that 77 young gentlemen had been admitted to be naval cadets. In 1900, when our navy was about five times as strong as it is to-day,

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68 cadets were sufficient annually, and in the previous years even 40 or 50. The secret of what is to be done with all these cadets remains in the hands of the Admiralty.

Complaints are also made in Social Democratic newspapers about the extravagance of the Admiralty. It is remarked, for instance, that too many ships are kept on the active list, simply in order that the officers may obtain higher allowances for rationing and mess expenses. It would be enough if a single one of the capital ships were on the active list, for it would be possible to complete the training of the newer recruits on that, and, under stress of circumstances, transfer the newly-trained men on to another, which might be kept generally on the reserve list. This view is certainly true, but no complaints have availed anything, for the demands of the Admiralty have increased year by year. As long as the present Minister of Defence is in office, it is hardly likely that any change will be made. Herr Gessler is wholly in the hands of his officers, who play the part of experts to him, and to whom he would hardly dare to propound the views expressed above or tell them how grotesque it is that the naval officers should require so many riding horses at their disposal.

It is noticeable that the officers of the German Navy behave in the most violently nationalistic and jingoistic manner. The naval stations at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen are regarded as the citadels of Pan-Germanism. Every year, on May 31st and June 1st, there is a Skager-Rack celebration, and even in the winter there is a Skager-Rack ball. The attention drawn by the press of the Left to the unemployment, the needs of the wounded, of war widows and orphans, the request that such misplaced festivities should be given up, are disregarded with contempt.

In these circumstances, the question of the future of the German Navy should be answered briefly as follows :— As long as the demands of the Versailles Treaty are in force, the Navy cannot be regarded as a factor of any importance, as far as real military value is concerned, by reason of its deficient material. As for the personnel, we cannot have any favourable judgment of the individual capacity, when we take into consideration the frequent failures during the war. We are only just beginning to discover, for instance, from the political murder trial in Munich, how far the blame for the collapse in 1918 attaches to the fleet. I have expressed my

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judgment of the German naval officers as follows (in my recently-published book, " Schiffe und Menschen in der kaiserlichen Flotte," J. H. W. Dietz Nachfolger, Berlin): " We may subscribe wholeheartedly to the view of the English naval writer, expressed before the war: ' The Germans will never win with the less valuable ships of von Tirpitz. The tradition of the British naval officer could not be replaced by any amount of devotion to duty, scientific study and keen practice. That indefinable something which the English officer possesses, the complete calm and mastery of his nerves, the equanimity which he never loses even in the most appalling difficulties, make him sure of success. Captain, officers and men are united in a true bond of comradeship; they form a band of brothers, as Lord Beresford said to me at Malta in 1900; and what he said was only too true.' "

The same judgment holds true of the German Navy to-day. The stories we hear about the relationship between officers and men are hardly pleasant.

Stephen Graham published a book in 1921, called " Life in the Guards," in which he says: " Germany entered the contest with highly Prussianized discipline, but without an idea, without any *esprit de corps*, which arises from comradeship between officers and men. Great Britain entered the war supported by a magnificent idea, which Germany lacked. The Prussian system is unreservedly based on fear; the men hate their officers, but they fear them. Our soldiers admired their officers and often laid down their lives for them." What impartial German would not subscribe to this view?

In what I have written above I have been only able to hint at much which I could not express openly. But by using the statistical evidence above all, every intelligent Englishman who knows anything of the subject will be able to read between the lines clearly what my own views of the future of the German Navy are.

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# THE CASE AGAINST DEPOTS

By Major J. H. Piper, M.C.

INSISTENT economy talk and rumours of a further and more ruthless use of the "axe" must now more than ever prompt the soldier to hazard a guess as to the way in which new savings on the Army will be made. Concrete proposals from various quarters definitely threatening the life of more infantry regiments remind us horribly of the tragedy which followed the creation of the Irish Free State, but also encourage the search for some other way out.

What we all hope for is saving without sacrifice, and of this the abolition of regimental depots seems to hold out most promise. Few soldiers would waste regrets over them, for their passing would hurt neither the life nor traditions of a single regiment. A doctor will often try the gentler remedies before resorting to the more drastic; amputation may save life. The same principle may with profit be invoked in the sore trouble which threatens older fighting Services to-day.

It is only proposed here to sketch in general outline the manner in which this change might be made and to weigh the good against the bad. Cost-accounting might show the resultant saving to be greater than a cursory view can indicate.

The function of a depot in peace time is, first and last, the training of regular recruits. Such "side shows" as putting Territorial Army officers and non-commissioned officers through short courses of instruction, giving newly-joined Supplementary Reserve officers their initial training, and so forth, could quite well be entrusted to other hands. Militia battalions now only exist on the pages of the Army List. The subject can for this occasion be viewed from the one standpoint only—training recruits. The machine which performs this task of turning civilians into young soldiers, the depot, consists of a Training Company and a Training Cadre. The rest of the depot is ancillary to these two units. The Training Company is run by a captain, a subaltern, a company sergeant-major, sergeants, corporals and lance-corporals. Its ordinary strength in recruits varies between 100 and 150. The Training Cadre, which finishes off the work of the company, squad by squad, consists of a subaltern,

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a sergeant and four lance-sergeants. The " Q " or administrative side of all this, and also of the establishment, or " permanent staff," is in the hands of a captain and a company quartermaster-sergeant. So that we find the essential part of a present-day depot to consist, in effect, of a full company very much on the lines of a company within a battalion.

But here comes the difference. This strong company of the regiment, usually all alone in its county town, has to have barracks, complete with cookhouse, institutes, hospital, mess-room, officers' and sergeants' messes, stores, and all the other paraphernalia of a self-contained unit and the staff to man and work all these various services—a duplication on a smaller scale of everything that is found in the home battalion. Why not, then, make this very expensive company one of the companies of the home battalion, and so pool the expenses by living, so to speak, at home with its parents ?

Objections, of course, there must be ; but the destruction of battalions and regiments can provoke objections infinitely more vehement and more valid. Let us take the most readily obvious ; one may name—(1) Mobilization ; (2) civil disturbance ; (3) Territorial connection ; (4) Militia battalions ; (5) Reservists' annual training. This list does not pretend to be exhaustive. To take these points in the inverse order of their importance, no one who has ever seen a Section " D " Pool reservist fire his course, or a cavalry reservist trained to the Hotchkiss gun wrestling with a Lewis gun stoppage, will advocate the preservation of depots for such work as this. The most incurable optimist will not dream of the resurrection of Militia battalions when the fate of Line battalions is in the balance. The champion of the territorial connections will find his arguments dying within his lips when he sees Durham miners being trained into soldiers of the Northamptonshire Regiment and Newcastle lads being drilled by South of England sergeants they can barely understand. In any case the territorial connection can be safely left to the Territorial Associations and Territorial units, a duty they would gladly take up. The questions of mobilization and civil disturbance cannot be dismissed so lightly ; but surely it is not impossible to make the mobilization station of a home battalion also the mobilization station for reservists ? It would entail extra work and, no doubt, extra personnel within the battalion, but to no great extent. If mobilization came, it would make precious little difference to the Reservist

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whether he went to Shorncliffe or Colchester or some such station to get fitted up instead of to the county town of his regiment. As to civil disturbance, how many of us would like to put our trust in the powers of a depot, composed as it is chiefly of new recruits, if trouble should come? The average depot would be nothing but a death-trap for the unfortunates in it. There is one other point—recruiting; but here, again, one cannot but feel that the retired recruiting officer could do his work just as well if housed in the local Territorial Army Headquarters, and could, by working closely with the Territorial unit, help in maintaining the territorial connection. The local doctor could do the rest.

And the other side of the account—the saving. At the depot as it stands at present, in order to train, feed and keep in order generally what is nothing but a strong company, we find a major, two captains, a quartermaster, three subalterns (one the adjutant), a regimental sergeant-major, a regimental quartermaster-sergeant, a company sergeant-major (possibly two, as the physical training instructor may be one), a company quartermaster-sergeant, a sergeant-instructor of musketry, a sergeant-cook, sundry sergeants, lance-sergeants, corporals, etc., and employed men of all kinds—police, sanitary, cooks, messroom men, and so forth—as well as caterers and staff for the officers' and sergeants' messes, education sergeant, and so on. There is no need to labour the point—let it merely be said that the great majority of these would become superfluous if the depot company became part of the home battalion; their work would be done by those already doing it for the battalion. Further, by abolishing the depot you abolish the upkeep of barracks—no mean sum; say, £2,000 annually—coal consumption, and a dozen other items which must accompany the existence of a separate unit. Take coal, for instance: the amount used at a depot to cook for 200 odd is very little less than is required for a battalion; while the battalion cookhouse, on the other hand, with a stronger battalion to work for, would get a higher economic efficiency from its coal consumption than it does at present. As has already been pointed out, cost accounting would probably show many other savings which do not leap to the eye as in the case just mentioned.

Reduce the four companies of the battalion to three or even two, spread the extra men so gained among these three, add the depot company, and you have a battalion with

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practically the same establishment in officers and non-commissioned officers, but with a greater strength in men. The three (or two) ordinary companies (the Headquarters Wing does not come into the picture) are no longer travesties of companies—skeletons, " empty compartments," whatever you like to call them. The proportion of regimentally employed men is smaller for the whole combined unit, and in place of two of everything—messes and so on—there is only one, with one headquarters (possibly augmented by an assistant adjutant to cope with the depot work). The battalion would be in a stronger position for training purposes and for finding drafts for the foreign battalion. And, above all, you are training your recruits in a real regimental atmosphere, where they live among soldiers and get away from the cinema and fried-fish-shop air of the little county town (to which scarcely a man of them belongs). And they will have a decent training ground and a good range to shoot upon ; and on Sunday they can go to church behind the band, and occasionally see the Colours—get the true soldiering spirit at the very beginning. Officers and non-commissioned officers will not have to hate being sent to the depot any more. Think of the saving in railway warrants and postage stamps and hundreds of other things which all add up. Then multiply it by 62, or the number of infantry depots at present maintained, and the total will have to be expressed in seven figures. No one has been hurt, no traditions killed ; companies and depots can go without pain. But to destroy a regiment or a battalion is to use the knife on traditions that have their roots in the nation. The battalion of to-day is, after all, the regiment of years ago, and its killing is a national calamity.

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# RUGBY FOOTBALL IN THE SERVICES

By an Old International.

AMONGST all the various forms of sport in which the personnel of our Fighting Services take part, the game of Rugby football has always held a most important position. There can be no doubt that the necessary characteristics of the game, a combination of mental and physical fitness, quick decision, pluck and discipline, make an irresistible appeal to all members of His Majesty's Forces.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find the game in a most flourishing state in the Navy, Army and Air Force, but before discussing some present aspects of Service "Rugger," it is as well to mention that this pleasant state of affairs would never have come about had it not been for those enthusiasts of the past who, by their love for the game and the organization they applied to its proper control, smoothed the path of the present-day player and provided him with ample opportunities of playing one of the finest of all games.

## The Inter-Service Matches.

It is generally considered in Rugby circles that the games in which the Navy, Army and Air Force meet each other are amongst the very best to watch throughout the whole Rugby season. One sees, first and foremost, really hard, clean play (these desirable characteristics have not always gone together during the present season), and the games are always played at a tremendous pace. In fact, these Inter-Service matches rank on a level with the 'Varsity match, than which there is no higher compliment.

It might be of interest here to trace the history of this series of matches. Before the war the officers of the Navy played the officers of the Army at Queen's Club, the first match taking place in 1907. After the war the Air Force, very naturally, had to be considered, and in 1920 the Inter-Service matches were commenced, the games being played at Queen's Club once more. Increased gates and other considerations necessitated, in 1921, the transfer of these matches to the Rugby Union ground at Twickenham, where

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it is hoped they will continue to be played for many years to come.

One most important post-war change was the rule making all ranks eligible to play in these Service matches. This undoubtedly had a most heartening effect all round, and its application has given to both England and Wales, at any rate, international players. In addition, during this present season one of the best-known Rugby clubs in the country, Devonport Services, has been captained with great success by a player from the ranks of the Navy.

### Naval Rugby.

Though the quality of Rugby in the Royal Navy may not be quite up to the standard of 1921 and 1922, when one found in the national XV's of England, Ireland and Scotland one or more products of Navy football, yet it would be a grave mistake to imagine that the standard of play is getting lower year by year.

The Navy, perhaps more so than the other two Services, suffers from the loss of prominent players each season through the exigencies of duty afloat. In fact, the Navy selector (one only does duty) is lucky if, at the commencement of a season, he finds himself with more than three or four old Caps on whom to build his team. A strong pack of forwards is never difficult to find, but when it comes to three-quarters and half-backs the problem is not always an easy one to solve.

The Navy XV is as a rule composed largely of players from the Portsmouth and Devonport Services Clubs, with a sprinkling, possibly, of Chatham Services and the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. Time was when only two or three matches were played before the Air Force were met in February and the Army in March, but this has now been altered, and this year, for the first time (one might almost add, in self-defence), a regular series of matches was arranged in the latter half of the season to give the team practice together, as a team, before the Inter-Service games commenced.

Without doubt, the outstanding personality in Naval Rugby since the war is Constructor Lieut.-Commander W. J. A. Davies, who captained the side in 1920-1923, acted as selector last season, and is now serving the Royal Navy and Royal Marines Rugby Union as Honorary Secretary. On the administrative side, the name of Engineer Commander

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E. W. Roberts (an old English International) is a familiar one, with his four years of selector's work, a task which he carried out to such purpose that only once did the Navy suffer defeat between 1920 and 1923, and that in the latter year at the hands of the Air Force, on a waterlogged Twickenham.

This season the Navy have a well-balanced side, with the forwards as the team's strong point. Though no longer supplying two or three international forwards as a regular thing, this Navy pack is a useful blend of experience and youth, possessing strength, dash and speed. In Master-at-Arms Luddington they have an English forward who, though perhaps rather past his best, is still invaluable to his side in a hard game, and he has with him, amongst others, Able-Seaman Broom and Lieutenant Branson, both English reserves for the match against Ireland. Outside the scrum, the absence of a class stand-off half is still felt severely, though this state of affairs (luckily, from the Navy point of view) is common to both the Army and the Air Force. One cannot, however, hope to replace a " Davies " in one or even two seasons, and his retirement from active participation in the game is bound to leave a gap which, for some years to come, will prove difficult to fill. His successor, Lieutenant Garrett, has improved immensely this year, and it is certain that he will not let the side down.

An unfortunate accident in February to the scrum-half, Joiner Husson, has necessitated a rearrangement of the outsides, and Able-Seaman Knapman moves from the centre to take his place. This change may conceivably make for strength, since Knapman was reserve to Lieut.-Commander C. A. Kershaw in the 1921 English XV, and in the last two seasons has improved out of all knowledge. Lieutenant Lee and Sub-Lieutenant Armytage, the centre three-quarters, with Lieutenant Richmond, one of the wings, are all young players who have not yet reached the full zenith of their Rugby powers. Lee has, of course, already played in two English trials, but it would not surprise me to see the other two attain the highest honours if their Rugby careers are not cut short through appointment abroad.

### The Strength of Rugby in the Army.

One may safely say without fear of contradiction that, as far as the Army is concerned, Rugby was never in a more flourishing condition than it is at the present time. The

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progress of the game with all ranks still continues, as witness the entries for the Army Challenge Cup, now in the fifties.

The President of the Army Rugby Union, Lieut.-General Sir Charles Harington, G.B.E., is a very live force in its administration, and to him, to Major B. C. Hartley, and to the Honorary Secretary, Major R. W. Ling, is due a considerable part of the credit for the success which the Army Rugby XV's have had in recent years.

The selection of Army teams, as a direct contrast to that of the Navy XV, is done by a Selection Committee, which is at present composed of Major B. C. Hartley, Major Partridge, Major Gardner, and Major H. C. Harrison. This last officer has had a unique experience in Service Rugby since, in pre-war days, as an officer in the Royal Marine Artillery, he not only played for both the Army and the Navy (qualification in those days being governed by service ashore or afloat if a Marine officer), but was on the winning side on each occasion.

### The 1926 Army XV.

The Army XV this season is likely to be well above the average, and there is no doubt that it will take a really good side to beat them. The forwards, about whom doubts were expressed earlier in the season, have now shaken down into a very compact pack, and they have, in Captain B. M. Dunn, a "hooker" of considerable ability. 2/Lieutenant W. F. Browne and Lieutenant J. D. Clinch, both Irish internationals, are playing very good football, and there is another forward in Lieutenant C. K. T. Faithfull who is rapidly regaining the form which gained him an English cap in 1924, so that, taken altogether, these Army forwards are likely to play an important part in the Inter-Service matches.

Outside the scrum, two players of proved ability stand out. One is Lieutenant A. R. Aslett, the captain, who played for England at centre three-quarter for the first time this season, and is a player of the sound, orthodox type with any amount of thrust and pluck. The other, Lieutenant A. T. Young, is better known as the Cambridge captain of 1925 and England's scrum-half of 1924. He is likely to displace a well-tried Army player in Lieutenant J. R. B. Worton, who will be unfortunate if a place in the side cannot be found for him, as he also, like Aslett, played for England in her first international this season.



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On one wing there is Lieutenant G. J. Bryan, the Kent cricketer, who has not yet touched the form of which he is really capable. In fact, if one were to find any fault in this Army side, it would be perhaps a lack of speed on both wings. At full-back Guardsman Rees is playing magnificently —there is no doubt that he is one of the best full-backs in the four countries. It can be seen, therefore, that the 1926 Army XV is going to prove a tough proposition in the Inter-Service matches, with considerable strength at scrum-half and forward.

### Rugby in the Royal Air Force.

When one considers that in 1919 the Royal Air Force, with a handful of players, led by W. W. Wakefield, England's present captain, were playing various clubs with indifferent success, it is wonderful to think that, at the present time, their record in Inter-Service matches is comparable to those of both the Army and the Navy, and that Rugby is a well-established sport in this branch of the Forces.

It is not too much to say that this state of affairs is in a large measure due to Group-Captain A. D. Warrington-Morris, the old English forward, whose energy and enthusiasm was a great factor in increasing keenness for Rugby football throughout the Air Force. In 1920 a competition for an Inter-Unit Rugby Cup was instituted, and this has proved most popular, the number of entries having steadily increased year by year.

One hears that this season is likely to be a lean one for the Royal Air Force, but doubtless, when the Service matches come along, they will be found to be up to their usual standard. These lines were written before they played the Navy in February, but, whatever the result, one can visualize a hard, close match.

The side is captained for the third year in succession by Squadron-Leader J. C. Russell, who plays scrum-half. He is probably slower this season than before, but his pluck and energy are undeniable. Flying-Officer Chambers partners him at stand-off half, and these two together make a most workmanlike pair. The forwards are possibly not quite so good as those of the Navy or Army, but two members, Flight-Lieutenant Chick and Pilot-Officer G. R. Beamish, are as good a pair as can be found anywhere. The former has built up a reputation for himself with the Harlequins, and Beamish,

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it will be remembered, in 1925, not only captained the Cranwell Cadet College XV, but also got into the Irish side, a rather remarkable feat.

The personality in the three-quarter is Squadron-Leader C. N. Lowe, the old English international wing. Though he now plays in the centre, his experience and running are of tremendous value to his side, as he has frequently proved already this year. One can see, therefore, that this Royal Air Force XV is likely to give a good account of itself in the Inter-Service matches, for the talent is certainly there.

It has, in the past, been found difficult to prophesy the ultimate winner of these Service games, and one would be foolish to attempt to do so now, but there is at least one thing which can be said with complete confidence. The games will be well worth watching, for, though there may not perhaps be a great deal of football skill shown, the play will be hard, vigorous if you like, but always scrupulously fair, and one can be certain of seeing the " spirit of the game " at its very best.

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# NELSON:

## AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN VISITOR IN 1805

*To the Editor of* "THE FIGHTING FORCES."

SIR,

Some time ago, when I was turning over the books in the library of a friend in the country, I came on two faded volumes entitled "Travels in England." They related to the years 1805-06, and were from the pen of an American gentleman who, as explained by him in his Preface, was commissioned by the Trustees of Yale College to collect books for their library and philosophical and chemical apparatus for their science department. The gentleman in question, a Mr. Benjamin Silliman (an absurdly inappropriate surname!), kept a journal of his travels, and this, with some reluctance, he eventually published. He was well advised to do so, for though his book is, I suppose, altogether forgotten, he was a good writer with a keen and observant eye and a remarkable gift for describing people as he saw them.

Among other places visited by Mr. Silliman was the House of Commons, which sat then and for many years afterwards in St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster. He was fortunate enough to see both Pitt and Fox in their places in the House and to hear them speak. On the occasion of his visit there was first of all a debate on the state of the Army, opened by a Colonel C—— in a speech of two and a half hours' duration. Mr. Pitt "did not deign to reply," says Mr. Silliman, but he spoke later, and Mr. Silliman, with admirable descriptive power, brings the great Prime Minister and his famous rival, Fox, vividly before us. He says:

> Although Mr. Pitt remained silent with respect to the motion on the state of the army, I had the pleasure of hearing the great man speak a few minutes on a petition which he handed in. There was nothing in the subject which called for a display of eloquence; he made simply a statement of facts, but this served to identify his voice and manner. In his person he is tall and spare; he has small limbs with large knees and feet; his features are sharp; his nose large, pointed, and turning up; his complexion sanguine; his voice deep-toned and commanding, yet sweet and perfectly well modulated, and his whole presence, notwithstanding the want of symmetry in his limbs, is, when he rises to speak, full of superiority and conscious dignity. I

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had a distinct view of him for six hours, during which time he sat directly before me. His dress was a blue coat with metallic buttons, a white vest, black satin breeches, and white silk stockings, with large buckles in his shoes. His hair was powdered. Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition, and their having been so long accustomed to his voice, when he rose the House became so quiet that a whisper might have been heard from any part.

Mr. Fox was also present. His person is very lusty. His neck is short; his head large, round, and now quite grey; his chest is broad and prominent, and his body and limbs vast and corpulent, even for England. His complexion is dark, his features large, eyes blue, close together, and of uncommon size, and his whole appearance peculiar, noble and commanding. His hair was not powdered; he wore a blue coat, with buff cassimere under dress and white silk stockings.

I saw him in numerous situations, for he seemed very uneasy, and changed his place many times; he walked about—went out and came in—went up gallery and down, and was almost constantly in motion. He spoke a few minutes on a petition from a person imprisoned in Ireland for treason. His remarks were very pertinent to the case; his manner flowing, easy, and natural, but without the dignity and impressiveness of Pitt. He stood leaning forward, as if going up hill, and his fists were clenched and thrust into his waistcoat pockets. The caricatures both of him and of Mr. Pitt are very correct, with the usual allowance for the extravagance of this kind of prints.

But Mr. Silliman was even more fortunate. He saw Lord Nelson on two occasions—the more important of them being at the moment of the immortal sea hero's departure from Portsmouth for the Battle of Trafalgar.

*August* 26, 1805.—As I was standing in a shop in the Strand, this morning, I had the satisfaction, which I had long wished for, of seeing Lord Nelson. He was walking through the streets, on the opposite side, in company with his chaplain, and, as usual, followed by a crowd. This is a distinction which great men are obliged to share in common with all wonderful exhibitions; a dancing bear would immediately attract a throng in the streets of London, and this great admiral can do no more in the same circumstances. If it be a gratification, while it is new, it must soon become extremely troublesome. Lord Nelson cannot appear in the streets without immediately collecting a retinue, which augments as he proceeds, and when he enters a shop, the door is thronged till he comes out, when the air rings with huzzas, and the dark cloud of the populace again moves on and hangs upon his skirts.

He is a great favourite with all descriptions of people; the nation are wonderfully proud of him, and, although his late unwearied pursuit of the French and Spanish squadrons has proved fruitless, the enthusiastic admiration in which he has long been held does not seem to be in the least diminished.

My view of him was in profile. His features are sharp and his skin is now very much burnt, from his having been long at sea; he has the balancing gait of a sailor; his person is spare and of about the

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middle height, or rather more, and mutilated by the loss of an arm and an eye, besides many other injuries of less magnitude.

It was certainly a rational source of satisfaction to behold the first naval character of the age, a man whom his contemporaries admire and posterity will applaud. His very name is at this moment, under providence, a palladium to this island, and no hostile fleet can meet him without dreading the event of the interview.

On September 14th, in the same year, our American traveller, who had been visiting the Isle of Wight, took passage from Cowes and landed at noon at Portsmouth. In the course of the passage he sailed close to the fleet then lying moored at Spithead.

The *Victory*, the flagship of Lord Nelson, lay moored off St. Helena, three or four miles from us, and, with a glass, I could plainly distinguish her ports ; she had white sides and, with her three tiers of guns, made a most formidable appearance. We passed near the *Royal Sovereign*, another 110-gun ship, commanded by Admiral Collingwood.

Arrived at Portsmouth, Mr. Silliman found the town agog with excitement at the impending departure of the national hero. The streets were thronged, and every point of vantage from which a chance glimpse of Nelson might be obtained was crowded. The American visitor, without friends in the town, wandered somewhat aimlessly about the fortifications. At one point he was gruffly warned off by a sentry. But fortune favoured him.

" Continuing my walk around the batteries," he says :

I happened, without any design, or previous knowledge of the circumstance, to witness the embarkation of Lord Nelson. I do not say this to excuse myself from the charge of being influenced by that active curiosity which, for hours that day, kept Portsmouth in agitation, to see the hero embark whom they had so often seen before ; on the contrary, I thought myself happy to behold again, and under circumstances so peculiarly interesting, the man on whom the eyes of all Britain, and indeed Europe and America, are at this moment fixed. His late fruitless pursuit of the formidable squadrons of France and Spain, twice through the Mediterranean and twice across the Atlantic, with the safe return of that squadron to the ports of Spain, and the lively apprehension of some great enterprise about to be undertaken by it, has excited the feelings of the nation, and his own, to a high pitch of daring, and he now goes in the *Victory* to command off Ferrol and Cadiz, with a view to watch the farther motions of the hostile fleets.

Lord Nelson, who had been doing business on shore, preparatory to his contemplated expedition, endeavoured to elude the populace, who were assembled in great numbers in the street through which he was expected to pass. He went out through a back door and through a by-lane, attended only by Admiral Coffin and a few private gentlemen. But, by the time he had arrived on the beach, some hundreds of people

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had collected in his train, pressing all around, and pushing to get a little before him to obtain a sight of his face. I stood on one of the batteries near which he passed, and had a full view of his person. He was elegantly dressed, and his blue coat was splendidly illuminated with stars and ribbons. As the barge in which he embarked pushed away from the shore, the people gave him three cheers, which his lordship returned by waving his hat.

In a footnote to this passage, Mr. Silliman says :

This was the last act of respect which Lord Nelson ever received, while living, from his countrymen. It is well known that he then left England for ever, and lost his life on the 21st of October at the great battle of Trafalgar.

I think, sir, that these few extracts from a book they are little likely to have seen, may prove acceptable to your readers. Probably there is a wealth of personal detail of this sort about our great naval and military worthies in other equally unknown works and in unpublished family papers. Such materials, if made available in such a magazine as yours, would be of value, I am sure, to the biographer and historian and of much interest to the general public.

I am, etc.,
H.

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# IN DEFENCE OF BRITISH NAVAL CONSTRUCTION

By * * *

WHEN the First Lord spoke of " the errors in warship construction revealed by the war " in his speech to the Constitutional Club on February 4th, he was making a discreet reference to what, for want of a better term, may be called an indefinite controversy. German naval writers, Scheer, Tirpitz, and the authors of the German official histories have frequently asserted that German naval material was proved to be better than British by the acid test of battle ; and no British naval authority has ever examined or discussed the statement. The German claim may indeed be said to have been allowed to stand by the default of any answer to it. In an article in the *Daily Express*, Admiral Lambert, an ex-Sea Lord, stated that, in his opinion, Admiral von Tirpitz was quite justified in claiming that German warships were better constructed than the British, but he did not enter into details. These allegations have been the focussing point of a rather vague discussion in naval circles. Naval material is an excessively comprehensive term ; so is warship construction. If Admiral Lambert's statement and the statements of the German admiral were literally accurate, we should be forced to conclude that *all* the guns, *all* the machinery, *all* the engines and *all* the hulls of the German ships were superior in design, durability and workmanship to the British—a thing which is palpably unprovable. Is it, none the less, possible on the existing data to make the discussion a little more precise, and to lay the foundations of a genuinely scientific inquiry into the whole matter ? Yes, undoubtedly ; but the first step is to try to get a more exact idea of what the German authorities have in their mind.

If the assertions of Scheer, Tirpitz, and the German official historians are read in their context, it will be found that they all base their statements upon the facts of the Battle of Jutland. They appear to erect their general allegation upon the undoubted fact that during Jutland the German battle cruisers resisted punishment far more successfully than the British. All other actions in the war are apparently left out of their survey. Now, although British losses in

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the Battle of Jutland did undoubtedly raise very serious questions of design and construction, conclusions drawn from these facts alone are admittedly very hasty. The only possible way of putting boundary posts round the present discussion is to review the results of every naval action that has hitherto been described in the official histories of both countries, and to see what general conclusions they support. Without further preliminary discussion, I shall take these actions in their order of date.

1. *The Action in the Heligoland Bight, August*, 1914.—This action may be described roughly as a series of single ship actions, lasting from 8 o'clock until noon, followed by a crushing concentration against the German light cruisers on guard in the Bight. At 8 o'clock the *Arethusa* came under the simultaneous fire of the German cruisers *Stettin* and *Frauenlob*. The *Arethusa* carried a heavier calibre of gun than either of her opponents; but she was obviously overweighted, and suffered damage (see Sir Julian Corbett, "Naval Operations," Vol. I, p. 104). The action was continued by the *Frauenlob* alone, which managed to do further damage; for, when the action was over, the *Arethusa* had only one 6-inch gun in action and her machinery was much injured, as her speed was reduced to 10 knots. The *Stettin* suffered no damage, but the *Frauenlob* was put out of action for the rest of the day.

There was no further fighting between the light cruisers for two hours, but between 8.30 and 10.30 a German torpedo-boat, V. 187, got caught by the British destroyers and was sunk. We do not know how many hits she received, but her prolonged struggle against overwhelming odds is certainly a tribute to German shipbuilding. She obviously resisted extremely severe punishment.

Between 10.20 and 11.30 the *Arethusa* and *Fearless* were successively in action with three German light cruisers—the *Stettin*, the *Stralsund* and the *Mainz*. The first two ships seem to have suffered little from the British fire, but the *Mainz* was badly damaged by a double concentration from the *Arethusa* and Commodore Goodenough's light cruisers, which came up during the last part of the action. Once again the British official historian has failed to give precise data as to the hits received by the British cruisers during this phase of the battle; we do not know whether the *Stralsund*, the *Stettin* and the *Mainz* increased the injuries inflicted on the

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*Arethusa* earlier in the day or not. The official historian has, however, recorded a fact to which attention must be drawn, for it is of great importance. The British officers noticed with some surprise that the German shooting was exceptionally accurate and rapid. As the destroyers of the 4th Division attacked the *Mainz*, the German cruiser sent down three salvos which hit and damaged three destroyers in the division—the *Laurel*, the *Liberty* and the *Laertes*. Accurate shooting and good construction are admittedly quite different things; and it will be found, as this inquiry proceeds, that they have been very much confused, and that this blending of different matter has done much to make the whole problem vague and indefinite.

The rest of the action does not concern us so much. Soon after the action between the *Arethusa* and the German cruisers was over, the battle cruisers appeared, and the *Koln*, the *Mainz* and the *Ariadne* were sunk. The *Mainz* was badly damaged before the battle cruiser action began; the *Ariadne* and the *Koln*, ships of 2,600 and 4,280 tons respectively, were in a sinking condition after about ten minutes' firing (see Sir Julian Corbett, "Naval Operations," Vol. I, p. 118).

As we do not know how many times the British ships were hit or how much damage was done by the German shells, it is quite impossible to draw hard and fast scientific conclusions as to the result of the action. One thing, however, is quite certain: it showed no defect in British design and construction. Sir Julian Corbett, obviously writing from official documents, is particularly careful to state the very opposite. "The *Arethusa* alone had suffered at all severely. . . . Her losses were, Lieutenant Westmacott and ten men killed and one officer and sixteen men wounded. That they were comparatively so light after the punishment she had received was recognized as being due to her armour, *and the first trial of the new type in action was held fully to justify its design* ("Naval Operations," Vol. I, p. 119).

2. *The Action between the Emden and the Sydney, November 9th*, 1914.—Although this cannot be counted as an important naval action, the details of the fight are extremely significant. The two opponents were light cruisers designed for the same class of work, and roughly of corresponding types. The British cruiser was some 890 tons heavier than the German, and was armed with eight 6-inch guns; the

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*Emden* mounted ten 4·1-inch. The British vessel was only slightly the more powerful, and the action was as good a test of the comparative merits of British and German design and armament as is to be found in the records of the war. The result of it was that the German guns were outranged; and after suffering terrible punishment for something like an hour and a half, Captain von Muller ran his ship on to Cocos Island. Had there been any real disparity between British and German guns, explosives and construction, the result must surely have been different.

3. *The Battle of Coronel.*—The conclusions to be drawn from this action are by no means so definite, and, as will be seen in a moment, a new, unprecedented incident occurred during the course of the battle. The facts are that at 7 o'clock in the evening of November 1st, 1914, Admiral von Spee engaged the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth*. After a quarter of an hour the *Monmouth* was driven out of line, badly damaged; but she managed to get partially back again, and the action lasted until 7.45, when the *Good Hope* sank. Later the *Monmouth* was discovered by the *Nurnberg* and destroyed. She was then moving out of the battle almost in a sinking condition. The British ships obviously resisted very severe punishment for a considerable time, but the manner in which the *Good Hope* sank must be rather closely looked into. "It was now quite dark," says Sir Julian Corbett (Vol. I, p. 353), ". . . when suddenly the gloom was rent by an immense explosion where the *Good Hope* was dimly burning. It took her amidships; her forepart gave out a huge sheet of flame, rising about 200 feet high." This was admittedly a new phenomenon; the British ship exploded, whereas the German cruisers, when they were sunk by the battle cruisers at the Heligoland Bight, did not. The point was not much noticed at the time, but, later on, it was impressed upon the British high command with an ugly emphasis.

4. *The Battle of the Falklands, December 8th*, 1914.—As the British vessels engaged were very little hit throughout the action, its details are not particularly relevant to our inquiry. British construction and material were not put to any test. On the other hand, the battle did illustrate a point which has been confused with the question of design and armament. As on every previous occasion, the Germans showed themselves to be very fine gunners. The real action began at about 1.20 p.m., and they very soon scored a hit ("Naval

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Operations," Vol. I, p. 420). The British fire was not of anything like the same quality; the *Gneisenau* was hit three times in the first hour, after which she was not hit again for a whole hour ("Der Krieg zur See Kreuzerkrieg," Bd. I, p. 412). As we know that the British battle cruisers fought the whole action under excessively bad gunnery conditions, smoke interference and frequent changes of course, there is no reason to suppose that our marksmanship improved during the course of the afternoon. This must be carefully borne in mind when we draw conclusions on the results of the battle. Ostensibly the German ships displayed a power of resistance of which no British vessel ever showed itself capable. The *Scharnhorst* went down after three hours' severe fighting; the *Gneisenau* lasted for four and three-quarter hours. Nobody can deny—and, indeed, no fair-minded person would wish to deny—that such a resistance against odds is a fine testimony to German shipbuilders; but we simply do not know what part of it must be attributed to faults in British gunnery. There were no survivors from the *Scharnhorst;* and Captain Pochhammer, the gunnery officer of the *Gneisenau*, who was rescued, is the person upon whom the German official historians have relied for most of their information about the battle. But Captain Pochhammer, though a brave man, and a fine officer, is not a reliable witness. If anybody doubts it, let him ask the officers of Admiral Sturdee's flagship what they thought of him.

The fight between the other cruisers can be dealt with briefly. It showed, certainly, that the German light cruisers had great powers of resistance, and it confirmed what the *Emden* and *Sydney* action had shown: that the German 4·1-inch gun was no match for the British 6-inch gun of our old county cruisers. It proved, also, that for its calibre the German gun was an exceptionally fine weapon. In the preliminary action between the *Glasgow* and the *Leipzig*, Captain Luce discovered that his 4-inch guns were outranged ("Naval Operations," Vol. I, p. 427) by the *Leipzig's*. As the point has been slightly insisted upon by the German historians it is worth clearing up. British light cruiser designers had more or less adopted the 6-inch gun as the standard cruiser calibre; the Germans had been satisfied with a lighter weapon, for they armed all their ocean-going cruisers, which they knew would be matched against our cruisers of the county and *Sydney* type, with 4·1-inch guns.

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The contest was not between German and British 4-inch guns, but between German 4·1-inch and British 6-inch, and the British weapon proved itself superior.

5. *The Battle of the Dogger Bank, January 24th*, 1915.—A few preliminary remarks are necessary before we attempt to deal with this very important action. The first, and indeed the most important, point to make is that, up to the time when it was fought, neither the British nor the German authorities had any really reliable data upon which to judge the qualities of their opponents' designs and weapons. The vessels which survived the action in the Heligoland Bight had not been seriously engaged ; the rescued survivors from the remainder were obviously incapable of giving a coherent account of the effects of British fire and of the qualities of German material. The British Admiralty could get no detailed technical information about the loss of the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth ;* and as the survivors of the Falkland Islands battle were all prisoners in England, the German Admiralty could get no information from them. Both sides were therefore still quite in the dark upon all those technical matters which are so highly important to a naval staff: the effect of high explosives in confined spaces, the quality of shells and fuses, the comparative effects of various kinds of projectiles, the origins of fires during battle, protection against splinters, and so on. The Dogger Bank action changed the position radically. The main facts of the battle are these :

At about 9 o'clock on the morning of January 24th, 1916, Admiral Beatty, with the *Lion*, *Tiger*, *New Zealand* and *Indomitable*, opened an engagement with Admiral Hipper's battle cruisers the *Seydlitz*, *Blücher*, *Derfflinger* and *Moltke*. When the action began the range was about 20,000 yards, and the general nature of the action was a stern chase. It lasted for about two hours, when Admiral Beatty sighted a submarine and made signals which broke off the action. During the long-range action—that is, between 9 and about 10.30—we scored only four hits upon the German battle cruisers ; but, by a singular good fortune, two of them were productive of extraordinary consequences. One hit the *Blücher* aft, and, being a plunging shot, fired at long range, it burst between decks and did enormous damage. The *Blücher* reported at once that she was " incapable of manœuvre (*manovrierunfähig*)," lagged behind, and was in due course destroyed by our battle cruisers at fairly short ranges. The

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second lucky shot hit the *Seydlitz* aft, in just the same fashion, and, like the shell that hit the *Blücher*, caused great havoc. But for the presence of mind of Korvetten Kapitän von Hagedorn, who flooded the magazines, the *Seydlitz* would have exploded just as the *Good Hope* exploded, and just as the British battle cruisers exploded later on at Jutland (see "Der Krieg zur See," Nordsee, Bd. III, p. 212). The other two hits did little damage. The German fire was much more accurate, though less effective than ours; at 9.28 the *Lion* was hit for the first time; she was hit repeatedly during the next hour, and at 10.55 she was put out of action. Unfortunately, the British official historian has not given us an exact list of hits received in the *Lion* and of the damage caused by each. He uses the expression, "Shell after shell hit her," which is far too vague for really scientific deduction; but what he says, combined with the more precise account of the German official historian, suffices to show that the British ships were hit far more frequently than the Germans. So far, then, as the battle proved anything, it seemed to prove that the British battle cruisers were better able to withstand punishment than the German. One plunging shot sealed the *Blücher's* fate, another put all the *Seydlitz* after-part out of action. The *Lion*, which we may assume was hit between ten and fifteen times, seemed to show a higher resisting power. The battle did, certainly, prove that German gunnery was better than ours; but by a singular misfortune we were entirely deceived about the real facts of the case. During the entire action our officers were persuaded that our shells were inflicting severe and continuous punishment upon the German line. Sir Julian Corbett, who wrote his history before the German Admiralty published its account, quite obviously shared the prevailing mistake. He could never have spoken of the *New Zealand* and the *Princess Royal* making "excellent practice" upon their opposite numbers (Vol. II, p. 91), or of the "half-beaten German battle cruisers," (*ibid.*, p. 97), or of the "moral shock of the encounter," had he known the real facts.

The lucky shot which burst in the *Seydlitz* after-part gave the Germans access to knowledge which was still withheld from us. "Her after compartments were little less than a well-fitted laboratory for the study of high explosives. The German naval experts had before them a complete register of the immediate and secondary consequences of an explosion

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in confined spaces, and were able to devise measures for localizing and containing them" (Brassey's Naval Annual, 1924, p. 100). The extraordinary good fortune of the Germans cannot be too much emphasized. Up to the time when the Battle of the Dogger Bank was fought, only one ship—the *Good Hope*—had exploded. During the Battle of the Dogger Bank, the *Seydlitz* had, by the admission of the German historians, been very near doing the same thing. The Germans were thus able to discover exactly in what circumstances, and owing to what causes, a ship's magazines will explode. Whether they can be made to do so by fire or by detonation; if by fire, what measures can be taken to localize high temperatures and keep the magazines ventilated with cool air; if by detonation, what means can be taken to localize the explosions caused by bursting shell. They were, in fact, able to explore and examine the reasons which cause a ship to sink slowly under punishment, as the German light cruisers and the armoured cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* had done, and the reasons which cause a ship to explode, as the *Good Hope* had done, and as the *Seydlitz* herself had nearly done. This was the real lesson of the battle; the general questions of design and construction were left open. It was no particular tribute to German design that two lucky shots should have done such enormous damage to their ships.

6. *The Battle of Jutland, May 31st*, 1916.—The circumstances in which the British losses at Jutland were incurred are so well known that it is not necessary to review them even as briefly as we have reviewed the previous actions of the war. All that need be done is to state briefly the points which detach themselves from the previous survey, and apply them to the facts of the battle.

I have shown that losses caused by good gunnery must not be confused with losses caused by bad design and material, and that this liability of ships to explode under gunnery punishment seems to be the central point of this inquiry. A glance at the list of British and German losses at Jutland shows without any question at all that in June, 1916, the British battle cruisers and the British armoured cruisers were far more liable to explode than the corresponding German types. The *Queen Mary*, the *Indefatigable*, and the *Invincible* all blew up after one, or at the most two, salvos struck them. In contrast to this, the *Derfflinger* was hit 17 times, the *Seydlitz* 21, and the *Lutzow* 24. The *Lutzow* was, it is true, sunk

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on the day following the battle, but she survived the action. It would be waste of time and space to comment upon the contrast, but it must always be remembered that these losses in the battle cruiser fleet were at least partly due to faults of leadership and bad gunnery. Had the battle cruiser action been fought at ranges suited to our heavy armament and light armour, had the British battle cruisers hit their opponents as rapidly as their opponents hit them, the results might have been different. The German historians state that our fire was so wild and inaccurate that a light cruiser on the disengaged side of the *Seydlitz* was in more danger of being hit than the *Seydlitz* herself (see Brassey's Naval Annual, 1924: "The Jutland Controversy"; and "Der Krieg zur See," Nordsee, Bd. V, p. 237). At the risk of a certain amount of repetition, I continue to insist on the point that bad design and bad gunnery are different things, and must not be confused. Still, it would be foolish to deny that the battle showed our battle cruiser types to be singularly liable to destructive explosions.

The heavy cruisers showed the same tendency, though not in the same degree. The *Defence* certainly disappeared rapidly after being hit by two salvos, and the *Black Prince* was also destroyed by an internal explosion; but the text of the official naval history shows that the two disasters were not quite analogous. "In a moment," says Sir Julian Corbett, "she [the *Black Prince*] was in a glare of searchlights, a tornado of shell at point-blank range rent her from stem to stern, and in two minutes she was a mass of flames. *For a while she was seen as a floating furnace, and then, with an appalling explosion, she sank with all hands.*" An appreciable time thus elapsed before the explosion took place, and this quite differentiates the disaster from the battle cruiser catastrophes, which were literally instantaneous. An examination of the circumstances in which the *Warrior* was lost emphasizes the point even more strongly. The *Warrior* had presumably suffered as much punishment as was inflicted on the *Defence*, in spite of which she escaped from the battle and was abandoned on the following morning. Whatever the causes of this tendency to explode may have been, they did not operate with equal force on all classes of British ships. The British battleships, indeed, seem to have been quite free of the weakness. There is no reason at all to suppose that any of the lost British battle cruisers were hit as often as the *Warspite*,

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which steamed away from the action at a speed of from sixteen to nineteen knots, after she had been hit by 13 heavy German shells. This compares favourably with the *Lutzow*, which had to be abandoned on account of the 24 hits she received.

Nor should it be forgotten that, although the German naval staff had certainly succeeded in giving some of their ships a higher degree of immunity against explosions than we had, it was only an immunity against the effects of shell fire. The *Pommern* disappeared in an instant, in one terrific explosion, on being hit by one, or possibly two, British torpedoes.

As both British and German records stop at the Battle of Jutland, it is impossible to continue this analysis of facts any further ; but it is perfectly clear that, though the existing records lack much information which would be wanted for a genuinely scientific examination of the subject, enough is known to state certain conclusions without fear of error.

First, there are no grounds whatever for supporting a general statement that British naval losses in the war were due to bad design and bad construction. The accusation is far too vague and general, and when the circumstances of each case are examined carefully, it is found at once that the losses were due to a number of causes. In every case the question of marksmanship and gunnery appears very important ; and there is, unfortunately, a large amount of unpalatable evidence, which shows that the general standard of fighting efficiency in certain German ships was higher than it was in the corresponding British ones.

Secondly, if this tendency to explode under punishment was due to faults of design and construction, those faults did not exist in all classes of ships. The battleships and light cruisers were quite free of the weakness, which was more or less concentrated in the battle cruiser fleet.

Thirdly, this liability to explode seems to be the central point of the whole question. It therefore remains to be seen whether this tendency was directly attributable to constructional weakness.

The material applicable to the question is meagre enough. We know from Admiral Jellicoe that great efforts were made, after the battle, to remedy the weaknesses which the experiences of Jutland had brought to light. Commodore von Schoultz, a most friendly and intelligent observer, confirms what Admiral Jellicoe has stated ; but neither go



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into any details. In the lack of precise documentary information, we must therefore fall back upon what naval officers are ready to say on the subject in the course of ordinary conversation. All say, when questioned, that the measures taken to prevent such disasters from occurring again were—(i) that special valves were fitted to the loading hoists of the heavy ammunition to prevent flashes from going into the magazines ; (ii) that all charges in the loading chambers were put into asbestos bags until they were actually sent up to the guns ; (iii) that fire drill was revised in many important particulars. These three precautions, easy to describe, but by no means so easy to carry through, were considered sufficient safeguards against any repetition of the disasters which overtook the three battle cruisers. None of them can possibly be described as remedies to construction or design. The valves in the munition hoists were no more than additional fittings ; alterations of the same kind are made to ships in peace time as a result of experience gained at gun practice, torpedo exercises and fleet drills. The asbestos covers to the charges in the handing rooms were additions to the gunner's store room ; the modified fire drill was an alteration to a particular section of ship routine. The reason why the battle cruisers were so particularly liable to explode has never been thoroughly ascertained ; but all persons who are in a position to know are agreed that had the British staff known beforehand that these precautions were necessary (as the Germans did), the British battle cruisers might, and probably would, have been outfought and defeated by the better gunnery of the German squadron ; but they would not have gone down in such extraordinary circumstances. The upshot of the whole matter is, therefore, that British designers, constructors and shipbuilders ought not to be made to bear the blame for faults in British gunnery and British leadership.

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# DISARMAMENT AND THE FUTURE OF WAR

By CHARLES PETRIE.

SINCE the end of the war the principle of disarmament has formed the subject of much discussion as a means of avoiding a similar catastrophe in the future, and on four occasions it has found a place in international settlements. By the various Peace Treaties, four nations—Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria—have been compulsorily disarmed, and their land, sea, and air forces not only severely limited in numbers, but also subjected to the inspection of their victorious enemies. Turkey, too, was marked out for the same treatment, but the Treaty of Sèvres was stillborn, and subsequent events have largely freed that country from external control. The result of this arrangement has been to reduce the nations to which it applies to a virtual dependence upon the League of Nations for support against the aggression of their neighbours, and this obligation was acknowledged by the League in the case of the recent Greek invasion of Bulgaria. At the same time the signatories of the Covenant of the League, including those who had been neutral in the War, pledged themselves by Article XII not to resort to hostilities without referring the matter in dispute to arbitration. Thus within a year of the signing of the Armistice the principle of disarmament and arbitration had been voluntarily or compulsorily accepted by the leading nations of the world, with the important exceptions of Russia and the United States.

By the agreement of 1922 which resulted from the Washington Conference, the leading maritime nations agreed to limit their naval armaments to a certain scale, and although the decisions taken at that Conference were not so far-reaching as it was hoped in some quarters that they would be, there can be no doubt that they have done much to abolish competitive naval construction. In December of 1925 a further step was taken when the Locarno Pact was signed by the leading belligerents, and since then Spain, the chief of the neutrals during the war, has announced her intention of making arbitration treaties with her neighbours. The time is thus favourable for a conference on disarmament, and such



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a meeting should have a reasonable hope of bringing its labours to a successful conclusion provided that the assembled statesmen do not lose sight of the two essential qualifications of a settlement: the nations must stand upon an equal footing, and the decisions taken must be unanimous.

In respect of the first desideratum, the present position is frankly unsatisfactory, for in many cases neighbouring states are subject to entirely different agreements covering their respective armaments. For example, Japan is bound by the Washington Conference so far as her navy is concerned, while Russia can build as many ships as she pleases without thereby violating any international agreement; Hungary, on the other hand, is limited by the Treaty of the Trianon to an army of thirty-five thousand officers and men, while her neighbours are permitted to maintain forces amounting to nearly twenty times that figure. Whatever view may be taken of the circumstances which originally produced such compulsory inequalities, there can be no doubt that their continuance will militate against the success of any conference on disarmament. The armed forces of each country must be fixed in accordance with its needs, and not with an eye to the opinions of its neighbours.

The second essential in any permanent settlement would hardly seem to call for mention, so vital is it to the success of any scheme that may be adopted; yet the conference will be held under the auspices of the League of Nations, and of that body Germany, Russia, and the United States are not yet members. It is true that the membership of Germany is only a question of a very short time, but neither of the other Powers at present shows any disposition to join, and a settlement which did not include Russia and the United States would be worse than useless. So far as can be ascertained, there are at present some three million armed men on the continent of Europe, and as that number* amounts to at least three-quarters of the total for 1914 it will be seen that the unilateral agreements already made have not resulted in any very substantial measure of disarmament. Furthermore, even these figures are apt to be misleading, for more than 50 per cent. of the actual reduction has been effected at the expense of Germany, while for the purpose of this calculation the strength of the Russian Army in 1926 has been estimated at little more than half of what it was in 1914—*i.e.*, 1,200,000 of all ranks: as many competent authorities rate the Soviet

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forces at a million, it may well be that the only reduction of armaments effected since the war is represented by that imposed upon Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. Under these circumstances it is obvious that only universal disarmament can have any real hope of success.

Before considering the details of any scheme, it is to be hoped that the lessons of history will be taken into account, for during the past century several attempts have been made to limit the armed forces of individual nations, and the failure of these efforts contains suggestions and warnings for the future. By the Franco-Prussian Convention of 1808 Napoleon stipulated that Prussia should limit her army to 42,000 men for at least ten years, and should not form a militia or civic guard. Commenting upon this in the " Cambridge Modern History," Dr. J. Holland Rose says : " Owing to this action of the French Emperor, the reformers at Berlin devised the famous ' shrinkage-system ' (Krümpersystem), so called because the cadres at stated intervals were filled with recruits and depleted by their passing into a reserve. The working of the system was kept as secret as possible. Nominally the total of the army was kept at 42,000 men ; but by the year 1812 Prussia had as many as 150,000 men trained to the service of arms." Again, at the conclusion of the Crimean War Russia was compelled to give an undertaking not to fortify her Black Sea ports, but she repudiated her promise as soon as it was safe for her to do so owing to the collapse of France after Sedan and the weakness of England. In both these cases it will be noted that the disarmament was imposed from without, as in

* According to the latest available statistics the armed forces of Europe are distributed as follows :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Albania ... ... | 10,691 | Italy ... ... ... | 310,000 |
| Austria ... ... | 30,000 | Latvia ... ... | 19,156 |
| Belgium ... ... | 50,000 | Netherlands ... ... | 29,089 |
| Bulgaria ... ... | 33,060 | Norway ... ... | 2,418 |
| Czecho-Slovakia ... | 163,683 | Poland ... ... | 264,000 |
| Denmark ... ... | 11,061 | Portugal ... ... | 50,427 |
| Esthonia ... ... | 20,100 | Rumania ... ... | 146,564 |
| France ... ... | 660,110 | Russia ... ... | 720,000 |
| Germany ... ... | 100,000 | Spain ... ... ... | 304,039 |
| Greece ... ... ... | 86,433 | Sweden ... ... | 36,060 |
| Hungary ... ... | 35,000 | Yugo-Slavia ... ... | 115,740 |

In several cases these figures can only be regarded as approximate, but in every case the minimum rather than the maximum estimate has been quoted.

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the case of the Central Powers by the Peace Treaties of 1919-1920.

From these two examples it is clear that the first requisite of a successful scheme of disarmament is effective supervision. Human nature being what it is and national jealousies what they are, nations will endeavour, as Prussia did under the yoke of Napoleon, to evade the obligations which they have incurred: under the guise of gendarmerie, frontier guards, security police, or some such designations, armed forces will continue to be maintained and the objects of limitation completely defeated. Even on the supposition that civilization is to continue in the future along its present lines, it will be several generations at least before the public conscience comes to regard war in the same light as it looks upon private murder; and murders are by no means uncommon. Just as it required centuries of strong monarchical government to prevent the medieval nobles from indulging in private warfare, so national wars cannot be expected to cease even at the bidding of the world's assembled statesmen, unless there is some power—moral or physical—behind them to enforce their decisions. The League of Nations will be powerless unless it is unanimous, and for unanimity the adhesion to it of Russia, Germany, and the United States is essential. If it is to play the part—*mutatis mutandis*—of a Henry VII or a Louis XI, it must be in a position to give effect to its decisions, and that can never be the case while any of the great nations remain outside its councils.

At the same time, it is abundantly clear that not only the League of Nations, but also the advocates of disarmament, have more to fear from their friends than from their enemies. As has already been said, there is no prospect of the abolition of war within the lifetime of the youngest human being now alive, whatever may be the case generations hence, and accordingly the object of any scheme of disarmament should be not to abolish war altogether, but rather to limit it as far as possible both in its frequency and in its scope. With this end in view, any infractions of the settlement which may be reached must be severely penalized, for the experience of the past hundred years proves conclusively that competitive armaments are the most fruitful cause of unnecessary war. Under such circumstances general staffs are continually attempting to steal a march upon one another, and in the end some " incident " takes place after which hostilities are

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inevitable. By limiting armaments to the extent necessary for the maintenance of internal order, all avoidable wars would be prevented, and force would only be used when every other form of settlement had proved impotent to decide the points at issue. If the League of Nations will but set this limited—but nevertheless practicable—ideal before it and reject the visionary proposals of some of its supporters, the twentieth century may suffer from fewer wars than some of its predecessors.

So far, only the general principles of disarmament have been discussed, but it is not without interest to anticipate the deliberations of the conference which is to debate the question, and to consider the lines upon which it will work. At the first approach three essential measures stand out which must be embodied in any scheme—the universal abolition of all forms of compulsory military service or training, the limitation of armed forces of every description, and the disuse of such weapons as gas. A consideration of these desiderata will give a just idea of the task before the forthcoming conference.

The whole history of the last hundred years—as has been said—goes to prove that the existence of large standing armies recruited by methods of compulsion leads to war, while the principle of obligatory service is now extended in time of crisis from the battlefield to the factory and the office. Even in 1870 the average German civilian—and even the average Frenchman outside the invaded areas—probably felt the war very little; but from 1914 to 1918 every citizen in the belligerent countries was harnessed to the machine, and already it is abundantly clear that the governments of the world are organizing their commerce and industry with a view to its most effective utilization in time of war. Disarmament will be but a mere phrase unless this compulsion and adaptation in time of peace is stopped.

The second indispensable regulation is really little more than a corollary of the first, for in the case of a nation the great majority of whose inhabitants were animated by warlike sentiments the abolition of compulsory military service would mean nothing. At the same time, the progress of events in Prussia between 1808 and 1812 demonstrated how easily the letter of a regulation could be evaded if the spirit were lacking. It is not in any way probable that an evasion of that particular type could be repeated, but while the actual army may be reduced to a small figure it is only too easy to supplement it

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by semi-military bodies which could be incorporated in it in case of emergency. At the present time Germany maintains two hundred thousand police, and Italy one hundred and twenty thousand, and it would be no exaggeration to say that all these are trained men. Under these circumstances, therefore, gendarmerie and custom guards should rank *pari passu* with regular armies in any scheme of disarmament.

The abolition of chemical warfare presents more serious difficulties, for the appliances of peace can so easily be adapted to other purposes, and under the stress of war the end always seems to justify the means. In the case of world-wide hostilities in which the neutral nations were either few or unimportant it would probably prove impossible to prevent the use of chemicals, but such wars are fortunately of rare occurrence, and in any less universal crisis the belligerents would be compelled to take neutral opinion into account. For example, in the event of a war between France and Italy in which Great Britain and Spain played no part, neither of the belligerents would risk adding the British fleet and the Spanish army to the forces of its opponent as a result of some infraction of the rules of war. In the same way, the dropping of bombs on open towns and the indiscriminate use of submarines could be prevented, but all this would only be possible if the League of Nations were in a position to make its decisions respected. Without some ultimate tribunal there can be no limit to force, as General Von Bernhardi pointed out years ago.

One aspect of the question of disarmament has certainly not received the attention it deserves even from professional soldiers, and by the outside world it has not been considered at all—that is, its effect upon the conduct of operations in future campaigns. Ever since 1918 it has been universally assumed that the next great war will partake of the same character as the last, with the only difference that it will be infinitely more disastrous owing to the increased use of chemicals in various forms. The history of the last fifty years confirms this pessimistic outlook, and the future of mankind will indeed be a gloomy one until the means of defence once more assert their superiority over those of attack. It is this very apprehension which is behind the cry for disarmament, and it is not without interest to speculate upon the future of war as a result of the acceptance of the schemes which have already been discussed.

In the first place, the abolition of conscription would

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result in the creation of small professional armies such as existed everywhere in the eighteenth century, and such as the British Army is to-day. In other words, there would be a complete reversal of that tendency which has been growing ever since the days of Napoleon for war to be not an affair of armies so much as of armed nations. Of course, during a long contest there would always be a temptation to the belligerents to increase their forces by compulsion, but if there were a sufficient number of powerful neutrals to enforce the terms of the disarmament convention the risk of adding them to the ranks of the enemy would outweigh the advantages of such a step. Mr. Lothrop Stoddard has recently pronounced the opinion that in political and social matters Europe is likely to revert to the conditions of two hundred years ago, and it may well be that in military affairs the same is to be the case. At any rate, it is no exaggeration to say that public opinion—so far as it takes any interest in the question at all—views with alarm any repetition of the holocausts of the Great War, and would be only too willing to revert in the settlement of its disputes to the comparative humanity of an earlier age.

As a result of this limitation of armaments, human life would once more become extremely valuable, for wastage would be a very difficult problem. The strategy of recent wars would be out of the question, for that involves a loss of life which no commander-in-chief with strictly limited forces would be prepared to face, while the attitude of the neutrals would forbid the bombing of open towns as a means of reaching a speedy decision. The consequence would be that warfare would once more become the art of successful manœuvre without the tremendous loss of life which has marked recent conflicts. Strange as it may seem to a generation accustomed to reckon armies in millions and casualties in hundreds of thousands, an effective decision need not involve a great loss of life, as those conversant with the methods of the late Lord Roberts, for example, will readily recall.

It may seem that the state of affairs thus foreshadowed is merely Utopian and can never come within the scope of practical politics. To those who argue in this manner one can only reply that a conference at which all the nations shall meet upon an equal footing has never yet been held, and its decisions may well elevate warfare once again from barbarism to the level of a science.

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# SERVICE STATIONS

## SINGAPORE.

By "DRAGON."

THE proposal to form a big naval base at Singapore has been the subject of much discussion in recent years, and the strategical importance of the island has been debated at length in the columns of the Press, in Parliament, at meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and elsewhere. On this aspect of the question the writer does not propose to touch, but it has occurred to him that readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES might be interested in a brief article on another aspect of Singapore and the Straits Settlements generally—their aspect as an ordinary service station. For years past there has been a garrison at Singapore, and whether the project to establish a naval base is carried through or dropped, it does not appear likely that the size of the garrison will be reduced for many years to come, and may, on the other hand, be increased.

As is generally known, the garrison consists of gunners, sappers, a British infantry battalion, and detachments of the Services and Departments, and is frequently visited by the ships of the China Squadron. Before the war, there was a battalion of Indian infantry in the Island of Singapore, and a battalion of Malay States Guides (Indian Troops) in the Malay States, but the latter have now been disbanded and the Indian battalion is no longer stationed in the island, but is quartered in the Malay States.

There are also various bodies of volunteers, British, Chinese, and Malay, both in the Straits Settlements and in the Federated Malay States.

As the great majority of the British Regular Army serving in Malaya are stationed either in the island of Singapore itself or else in small islands immediately adjoining, it is proposed in this article to deal chiefly with Singapore.

The island being situated only about one degree north of the Equator, the climate is, of course, tropical, and it is fairly hot all the year round. It is, however, a damp heat, and consequently not extreme like Northern India, Mesopotamia, etc. The average shade temperature is about 84; during the two years the writer was stationed there the maximum shade temperature recorded was 92, but it is a damp 92!

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However, instances of sunstroke were very rare. The sun temperature is pretty high, but people take violent exercise throughout the year from about 3 p.m. till 6 p.m., when it becomes dark very rapidly. The nights are cooler, and there is often a pleasant breeze. The climate cannot really be called unhealthy, and there is not very much fever. It is, however, somewhat trying after a long residence, as there is no cold weather at all, and one is in a more or less continual state of perspiration, especially after violent exercise.

To sum up, without pretending that Singapore can be called a health resort, it is nothing like as bad as it has been painted by some writers in the Press. The writer was never laid up during the two years in which he was stationed in the island, and the men of his regiment and their families kept on the whole very fit.

The chief drawback from the climatic point of view is the lack of any cold weather, together with the absence of any cool hill station. There are, however, mountains running up to about six thousand feet in the Malay Peninsula, and a fine site for a hill station has been discovered, but before it can be established a great deal of road making and forest clearing will be necessary, and it may be years before it is opened.* It is difficult to estimate the difference which a good hill station will make to life in Singapore and, in fact, throughout the whole of Malaya. Only those who have suddenly gone up to the hills from the plains and low country in India or Ceylon can realize it adequately.

However, even as it is, Singapore is a place from which, if one has the time and a certain amount of money, it is very easy to get away. It is a great shipping centre. Ceylon, with its hill station of Nuwara Eliya, is six to seven days' to the West, and Hong-Kong, which possesses a delightful climate from October to March, is five to six days' to the North. Siam can be reached by sea or by rail in about two days ; Java and Sumatra in less. Java is a very interesting country, and few realize the extent and riches of the Dutch East Indian Empire. Japan is twelve to fourteen days away. The Japanese liners, chiefly of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, are quite comfortable, and at the same time cheaper than the P. & O., if one wishes to visit Ceylon, China, or Japan during leave. There is quite a comfortable service of coasting

* Work on this hill station has been commenced and a few buildings have already been erected.

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steamers which visit both east and west coast ports of Malaya, and the railway traverses the whole of the peninsula and is connected with the Siamese system, so that Bangkok and Singapore are in direct rail communication. Lord Northcliffe, in his diary of his world tour, passed severe strictures on the Malay States Railway and compared it unfavourably with the Siamese system, but the writer's experiences when travelling on the former line were quite pleasant. The night mail had good sleeping cars and an up-to-date restaurant car. Possibly soldiers do not expect so much as newspaper magnates !

There is quite an extensive system of roads fit for motor traffic, both in the Malay States and in the Island of Singapore. The roads in the latter were some years ago remarkable for their excellence.

The island is about the same size as the Isle of Wight, and is separated from the Malay Peninsula by the Johore Straits, about three-quarters of a mile wide. The town of Singapore is at the southern end of the island and stretches along the water front for about six miles. Originally the island was covered with jungle and scrub, with a few little fishing villages round the coast, but it is being gradually cleared, and a great proportion is now cultivated.

There are extensive rubber and pineapple plantations in the interior of the island, and round the coast there are many coconut plantations ; there are also a number of native farms. Most of the European houses are in the vicinity of the town of Singapore, the residential quarter being two to three miles from the sea and the shopping and business centres.

Singapore is not a particularly cheap place in which to be stationed, but there are, of course, Colonial and other allowances which help to eke out the pay. There are a certain number of married quarters provided for the various units, but if a married officer is not fortunate enough to be allotted one of these, the housing problem is difficult. Most of the civilians live in big houses which are hardly ever to let, or if they are, their rent would be prohibitive to most people in the Services. There are good hotels in the city, and a number of people live at them *en pension* at quite a reasonable price.

The outskirts of Singapore are distinctly attractive. Nearly all the houses stand in their own grounds with gardens of sorts. Government House stands up prominently on a hill in fine grounds with a large expanse of grass sloping down from it towards the city.

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The garrison is split up. The headquarter offices and some of the Royal Artillery with services and departments are at Fort Canning, which stands on a hill in the town ; most of the gunners are stationed on an island, Blakan Mati, which is to the south of Singapore and separated from it by a channel half to three-quarters of a mile wide. The sappers are on another island, Pulau Brani, quite close to Blakan Mati. The infantry have, to my mind, by far the best barracks. The British regiment is at Tanglin, and the Indian battalion was formerly quartered in Alexandra Barracks, Normanton, quite close to the sea, but at present there is no Indian battalion in Singapore.

Tanglin is in many respects ideally situated. It is on the extreme northern edge of the residential quarter, and is about three miles from the centre of the town.

The Officers' Mess is on high ground, with single officers' quarters on either side of the actual Mess and in continuation of the building. The married officers' bungalows are along the road leading up to the Mess, and are all within three hundred yards. Except the Commanding Officer's house, which is of stone, all the married officers' houses, and also the Mess buildings, are wooden bungalows set up on piles. The Mess stands in the middle of the garrison golf links, a nine-hole course which runs along in front of the Mess buildings and then doubles back behind to the vicinity of the stables and Commanding Officer's house. The view from the Mess looks out across the links on to another ridge which is occupied by the very fine botanical gardens of the west, and Tyersall Palace, the Singapore residence of the Sultan of Johore, on the east.

The barracks are about half a mile from the Mess, a football ground, a cricket ground, and the chapel intervening. The company buildings are quite unlike any barracks the writer has ever seen. Each company had a separate building and there were eight of them, the barracks having been built in the days of the eight-company organization. Each building is big and roomy, everything on one floor, raised a few feet from the ground level. The buildings are not laid out with the geometrical regularity of an ordinary barracks, and there is only a small barrack square. Gravel paths connect the various buildings and offices, and around each building there are flower beds or plots of grass with a few trees which give the whole a distinctly pleasing and most unmilitary appearance.

Alexandra Barracks are also pleasantly situated with a fair amount of open, scrub covered ground in the vicinity.

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They are close to the sea, and the rifle range is close to the Mess.

The city of Singapore must be one of the most cosmopolitan in the world—Chinese, Malays, and Indians, with a strong contingent of Japanese, form the bulk of the population. Of the white colony the greater number are from the United Kingdom and Australia; before the war there was a large German colony who possessed a fine club, but their numbers are now naturally very much diminished. There are a good number of Dutch, and in addition, smaller colonies from the U.S.A. and most of the nations of Europe. There are two good hotels, the famous "Raffles" and the "Europe," the Sports Club and the Singapore Club, and it is as good a shopping centre as most big seaports in the east. It is not a particularly cheap place, more especially as most of the civilians always seem to be very well off. The wealthiest members of the community are, however, found among the Chinese, some of whom own the majority of the tin mines in the Malay States.

The Malays are a pleasant race, but are being crowded out by the Chinese, who are extremely industrious and frugal. The Malay does not appreciate hard work. In his own country he will work just enough to keep him in comparative comfort, which in the tropics is fairly easy. For the remainder of the time he likes to lounge, smoke, and do a little bit of gambling. In Singapore he will occasionally work as a gardener or horse boy, at times take service in the police, and sometimes he will even enter domestic service as a house boy. The majority of servants are, however, Chinese and are really quite satisfactory.

As regards recreation, Singapore caters more for games and athletics than for sport.

There is a good cricket ground at the Sports Club, and in addition there is a football ground on which both Rugby and Association are played, and numerous tennis courts. A good deal of cricket is played and, in the past, teams from Hong-Kong and Singapore visited each other, generally accompanied by tennis representatives. The general standard in Singapore used to be higher than that in Hong-Kong.

The tennis courts were nearly all grass and, although rain is both heavy and frequent, the heat of the sun dries up the ground quickly and the courts play well. In addition to the nine-hole golf course at Tanglin, already mentioned, there is

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another links at Keppel Harbour on the western outskirts of the town near the docks, and a typical " race course links " of the type with which those who have served in the East are familiar.

A good eighteen-hole course is, however, in course of construction about the centre of the island near the reservoir, and should be opened very shortly, if it is not already open.* Rugby football may sound somewhat incongruous so near the Equator, but, during the period September to February when there is more rain, quite a number of games are played at the Sports Club, and there has been for many years now an annual match played on Christmas Day between Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, a great centre for rubber plantations in the Federated Malay States. The matches are played alternately at Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, and are very cheery affairs. The other big match of the year is Scotland *versus* The Rest. The farther east one goes the greater seems to be the proportion of Scotsmen.

In addition before the war we paid visits to Malacca, founded by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century (the ruins of the old Portuguese fort are still to be seen), and Seremban, both centres of rubber plantations, and played the local teams.

It was hot, of course, but no one seemed to feel any the worse for their exertions. We did not, however, play forty minutes each way. The heat never stopped the men playing football or even turning out for runs.

The racecourse has been mentioned. The racing is of quite high class. Nearly all the racing is done by Walers, and in Singapore there was no pony racing, although ponies were bought and raced at meetings up in the Malay States. All the riding and training in Singapore is done by professionals, whereas, up-country, amateurs do a good deal. As a consequence, running racehorses down in Singapore is generally beyond the means of the soldier, which is a pity and is not in the best interests of the game. The exception is the racing of " griffins." A griffin (in the horse sense of the word), is one of a batch of young and almost unbroken horses brought up from Australia. Subscribers put down their names for one or more griffins and the requisite number of animals are brought up in a batch by a dealer. The price was formerly about £35 per horse. The animals are then drawn for by lot. There are special griffin races. Some of

* This course has recently been opened.

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the animals are, of course, absolutely worthless for racing, but occasionally a good horse is found which will hold its own in the open races. In my regiment on one occasion we had a syndicate griffin. Nine of us each had a tenth share in him, and four others each took a fortieth share. The owners ranged from the Colonel down to the junior subaltern, and there was great enthusiasm when we won the last race of the meeting by half a length.

Polo was formerly played on quite a good ground in the middle of the racecourse. The ponies were Walers, and there was, and still is, a certain amount of polo up in the Malay States. Some of the Malays played, and played well too, but, of course, the standard was very much below that in India. Polo has been given up in Singapore itself now, but there is no reason why it should not be revived, especially as the game is going quite strong up country.*

There is practically no shooting in and around Singapore, with the exception of pigeon shooting in some of the islands four to eight miles away.

In the Malay States there is some big game shooting, an occasional elephant or tiger, but civilization is encroaching more and more on the jungle, and considerable " bandebast " is necessary when arranging for a shooting expedition.

So much for the more vigorous forms of exercise. From the purely social point of view, Singapore is much like other big cities in the East. There is the usual amount of entertaining, dancing, bathing picnics, etc.

To sum up, there are many worse stations than Singapore, especially if those whose lot takes them there are able to avail themselves of opportunities of visiting the interesting countries which lie within close range, and when the hill station in the mountains of Malaya is fully developed, Singapore will then become one of the best places to which members of the Services may be sent.

Finally, one would like to conclude by paying a tribute to the generous hospitality shown by the civilian community to the Services as a whole ; a hospitality which lavish as it was before the war has, from what one hears, been maintained since the Armistice on a similar scale.

* According to latest information it has been revived, but it is, of course, very dependent on the number of Service members who play.

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# AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SCANDAL

By George St. Lo, Commissioner of Her Majesty's Navy and Commander-in-Chief of all Her Majesty's Ships in the River Medway, Chatham, and The Nore.

THE QUEEN having received an account that one John Vié, an inhabitant of St. Malo, is run away from thence with another man's wife, and stolen goods of a considerable value, with which he is supposed to be fled to Southampton, and Her Majesty having signified Her pleasure by letter from the Earl of Dartmouth to My Lords of the Admiralty, of the 3rd instant, that they should be secured where they may happen to be found, that so they may be brought to Justice,—

You are hereby required and directed, pursuant to Their Lordships' Order of yesterday, grounded on Her Majesty's Pleasure aforesaid, to make diligent search on board the ship you command for these persons, whose descriptions are particularly mentioned on the other side, and to secure them if you shall find them, or either of them, and give an account thereof to the Secretary of the Admiralty for Their Lordships' information.

Dated at Her Majesty's Yard at Chatham, the 6th day of March 1712.

(signed) G. St. Lo.

To The Captains of all H.M. Ships and Vessels in the River Medway, and at Sheerness, and The Nore, who for the better enabling them to comply with what is here required are to take copies of this order and the descriptions on the other side.

### Description of John Vié.

He is a man five foot high, thick, fatt and burly, has a fresh complexion, a big head, the cheeks full and round, a brisk eye, light browne eyebrows, sound teeth, wearing always a very short light peruque naterall with two buckles behind. He has on the right eye a little hole which is the scar of a wound, of the depth of a pea. He has the marks of severall wounds on his head, having been trepanned. He has a



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handsom legg, the calf round and plenty, a small foot, broad shoulders and waste, a fierce and stout look, has a short hand freckled, and on his arms has severall characters written with powder, which is gott into skin and flesh by being pricked, so that the marks look blueish.

He has taken with him a blew coat lined with red, edged with gold, with gold buttons and button holes. Another coat, grey and white, edged with silver twist, buttons and buttonholes of ye same. Another coate scarlett, trimmed and edged with gold, except upon seam. A red surtout with gold buttons.

He has a little spaniel, black and white.

He is a passionate man, a great swearer, and has a rough and thick beard.

He has with him a German servant who speaks English and several other languages, who sounds the trumpett very well. He serves them as interpreter, for Vié nor the person he has carried with him can speak nothing else but French.

Vié is about 37 or 38 years old, who understands very well the Marine and above all the working of a ship, a bold, daring mariner who commanded last of all in France the ship *Luzane*, of Nantes, armed for cruising, with which he has committed severall Barbarities towards the Privateers of Jersey and Guernsey. He has taken on his last cruise My Lord Hamilton's brother coming from the English Plantations, by whom he might easily be known.

### Description of the Woman.

She is of middle size, rather tall than short and rather fatt than lean, has a fair skin, white and smooth, the lips somewhat thick, rather fair than browne, the eyebrowes almost always contracted. Little briske eyes of sullen humour, never smiling upon anyone but in a forced and disdainful manner, melancholy and speaking but little, not much wit, stooping her head and bending her shoulders, speaking with a careful and childish air, a pretty big hand, a small foot, a pretty handsome legg, of 17 years of age. She has carried with her a crimson Damask Gown with silver trimmings about the sleeves, another gown of White Indian Damask lined with a row of coloured silk, another of Satin with Blue, White and Yellow Stripes, with some small flowers also, lined with a Rose coloured silk. Bored Ears with earrings of emerald

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set in gold with a diamond cross on her neck and an emerald ring with two small diamonds on her little finger.

She has a rose coloured Scarf, all silk stockings and embroidered shoes with tissue.

The little spaniel dog is very fond of her.

She has carried with her a great deal of new and old silver plate, She is named Porirée Treinell, wife of Monsieur.

She has also a scarf of black silk with a flower gauze body, trimmed with a black fringe silk.

(The original of this is to be found bound in volumes of old letters discovered at Chatham Dockyard, by me, in 1895, which are now in the United Service Institute.)

W. E. K. MARTIN.



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# A FRIAR MAJOR

By Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Butler, D.S.O.

ONE tries in a humble way in India to keep abreast at least of the critiques of serious literature, military and general, of the day; but I do not remember to have noticed any mention in the Press of this extraordinarily, vivid book, the work of a Belgian friar, once an officer of artillery—Frère Martial Lekeux.

Having voluntarily left his monastery on the outbreak of hostilities, this friar went through hell in the Dixmude sector for many months, mostly as an F.O.O., and rose by bravery and merit to the position of battery commander. He has given the book wherein he recounts his experiences the title of " Mes Cloîtres dans la Tempête," and a more fitting appellation could hardly have been chosen for it, for he managed in a marvellous way to make those scenes of misery and carnage one with the serenity of the cloisters which he had quitted.

The author puts us right into the midst of things in a sort of preface to his narrative—a preface which for intensity and incisiveness can hardly have been surpassed by anything in any war book; and before he has finished that short, preliminary word picture, he has shown us the mystic why and wherefor of the war for him. The " preface " is a species of projection, produced by taking a typical scene from the book itself and throwing it on a screen. It is a sort of panoramic frontispiece, possessing a vividness, a completeness, a succinctness which no painted illustration could achieve.

The narrative opens at the beginning of August, 1914, amid the peacefulness of the Franciscan monastery at Turnhout, in Belgium. Lekeux has been there about three years, and his army life of ten years' routine soldiering has dwindled to a memory.

But now: " War! War upon Belgian soil! My mind is in a turmoil, my heart bounds like a runaway horse. I can see the regiments lining up, can hear the tramp, tramp towards the frontier. What about me? For the twentieth time I examine the hateful document upon my table: ' Retired officer, not liable to recall.' "

He falls on his knees and prays. He doesn't want, he cries, to take back anything that he has given; but surely

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it cannot be asked of him to play the coward, when all the bells are ringing the alarm.

Eventually he obtains permission to go—bids good-bye to the assembled monks, to the Provincial, who blesses him and bids him go in peace in this most just cause, and with one companion he departs.

Then follows vivid picture after vivid picture. (How it all recalls to us the breathless days of that first August, but with everything heightened by the nearness to them of the peril which we had to go forth to seek—intensified, too, by the difference of temperament!) We first find Lekeux on his way to Liège, a garrison town which he had known well in the days of his soldiering. The atmosphere is electric with excitement. "The Prussians have been driven back! England has declared war on Germany! The French have reached Liège!" Lekeux is the complete soldier now, talking the slang as to the manner born, and gaily contemptuous of the fat "box-wallahs," whose world of money-making is falling about their ears.

* * * * *

The work which he finds awaiting him in the citadel comes as something of an anti-climax. He meets there some old friends, and they "put him wise" to the sort of show it is. We are given an amusing description of their dug-out colonel and the guns. Those guns! Museum pieces dated 1889, a mass of rust on broken wheels! No personnel, no gear, no teams—and nobody can say where the shells are to be found!

Lekeux and his friends set manfully about essaying the impossible. But the thing is hopeless, and he decides to clear out, to go somewhere where he can be of use—can fight. All the time the battle beyond Liège is going on. An entire semi-circle of twenty-five kilometres of horizon is in flames. Can 25,000 men hold back 300,000? Will the French arrive in time?

One morning Lekeux seeks permission from the dug-out colonel to go down from the citadel to his home to fetch some things. He commandeers a passing car, has a last interview with his people and a brief, affecting farewell with his sister. (There is a mysticism in the relationship between brother and sister which it is impossible to do more than touch on here. She is an *exaltée* who has dedicated all her life to charity and good works, and she has just vowed

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her life away in return for his. But we shall hear once more of her before the book is ended.)

He tells the driver to make for the field of battle, and very soon they are pursuing their perilous way along roads that are being shelled, and through country that has been riven by bombardment. Lekeux at length leaves the car, telling the driver not to wait for him longer than two hours, and he goes on by himself on foot.

Before long he encounters a party of infantry. They are all but "down and out." They give him despairing news of the vain struggle against great odds and devastating bombardment. His one idea is to get forward, "drawn as by a magnet towards the stupendous din of battle."

Soon he is in the midst of it, and fighting hand-to-hand. "I fire and fire incessantly, in a sort of frenzy, only just aware that I kick and trample on serried heads, which blaze their flaming hatred at me. And when I can no longer load my revolver I draw my sword, and lash out right and left like a madman, shrieking 'Vive le Roi!'"

The fighting dies down at last, and Lekeux, who has fainted from fatigue, comes to, to find that the Germans have been driven back.

"Horror! The ground is carpeted with dead. Dead lie upon wounded, and from these hecatombs come, mingled with streams of blood, suffocating cries and strangled agonies. Just in front of me is the reconquered trench-line, and all along it are great red pools, heaped with dismembered corpses. Here and there among the dead a few of our men keep up a straggling fire. The line is pitiably thin and broken, a thing of misery. Is this now all that remains between Liège and the myriad enemy, as he reforms there stealthily behind the woods?"

Back once more in Liège citadel, whither he has been sent by a staff officer whom he encounters on the battle-field. The place is in indescribable confusion, and changed beyond recognition from what it had been even a few hours before. It is a case now of getting away the second-line troops from the city and broken fortress in some sort of order, while the regular army still essays to hold the enemy from swamping the place in his advance. Lekeux finds himself in charge of six hundred broken men, from whom practically all semblance of discipline has vanished. The moment he tries to get them on the move—even though it is to retreat with what speed they may—they begin to fall out in scores.

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He calls for N.C.Os. Three men respond. One of these, whom he despairingly asks what has come over the men, tells him that they are done. They have been marched and counter-marched, and left in trains and stations, for three days and nights, without food or proper sleep. So he requisitions all the food and drink which he can find in the shops and bakeries, and at last persuades them to march, fondly hoping that with these six hundred useless creatures he may be able to turn upon an enemy patrol and rend it!

A few stray bullets come over, and they break and run. By means of threats and cajoleries he gets them back again, and, alternately making and breaking N.C.Os., he manages to keep going on.

He has even succeeded in driving an Uhlan skirmishing party from a wood on their flank, when of a sudden up gallops an officer and orders him to retire, and tells him in an undertone that the whole of the right bank of the Meuse has been abandoned, and that Liège is on the point of being surrendered.

Once again Lekeux's party of oddments gets thrown into confusion. A whole division from Liège comes surging along the road, taking his men with them. He will not allow himself to see those shattered remnants of brigades and battalions as defeated or disgraced. He has fought shoulder to shoulder with them so short a while ago, and he knows their bravery.

But that is only his generous exaltation. To anybody else their defeat must have appeared real enough, as in hopeless mobs they went streaming back along that road, pursued by the taunts of the populace. "Shame and ignominy undeserved, after heroic sacrifices," is what Lekeux bitterly describes it.

Somehow he collects his men again. Up and down the line he goes ("like a sheepdog," he says), closing up intervals, preventing men from falling out, "simulant une énergie que je n'avais plus moi-même." They are vaguely making for Waremme, where they have been promised billets; but they never seem to get any nearer to the place. At long last when they have left many of their number fallen by the wayside ("J'peux plus, j'peux plus; j'aime mieux crever," they keep wailing), they are halted about midnight by a mounted officer, who tells them that the Germans have forestalled them at Waremme, and that their line of retreat is cut. They may bivouac where they are, in the muddy fields.

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Before dawn, after an awful night, they are off again—such of them as can struggle to their feet; and now their march is harassed by swarms of Uhlans, which the Belgian cavalry (still soldierly) keep, fortunately, at a distance. But every now and then an enterprising hostile patrol pierces the thin screen and pours a volley into the column at close range; and the ranks break and scatter like frightened sheep. Finally, de Witte's cavalry (their own) comes pell-mell through them in the middle of a village (" their red breeches salmon-pink with dust "), and when they have galloped by but fifty men remain in Lekeux's force out of all the crowd that left Liège.

One has to remember that these men are not regulars; they are merely civilians of long standing, recalled to the colours in a hurry, and devoid of stamina. This is the sort of talk that Lekeux hears as he gets what men he can to march next morning (August 8th):

" ' Turned out of our billets to let those damned regulars sleep there !'

" ' On s'fout de nous !'

" ' Haven't had a quarter of a loaf of bread since war started !'

" ' J'marche plus, nom de bougre !'

" ' The officers are in feather beds, shouldn't be surprised ! Let them carry on their own bloody war, the traitors !' "

* * * * *

During the remainder of August, all September, and the early part of October, Lekeux remains in Antwerp, busy in another office. The Germans are gradually closing in upon the entrenched fortress and city; and then, on September 28th, the enemy lay siege to the place in earnest.

Unable to keep away from where things are going on, he slips off and makes for one of the forts, that of Wavre-Sainte-Catherine. It comes in for a terrible " doing " as he is on his way up. Very soon it has been overwhelmed, annihilated. And Lekeux, who sees its ruins, recalls to mind how, only six years before, he stood in a group of young officers on a staff tour, on the escarpment of that very fort, and the lecturer had gravely said:

" Armoured and concreted forts, gentlemen, such as these, are quite invulnerable from a distance, and with difficulty destroyed from near."

During the few days which follow it becomes increasingly

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clear to Lekeux, as he tries to work in his office—and to them all—that Antwerp is doomed. He paints for us a masterly picture of the struggle for the last of the forts. The city itself is on fire in many places, and its huge, unwieldy civil population on the run. As the last act, he is ordered to dismount a battery from its emplacements and get it on the road for Baveren.

Then comes one of the most telling portions of the book : a study of the all-important choice which so many thousands of soldiers had to make, between continuing at all hazards to keep on Belgian soil, or to throw up the sponge and pass—all too easily—into Holland. Most war writers seem to have been silent with regard to that obscure bit of 1914 fighting, which concerned England, too, by reason of what happened to the ill-starred, hastily equipped forces which were so precipitately thrown into Antwerp just before its fall. Lekeux, however, gives a most vivid account of the choice in operation as he saw it. With enemy pressure coming on three sides of them, and the line, not of least, but of no resistance leading direct to safety, small wonder that in the confusion his battery, too, finds itself gravitating towards the neutral frontier. Lekeux finds 10,000 men jammed tight, only waiting for a chance to cast their arms away and pass the boundary posts. " These 10,000 would flee before a company ; they have lost confidence ; they feel that the game is up. No longer do they try to believe what they are told by officers ; their thoughts are focussed on that easy frontier, and in their hearts they are already prisoners. Desertions take place *en masse ;* whole companies pass over to surrender. Disaster irretrievable."

After hairbreadth escapes, with four of his men—" five of us only, cut off from the Field Army by the whole German invasion "—in nondescript civilian clothing, he travels by boat to Flushing, and thence by road to Knocke and Ostend : " Et enfin, voici Furnes ! voici l'Armée ! le Roi ! Nous sommes exténués. Mais, malgré la fatigue qui fait fléchir nos genoux, c'est en chantant à tue-tête que nous entrons en ville !"

* * * * *

Lekeux is in the middle of a dissertation to prove that to a good monk all things should come alike, provided that they are done for God, when the telephone rings. It is a

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message from the Division to say that an officer is required forthwith to act as artillery observer in a very exposed position, his duties entailing his installing himself in No Man's Land to watch for enemy batteries and to direct the fire of his own.

Without hesitation, Lekeux volunteers for the job, and gets it. We need not accompany him in his account of the terrain. The country, already marshy, has been inundated, and once he and his faithful batman, Moulin, have crossed the railway embankment which formed the forward limit of the regular defensive system, they are stumbling and splashing onwards to reach the detached post which is their bourne. This post is a large ruined farmstead, garrisoned by a handful of infantry, and in the loft of the main building he sets up his observation post.

Describing the landscape out upon which he looks, he says in impressionist prose :

" Nothing but water as far as the eye can see. Wide-spreading, glaucous lagoons, laced with foam, have covered everything—an expanse of shimmering wavelets. The whole scene looks as if it were on the move from left to right. The only things that show above the water are a few crumbling farm buildings, sinister and forbidding in their silence. The Boches are there, regarding us. And wherever a strip of land shows above the level of the water, corpses lie by hundreds in the mud."

Of the detached post in which he is to live :

" Its only habitable portion is the cellar, a hole a few metres square, vaulted and hermetically sealed. In it a score of *poilus* grouse and eat and sleep and have their being. Their clothes are drying round a bucket pierced with holes, in which smoulder the remains of household furniture."

The floor of this cellar is under water, the air is fetid, and vermin abound ; yet Lekeux is happy.

" This is the third day of our Robinson Crusoe lives," he says. " We have taken on the colour of our surroundings ; our hair and beards are matted and unkempt, our skin is like smoked ham, our ragged tunics are all daubed with mud. Yet I feel free and happy. This simple life, with its absence of any craving for the creature comforts, makes hardships seem quite natural. One's actions are obvious and to the point ; everything is done from a disinterested motive. It lulls my senses like the old familiar fragrance of the monastery."

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In the course of many exciting pages we now get an account of his continued residence in No Man's Land, of marvellous escapes, and privations admirably borne. He "mucks in" with the advanced listening-posts. They change, but he stays on, day after day, week after week. And very tenderly he talks of those rough men, beneath whose uncouth exteriors he can see something that is to him divine.

"Each night, at dusk, I see their staggering file of shadows coming up to the trenches. They move silently, heavily, with great difficulty. They flounder in the awful mud, with which to plumb their way. Then in the little yard of the building an officer tells them off in their reliefs. Those who are chosen first for the sacrifice shift their packs with a jerk a little higher on their shoulders, and push off with a sigh of resignation in the darkness to their stations. The remainder stow themselves away in their squalid lodging, fling off their packs, and gather round the fire. And so begins the miserable twenty-four hours' spell, amid a welter of pushing and jostling, of coarse words, suffocating smoke, foul breath, stagnant water, and the steam from drying boots. 'Sacré millions de milliards de verdoemme, de rotferdoemme de nondedoemme de verdekke!' It is a veritable orchestra of oaths, hurled here and there beneath the blackened rafters amid the spirals of smoke. One might imagine that it really is comfort to them, thus to diversify the superabundance of their misery."

There is a ruined tower out there across the flooded country which long has seemed to beckon to him. It is the tower of Oud-Stuyvekenskerke ("the old church of the little blue flower"), and it is to play a great and mystic part in Lekeux's war life. He is convinced that from it he will be able to get good observation for his guns, and gets there after a perilous journey through the mud and water, full in view of the German lines. In the crumbling buildings round the tower he finds a handful of Belgian infantrymen, who formed the most advanced of all the outposts, and somehow or other he manages to fix his observation post just where he had intended to—at the top of the shattered tower.

From that on, most of his time is spent in sharing the perils of the men, and in helping them to beat off the attacks which the enemy deliver nightly. He tells us of the horrors they undergo out there in that lonely outpost—of the icy

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cold, the rain, the mud. And above all, the shelling. He gives a masterly description of a man's feelings under a bombardment.

In the end his tower is blown to smithereens, and once again he has a marvellous escape. He carries on, but it is with failing strength. For three months, practically without a break, he has led this impossible life in No Man's Land, and now fever lays hold of him, and a dreadful ague.

He is sent for by the general, who orders him to go on leave " at once—at once, do you hear ? And I forbid you to come back until you're fit !"

We see Lekeux in the train on his way to Paris. The abruptness of the change is almost too much for him, and he feels ashamed, there in that first-class carriage, of his rags and dirt. The smartly turned-out officers who are his travelling companions poke fun at him. He tries to sleep. But fever has him in its grip, and when at last they get to Paris he has only enough strength left to crawl to bed in the first hotel that offers, where he falls into delirium.

For three days he is in high fever, and for two months unable to stir from his room. When at last he is able to do so, in clean kit, and feeling much restored, he recounts his enchantment with the boulevards—the calm and serenity of it all ; his awful memories of the front seem remote and unreal now. But after a bit the crowds of able-bodied men (" Tous ces pékins et tous ces embusqués ") disgust him.

What strikes one almost as much as anything about " Mes Cloîtres dans la Tempête " is the way the narrative sparkles with wit and gaiety whenever there is a chance of showing them. If space permitted one might quote instance after instance of humour (in character study, commentary, philosophizing) shining through the horrors. Delicious bits of foolery which one must forbear to quote.

* * * * *

Much might be written (though hardly in a military journal) about Lekeux's thoughts upon that Paris trip of his. He found no happiness there. " And of a sudden," he says, " I felt myself seized with an irresistible desire, a panicky longing for escape—to see no more of such people—to recover my soul. Intense homesickness took possession of me—homesickness for the front line, the trenches, the mud, the shells, the welcome suffering, the misery transmuted and

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transfigured by the glory of self-sacrifice. I was decided now : I would return to the front next day."

The middle of February, 1915, finds Lekeux back at his old job of permanent F.O.O. Conditions in that dismal No Man's Land have not improved. The floods have risen, but the old work has got to go on. The German bombardment gains daily in weight and accuracy. As a welcome relief, a former chum of the military college joins him for a bit. He brings with him two redoubtable characters in the persons of his batmen, Snysters and Frentzen. They possess a strange repertoire of oaths. And the moment they arrive in the advance post which is their common home they set about " drumming-up " in true old-soldier style.

During the terrific bombardments which the enemy now put down with scarcely any intermission, Lekeux does really seem to bear a charmed life. It is the talk of all the sector. In one of the worst of these ordeals which the advance post has to bear, poor Snysters is killed. The passages in which Lekeux recounts the incident, and the removal of the body, are worthy of " Riders to the Sea " :

" On the rickety stairs I can hear Frentzen, grumbling as ever—' Sacré nom de nom de nom de nom !' They are coming to take away poor Snysters. Frentzen begins by appropriating his great coat, ' as it's more good than mine.' And as he goes about his task of wrapping his dead friend up in the exchanged coat, pulling and straining at him with his great hands, I can see the tears streaming down his cheeks. As finally he heaves his burden on his back and goes out, he grouses still to cover up his grief : ' Sacré milliard de nom de nom ! De nom de nom de nom de nom !' His curses are extraordinarily akin to sobs. A little later he returns to wash away the bloodstains.

" ' Lieutenant,' he declares, pausing suddenly as though he had reached a decision, ' it was bound to come to him. I always told him so. He used to swear like a pig. Yes, it was bound to come to him ! Nom de . . .'

" And swearing now enough for two, he goes out, muttering to himself."

* * * * *

One morning the brigade commander sends for Lekeux to headquarters. He is a redoubtable personage, known as " Le Vleesch "—big, bluff, hearty, bibulous, egotistical and

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explosive—but a born leader of men. His vocabulary is hair-raising. Everybody goes in terror of him, but he has a heart of gold. Lekeux tells with what trepidation he obeys the summons: "As I approached I had a sinking feeling in the stomach, a vague sense of apprehension. Without exaggeration, I would sooner have faced a bombardment by sixteen-inch—and I'm three minutes late!

"On the other side of the door I can hear le Vleesch's voice, loud enough to represent an entire battle. As I knock I hope devoutly that his watch is slow.

"I enter, and he assumes a glacial air, heavy with unspoken threat.

"'Ah! stand there.'

"A large document lies unfolded on his table, and he adjusts his glasses.

"'Now then: your Major—— Are you listening to me?'

"'Yes, my Colonel.'

"'Your Major has put you in for promotion to Captain. You've no right to it, having been more than two years on the retired list. Are we agreed?' ('Sommes d'accord? Les vitres tremblent sous le choc de ce "d'accôard," qui éclate comme un coup de tonnerre.')

"'Certainly, my Colonel.'

"He gives the table a resounding thump.

"'Very well! It is my wish, *nom de Dieu*, that you become Captain, because you're a *chic* type. Your Major is quite right, and I shall put you in as specially recommended.'

"'Thank you, my Colonel.'

"'Silence! I—*nom de Dieu!*—I say that the Army List is all damned nonsense! It's the man that counts! And I tell you that you're a G—— damned *chic* type. You live in dirt and filth for months on end, while we are here lapping up *fine* champagne in comfort. You're a . . .'

"But here a large tear steals down his cheek on to the table.

"'Damn it, it makes my eyes cry* to look at you! Here, come here!'

"And he hugs me in a terrible embrace."

* * * * *

Soon he is back again at his old work of F.O.O., and all the horror, the sacrifice, the sublimity of the fighting,

* Only he did not quite say "cry."—P.R.B.

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confused and almost futile, which is for ever taking place in that flooded, rotting country, rise as the book draws to a close in a crescendo of vivid description. Mercifully, perhaps, the tale is relieved by flashes of humour ; but one never fails to sense the accumulation of misery that is breaking the narrative down. In one of the last chapters he returns, with definite mysticism, to the subject of his apparent immunity from death. " I have plotted the craters on my map, and they have made an absolutely abnormal plan—a blank space comes right in the middle of the beaten zone, contrary to every law. Why—oh, why is it, when I am so unafraid to die ?"

In the penultimate chapter we get what he believes is the answer to the riddle. It is a poignant piece of writing, upon which we need only touch. We are in April of 1916, and he is again at sector headquarters for a spell of *demi-repos*. He receives a letter bearing the Dutch post-mark. It has been smuggled out of Liège, from his home, and it tells him that his sister, who was all the world to him, is dead.

The blow almost deprives him of his senses. But after the first long agony of grief, a strange feeling of calm comes stealing over him.

Here the narrative jumps two years to tell us how, after the Armistice, Lekeux revisited his home and heard the story of her end. She had offered her life in payment for his safety, and it was this that had rendered him immune !

Save for this glimpse of a later period, the book ends in May, 1916, with the withdrawal of the division from the sector. Lekeux has been sixteen months in what he calls his " hermitage " of Oud-Stuyvekenskerke. His story ends upon a splendid note of praise for the crucible of war.

And the use of that word, " hermitage," recalls to our minds the lines of long ago—

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage ;
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage.

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# WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

## SETTLING IN KENYA COLONY.

By " GUNNER."

TO those officers who are looking round for somewhere to settle where they can provide a future for themselves and their children, Kenya Colony offers advantages which compare most favourably with our other Dependencies.

Figures regarding the capital required to start in any agricultural pursuit are only approximate and can be used as a guide only, but of this I am quite certain—that the officer who has a pension of £400 per annum and a capital of £2,000 can go out to Kenya with his family and make good. If he has more, all the better, and he can begin farming on a bigger scale ; but even with the above income and capital he can make a home for himself and wife, and open up careers for his children with every confidence.

Kenya has been much in the limelight of late over the so-called " slavery " question, and perhaps many officers have turned their thoughts elsewhere, but they need not be alarmed. There are, unfortunately, in England many people who for some reason or other take a delight in believing the worst of their own countrymen abroad. The latest opportunity was too good to miss, and they have given vent to their ignorance with their usual venom in the public press.

It is hardly necessary to state that slavery does not exist in Kenya or, indeed, in any other British Colony, but the question of the labour supply in Kenya is one of great importance and vital to the prosperity of the young Colony.

The labour is there and in abundance if properly organized and a definite policy laid down.

The appointment of Sir Edward Grigg as Governor has given general satisfaction, and the settlers are most hopeful that shortly this all-important question will be settled and a regular supply of native labour be organized and distributed throughout the country.

In the recent debates in both Houses of Parliament some stress was laid upon the alleged inadequacy of the wages paid to the native labourer. It is to be regretted that no one was

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able to point out that the present wages paid are sufficient to provide the labourer with practically all his requirements for a period from twelve to eighteen months, all in exchange for six months' work ! The only alternative, should local labour fail, would be imported indentured labour—a policy as undesirable as it is unnecessary.

Settlers have been encouraged in the past to put their capital and future into the land, and this they have done without any support from the Government. They have changed a beautiful wilderness into a happy and prosperous paradise, and they are determined to reap the fruit of their labours even if they receive little or no support from the Government.

This is where Kenya differs from all other Colonies. Up to the present time settlers have carried on with a local government invariably hostile to them, and the ill-feeling between the Government official and settler is widespread. A study of the local papers for a week will emphasize this unfortunate truth.

This ill-feeling dates from very early days, and if you take the view of the Government official perhaps they deserve a little sympathy. They lived in one of the most beautiful climates in the world, had unlimited big-game shooting, lived on nothing, and had absolutely no worries. You can imagine their motto to have been :—

> We are monarchs of all we survey.
> Our rights there are none to dispute,
> From the sea to the lakes, we are IT.
> Lords of man and the brute.

Then the settler came along, and all this perfect existence came to an end.

However, despite these little drawbacks, the officer will still find Kenya one of the most delightful countries to settle in. He will find many hundred ex-officers and their families all happily settled down and all determined to get the best out of life. It is a most hospitable land, and the newcomer is welcomed with open arms. You find yourself among men of your own kidney and all out to help you in every way.

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Now comes the question whether the officer goes out by himself to spy out the land or to take the wife and family with him. This is somewhat important, and will probably



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worry most people. It is a question of expense also, as it all depends upon whether you have your own home in England where you can leave your family. If you haven't, and you have to put your family into rooms somewhere, and you are determined to settle in Kenya, my advice is to go out together, as it saves money, and you will find excellent private hotels in Nairobi where you can leave the family whilst you look out for a farm. There are several of these hotels in the outskirts of Nairobi where they will take you in *en pension* for £12 per month; children half that rate. The Salisbury Hotel is one of the best, clean, comfortable, and excellent food.

This £12 per month includes everything except washing, and as most people employ a native servant when they arrive he does your washing. It is advisable to procure a native servant directly you arrive, as there are many things he can do for you which the hotel servants would take a week over and then let you down. Wages vary from 30s. to 40s. a month at Nairobi. They are much less up country.

Before leaving England the officer will have to decide what to take out with him. He must remember that everything in the way of hard goods in Nairobi is dreadfully expensive. Again, ocean freight and railway freight has to be considered, and they are not cheap.

My advice is to take your bedding with you; children's cots and mattresses, but *not* bedsteads and mattresses. Don't forget mosquito curtains. You should have camp-beds for everyone. Even if you get others out in Kenya, camp-beds are always useful, and fetch much higher prices in Kenya should you wish to dispose of them.

People do themselves very comfortably, and you will find nice silver at most farms, so take sufficient with you. All your cutlery, cooking-pots and pans, china, curtains, carpets, folding tables, and if you have not got sufficient you should purchase at least a dozen. Six large folding tables and six small. Camp chairs to match your tables—six should do—and plenty of long deck chairs: you will require these on the voyage, remember, so have them addressed "Cabin." Bedroom ware for each member of your family—not china, but enamelled, toilet set; and all your old clothes.

In fact, take out everything you use daily at your own home, wherever it may be. Settlers' effects are allowed into the Colony duty free, so all your own old possessions will land free. This makes a great difference.

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Kenya is a land of "sales," and auction rooms are numerous. There are always people coming and going, and sales of furniture and household goods happen almost every day in Nairobi.

A few prints or pictures make the home cheery, and it is wonderful what can be done to a grass *banda* with the help of a few carpets, curtains, and pictures. Should the officer possess any pictures and furniture he values, leave them at home numbered and stored, and get them out one by one as opportunity offers.

Solar topis and mosquito beds should be taken. The former can be bought at Port Said for a third the price they cost in England. Ships always stay at Port Said (generally coal there) for many hours, and there is always ample time to go ashore.

The officer must remember that the climate in Kenya varies a great deal, and although the days are warm the nights can be jolly cold. Therefore he will want warm clothes just as much as thin suitings. Most settlers wear shorts and shirts, stockings and shoes, with a solar topi or double tarai hat. Plenty of flannels, as tennis courts are everywhere.

Ladies also require a variety of clothing from the useful coat and skirt to the latest ball-room costume. Dinner-parties, dances, tennis teas are of frequent occurrence, but old clothes for the housework and tending to the chickens are just as essential. Good raincoats are important, and many people use gum-boots during the rains.

Ladies require their fur coats just as much as they do in England.

There are many shipping lines to East Africa—Union Castle; British India and German lines have now amalgamated as regards the fares, and first class varies from £70 to £90, second class £50. There is a Dutch line from Rotterdam, which I believe calls at Southampton, which charge £52 first class to Mombasa. This is the cheapest line, and I hear the ship's accommodation and food are excellent. The second class on the British India boats is very good and comfortable, and many settlers with their families make use of this class in preference to the first. The saving in money is considerable, the society much the same, and who cares much what happens at sea?

The Customs at Mombasa are a nightmare, and a local agent should be made use of, as he will get your things



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through in half the time. If you have any *new* articles, they must be declared and duty paid. Give the agent your invoices and keys, and go and lunch at the Manor House Hotel. Return at 3 p.m., and you will find your personal luggage all ready. The heavy stuff must follow you up country on a goods train. This is where the delay comes in, but you are not in too great a hurry, as you have to find a home for it. It is, however, preferable to have your possessions away from the coast, and you can store them in Nairobi without trouble.

All arms and ammunition have to be registered on arrival, and care should be taken to give correct descriptions. Registration and licences cost a little, but it is much cheaper to take out your old guns and rifles, plus ammunition, than purchase them locally.

The railway journey to Nairobi is about twenty-two hours, and as the altitude of Nairobi is about 5,600 feet plenty of warm blankets and pillows should be taken into your compartment, as you will find a great difference in the temperature as the higher altitudes are reached. The Uganda Railway does not supply bedding, so this must be borne in mind, and a supply of bedding arranged for before you reach Mombasa.

There is very little difference between the first-class and the second-class coaches, except the former has electric light and the latter gas. The coaches are built to accommodate four to six persons, and the seats are so arranged that they can be made into beds. Each coach has its own lavatory complete.

A considerable saving of money can be made by travelling second class, and most settlers do. There are no restaurant cars, but the trains stop at various stations which have restaurants, and excellent food is obtainable at reasonable prices. You get early morning tea at 6.30, breakfast at 8.30, lunch at 12 noon, tea at 4.30, and dinner at 7.30. The train stops for sufficient time for all meals to be eaten in comfort.

It is advisable to take drinking water, lemonade, etc., into the carriage with you when travelling with children. The older members of the party should know how to look after themselves !

The railway authorities allow you to take quite a lot of baggage into the carriage. Indeed, I think most people take all their personal luggage into their carriages. As you

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approach Nairobi the train crosses the famous Athi plains. South of the line lies the game reserve and numerous herds of gazelle, angoni, hartebeeste, wildebeeste, zebra, ostriches, giraffe, and other game can be seen.

Nairobi possesses two fairly big hotels—the New Stanley and the Norfolk. The former is situated in the centre of the town, and the latter about ten minutes rickshaw drive away. Their charges are approximately £1 per diem, children half-price. The officer may have to stay in one of these hotels until he gets accommodation in one of the private hotels mentioned before. I advise him to do so without delay.

There is the usual Y.W.C.A. Hostel, where ladies are accommodated for very reasonable sums. They do not take children.

* * * * *

The officer and his family have now arrived at the head-quarters of his adopted country, and it is now up to him to get his family fixed up, and then to bustle round and see the land for himself. His family are comfortably settled and living well within his means, so he has plenty of time to see the many propositions he will be confronted with. There are several good land companies—Hunter's in particular—where he can rely upon a fair deal, and the local papers have, as a rule, a good number of farms advertised for sale and to let. The ideal would be for the newcomer to live on a farm for at least six months, and there should be no difficulty in arranging this. He would, of course, take his family with him.

Waste no time, but buy a motor car as soon as you can. Travelling by road is ever so much cheaper than by rail, and as you are bound to have a car sooner or later, the sooner the better, as it saves you a great deal of money: special box-bodies are largely used, as they allow you to sleep in the car if necessary, and also carry a great deal more stuff than the ordinary touring body. There are few British cars on the market, but any amount of American. Second-hand cars command very high prices compared to what they fetch at home. Personally, I would not touch a second-hand car, but pay a little more and get a new one. Semi-balloon tyres are popular. Petrol costs 3s. 3d. per gallon, so you want a car that gives a good mileage return.

If the officer has a good car at home—preferably of American manufacture, owing to supply of spare parts—it



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would be worth considering taking it out with him. I understand you can land a car at Nairobi for £50 to £60.

The officer man should make up his mind as quickly as possible as to what line of agriculture he will take up. This will narrow down his search for a suitable farm considerably. Stock farming is carried out at the higher altitudes, well over 6,000 feet, where it would be a waste of time to look for coffee propositions.

Several new districts have been opened up recently where land can be purchased at reasonable rates suitable for all branches of farming. Most of the land near the railways is taken up. Still, there are many farms close to the line, both developed and undeveloped, which can be purchased on terms.

A combination of coffee and maize farming appeals to me, and offers a good return. No return can be expected with coffee for at least three years, but maize shows a quick return on your money, and should provide the necessary cash for running expenses. Magnificent crops have been grown, even up to 22 bags to the acre. The average crop in South Africa is, I believe, 6 bags.

When selecting a farm it is customary to examine into the water supply, rainfall, transport facilities, and housing accommodation, etc., but there is one item even more important than these, and that is labour. This is an all-important question and must be carefully gone into. There are many farms which have got bad names among the natives owing to various causes in the past, and such farms should be left severely alone. Natives talk among themselves a great deal more than they are given credit for, and an unpopular farm is known from one end of the Reserves to the other. It is little use having the richest soil and other things in proportion if you cannot obtain the labour to cultivate it.

Native squatters should be encouraged to settle on your farm, as they form a useful nucleus when more catch labour is required for coffee-berry picking, etc. These native squatters are families who have cleared out of the Native Reserves, lock, stock and barrel, to get away from the extortion of their own chiefs and to be free from the many tribal communal tasks. They generally get a couple of acres to cultivate for themselves, and their cattle graze on your farm. They build their own houses, and as a rule live very quietly.

There are many types of settlers' houses, from the

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stone built one, cedar-wood and corrugated iron roofed, to the native built banda. Stone is scarce as a rule, and unless you have your own quarry handy is out of the question owing to the expense of transport. The vast majority of houses are built of cedar-wood and have either shingled or corrugated iron roofs. They are of bungalow type, with very wide verandas. They can be erected for about £500, though naturally everything depends upon locality, transport, etc. The native built banda is quite popular, and many old residents prefer them to any other house. They are built of cedar-wood poles, thatched roof, with walls made of native grass mats and sisal poles. A cedar-wood floor is essential to keep the white ant out. They can be built almost any size, and generally large enough to form four rooms. They are quite waterproof, and are much cooler than any other type of house. Windows can be put in and doors fixed, and when nicely furnished make as good a house as anyone can desire.

A good banda should not cost more than £50.

Should your homestead be over 6,000 feet, don't forget to allow for a fireplace. This can be made out of bricks, and is quite safe. The nights get very cold during the months of June–August, and a fire is most welcome.

Most of the homesteads are beautifully laid out, and shrubs and flowers grow very rapidly. It is a great advantage if the mem-sahib is keen on gardening, as in Kenya she will be able to enjoy herself to her heart's content. In a couple of months your vegetable garden should be supplying you with almost every vegetable you require, and in six months' time your garden looks as if it had been in existence for years. Flowers spring up around your house, and every variety seems to flourish. Your neighbours will give you every cutting and root they can spare, and help you with their experienced advice. Fruit trees should be planted, so that in a few years' time you can be absolutely self-supporting. Many ladies keep chicken-runs, and good English eggs can be obtained at most places. Crossed with the native bird, they form a hardy breed. Turkeys and ducks also do well and find a ready market. Native chickens cost about 1s. each, and native eggs 16 to 20 for 1s.

Every homestead should have its own milch cows, and they do well everywhere. They give a small quantity of milk compared to the home breeds, but the milk is extraordinarily rich. It is quite simple to make butter, so again

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you are independent, and soon your actual requirements for food will be for groceries only.

There are several creameries and butcheries along the railway line, and weekly supplies can be obtained. Many people get their meat twice weekly, but this only applies when you are near the source of supply. Fresh meat will not keep more than twenty-four hours when knocking about in the sun.

The servant problem is not too difficult, but the newcomer must not expect to get his staff without some delay and many disappointments.

Wages vary, and servants are more expensive in the towns. Personally I believe in getting the local article and training him in preference to the Nairobi boy. The latter gets discontented, as he misses his cinemas, and he upsets the rest of your staff by his very large ideas. Good Goanese cooks cost £5 a month. They are as a rule quite good, but there are others. I found an excellent cook for £2 a month, a very good head houseboy for 30s., and a couple of *totas* (native boys of from twelve to sixteen years of age) at 5s. a month.

You feed all your servants on *posho*, which is ground maize. They get 2 lb. per diem, and as you grow your own mealies this does not cost you anything.

With a little trouble the native can be trained to make quite a good and fairly intelligent servant. He is most anxious to learn, and in any case, whatever happens, never leaves you in the lurch. There is a very good system in Kenya with regard to servants. Every servant has to have a Government stamped paper, called a *kapandi*. This gives his name, tribe, thumb mark, name of employer, date of engagement, wages paid, and date of discharge, signed by the employer. Never engage a boy who has not got his *kapandi*. Should he desert you, give his name to the police, number of *kapandi*, etc., and they soon rope the varlet in, unless, of course, he returns to his Reserve and does not try to get another billet.

Women servants, such as nurses, are difficult to obtain. There are some very skilled nurses available at times whose wages vary from £3 to £5 a month. They are not satisfactory up country, as they get very lonely and have no one to talk to. They speak French.

The best native nurses come from the White Father's Mission in Uganda. Some of these young girls are quite good nurses. Their wages are from 28s. to 40s. a month.

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The missions train these girls, and they are quite satisfactory as a rule. The Kenya native lady is absolutely useless.

The social life in Kenya is very gay, and country clubs are springing up everywhere. Even in the most up-country districts there you will find your club-house and tennis courts. Everyone from a radius of thirty miles flocks to the club every Saturday and Sunday, and dances are of frequent occurrence. Kenya settlers are a most cheery crowd and out to make the very best out of life. All the towns have their clubs and tennis tournaments are now very popular. Nairobi has several floushing clubs where you can get excellent golf and tennis and heaps of dances.

Polo is increasing and is played in all centres. Ponies are not easy to get and cost rather a lot; the average price is well over £50. Horse-sickness kills a fair number, but lymphaticus seems to be the chief danger. Ponies require a great deal of attention.

Race meetings are held at the chief towns and at several up-country centres, where they generally combine the meeting with polo matches, tennis tournaments, and dances. These meetings are most enjoyable. Grass huts are erected round the polo ground, and settlers and their families camp out in these huts for the week. Everyone is happy, and I cannot imagine cheerier meetings in any quarter of the globe.

Nairobi has two big race meetings a year, and everyone who can attends. The chief events on the card carry prizes up to £200. The hotels are crowded, and dances take place every night.

Everyone knows the big game shooting of Kenya, so little may be said about it in this article. The official *hochner* on Kenya has an excellent article on the subject. Even in the most settled districts small game are plentiful, and it is always possible to stroll out for an hour in the evening and shoot a buck. Guinea-fowl and partridge are numerous, and they afford a nice change for the dinner table. To the more ambitious sportsman there are plenty of lion, elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, leopard, and all the great and small antelope waiting to be shot. After the officer man has been out in the country for a year or so and has got his farm running smoothly, no doubt but that he will one day pack up his kit and go out on *safair*. There is no happier moment in the world than when he first hits the trail and starts out on *safair*.

There is very good deep-sea fishing at Mombasa or, again, at Jinja on the Nile near the Ripon Falls, where nice

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perch can be caught up to 150 pounds. Heavy tackle is required for these monsters, and plenty of wire traces and crocodile spinners. They also take a spoon.

Trout have been installed in all the rivers in the Aberdare and Kenya ranges, and show excellent sport. The Kenya Angling Association has done wonderful work in distributing trout throughout all suitable waters, and deserve every support.

The trout run heavy, and the biggest I know of is one of 11 pounds caught at Uplands by Mr. S. Morson. Coarse fish up to 40 pounds abound in the rivers, and they give good sport with the spoon. They are, however, quite useless from the culinary point of view.

The question of education is, as in most colonies, one of considerable worry. There is quite a good school recently opened, called Kenton College, which caters for boys from seven years of age up to eleven. The school is being run upon English public school lines, and should be most useful. There are Government schools for boys and girls, but these schools are not up to the standard required by most parents.

There are, of course, many good schools in South Africa, and many parents send their youngsters there to be educated, as it is so much nearer.

Medical officers are stationed in most centres, and one is generally within reach. Telephone lines are being erected in the outlying districts, and modern motor cars eat up the distances.

There are very good Government hospitals in Nairobi, Nakuru and Kisumu.

Children flourish in Kenya, though care must be taken to keep their heads well protected by sun helmets.

Altitude affects many people when they first land, and anyone suffering from a weak heart should be careful to see that his farm does not lie too high up for his health's sake. Almost everyone feels the high altitudes at first, but you soon become acclimatized.

The local currency is in shillings and cents: 100 cents equal one shilling. Pounds are never mentioned. Cheques are made out and all bills paid in shillings. It is a little confusing at first, but you quickly get accustomed to the change.

Should any reader of THE FIGHTING FORCES require any further information on Kenya, the writer will be only too pleased to supply it on reference to the Editor.

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# FACT OR FICTION?

*To the Editor of* THE FIGHTING FORCES.

SIR,

In the December number of THE FIGHTING FORCES the writer of the article entitled "Man, Beast and Machine in War," arrived at three main conclusions.

First, that since the moral is to the physical as ten [*sic*] is to one, we must be on our guard against technical experts who dangle their allurements before our eyes.

Secondly, that we must not be off with the old love before we are on with the new.

Thirdly, we must not allow a gulf of military specialization to separate the nation from the Army in peace.

It is proposed to examine this article, and to see whether or not these conclusions are based on facts.

"There is within every man," we read, "and to my mind within certain animals, a noble spark which urges them on to grapple with situations which, looked at from the cold, logical point of view, are beyond their powers. Time and again in military history has this occurred and victory resulted, although its achievement under the existing circumstances seemed inevitable."

Now, the inference this implies, as I read it, is that a commander should count on this power of man and horse to achieve the apparently impossible. But why put yourself in such a position at the start? Suppose you have to attack a position defended by machine guns. You have the choice of a platoon of infantry or a tank. The platoon will fail nine times out of ten on account of the casualties inflicted; but if the platoon achieves the almost impossible on the tenth occasion, at a heavy cost in killed and wounded, is the victory relatively greater than one gained by the tank without any casualties. Surely, it is a counsel of despair to say that our brains are so sterile, and our war plans so uninspired, that our army must always be set an apparently impossible task.

If a man is confronted by a ten-foot wall which he wishes to cross, he does not say to himself: "It is apparently impossible for me to jump this wall; nevertheless, with the help of my 'noble spark,' I will do my utmost." If he tries to jump the wall, he is certain to be either killed or disabled by dashing himself against it. But surely the man who can

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use his brain reflects for a moment, and then fetches a ladder.

To return to the article. " Compared with the power of the individual man and beast to carry on, irrespective of any sacrifice thereby demanded of themselves, the most highly perfected machine is of poor value. In war the moral is to the physical as ten is to one."

This is, I submit, a *non sequitur*. The writer implies that the soldier has a tenfold superiority to any machine. This is only true if the machine is divorced from its controller or driver. A motor-car without a driver obviously cannot go from London to Brighton ; but it is surely illogical to say that therefore the best way to do this journey is on foot ?

Still on the subject of the ten-to-one ratio between the moral and the physical, the writer says : " Can we who understand that truth, reconcile with it proposals to substitute the mechanical for the living element more and more in our armed forces ?" You cannot *substitute* machines for flesh and blood. No one in his senses would suggest *substituting* a Robot for a Commander-in-Chief. When a Commander-in-Chief gets into an aeroplane to make a reconnaissance, he does not *become* an aeroplane. While he is in the air it is ridiculous to say the Army is *commanded by an aeroplane*. And yet this is exactly what Major de Chair has put down in black and white.

" By neutralizing the machine guns," the writer goes on, " and trampling over the wire and the trenches, it [the tank] assisted the infantry to go forward and win the final victory. But that is all. The most ardent disciple of the tank could not claim that it did more than clear the way for others who in the end clinched matters." A little further on he says : " We must rid our minds of any idea that tank supremacy was the main cause of our victory ; were this so the war must surely have ended with the Battle of Cambrai."

There is, of course, much controversy as to who won the war. Some people think Mr. Lloyd George ; others think the tank ; while others give their vote to our economic pressure. But in my opinion it is beyond all controversy that infantry, cavalry, and artillery, unaided and alone, did not, and never could have been successful. The writer implies that the tank did the comparatively unimportant job of " clearing the way " for the infantry. Was this such an unimportant part ? Moreover, why should the tank bother its head about the infantry ? Why should it not " clear the

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way " for more tanks, which are less vulnerable and more mobile than infantry in the attack ?

But Major de Chair holds that " clearing the way " for the infantry or cavalry is the only possible use of the tank. One of the main lessons of the Great War, he tells us, was the " use of the mechanical vehicle . . . as an actual weapon to assist the advance of cavalry or infantry." But this is not logic. Because a certain thing was done in a certain war it does not follow that we must of necessity slavishly copy it. In point of fact, the lesson of the Great War was diametrically opposed to this. The war showed us how foolish it was to chain comparatively fast moving tanks to slow moving infantry. The slower a tank moves the easier a target it becomes for the enemy's anti-tank guns; and if an attack by Vickers' tanks is slowed down to a hundred yards in four minutes, it is practically certain that they will all be knocked out.

" Military paraphernalia designed to replace the man with the rifle on the field of battle have no position among the equipment of our daily life." This, of course, contains the same confusion of thought that I have explained before. The writer is obsessed with the idea that " mechanical inebriates "—a term presumably including every one who owns a motor-car—will be content with nothing less than an army of Robots.

Let us examine the quotation a little closer. What does the writer mean by " military paraphernalia ?" I imagine he means vehicles driven by petrol engines, such as motor-buses and tanks. What follows then ? The writer actually asserts that vehicles driven by petrol engines have no position among the equipment of our daily life !

We will follow this up a little more. Take the case of the cavalry. Hardly one man in a hundred joins the cavalry as a recruit who has ever had anything to do with a horse, much less ever ridden one. I suggest that for every man who has to do with horses in England, there are many thousands who have to deal with motor-cars. Where, then, is the greatest gulf between the nation and the Army ? Is it where cavalry are mounted on horses, or where they are carried in armoured cars and tanks ? Apparently Major de Chair thinks the latter.

On the subject of the horse and the mechanical vehicle the writer quotes *The Times* correspondent to the effect that at the last manœuvres he had seen no lame horses, but many

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broken-down vehicles. The impression left on one's mind is that while horses, properly looked after, are so hardy that they never get sick or sorry, the mechanical vehicle is by nature delicate, and always liable to a breakdown. Is this borne out in civil life? Are the streets of London lined with broken-down motor omnibuses? If you motor along any of our main roads do you meet a broken-down car every few hundred yards?

The facts, of course, once again point in the exact opposite direction to the statement quoted. The fault found by *The Times* correspondent lies, not at the door of the tool, but the workman. The Army is new to the mechanical vehicle. Twenty-five years ago the civilian was new to the petrol engine, and all any music-hall comedian had to do in order to raise a laugh, was to say he had just met a friend of his, lying on his back underneath his motor-car. Such a joke would not get a smile now. Why? *Because civilian motors do not break down.*

Finally, the writer makes a very remarkable statement. He says: "Large columns of mechanical vehicles were found to be unwieldy on the roads and very difficult to conceal from the air." Now, the unsuspecting reader might easily think that it is an inherent defect in a mechanical vehicle that makes it peculiarly visible and vulnerable from the air—a defect that, presumably, horsed transport has not got. I wonder how many officers of the Royal Air Force are prepared to advise the Army to return to the G.S. wagon because it will make the task of the enemy airmen more difficult. I think very few; and I seem to have heard some harrowing details of the effect of air attacks on the Turkish horsed transport in 1918 in Palestine. I do not say that mechanical transport is invulnerable; I merely suggest that it is ludicrous to say that it is more vulnerable than horse transport.

Sir Walter Raleigh said that "Error makes a girdle round the world, while truth is pulling on her boots." After reading Major de Chair's article I am inclined to agree with the founder of Virginia.

Yours, etc.,
B. M. WARD, *Captain*,
*King's Dragoon Guards.*

*February 15th*, 1926.

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# THE BOOKSHELF

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE SCIENCE OF WAR. By COLONEL J. F. C. FULLER, D.S.O. Hutchinson & Co. 21s.

Is there a Science of War? The question is curiously reminiscent of the problem which agitated our fathers—Is there a Science of History? "All operations of war," writes Colonel Fuller, "are directed against the enemy's command—*the man* behind the hostile battle-front." Can any subject that has, like History, for its basis that capricious and inconsistent integer known as *man*, come under the heading of Science? Foch, supporting Dragomirov, holds that it cannot; "it would be as absurd as a science of poetry, of painting, or of music." This assertion Colonel Fuller firmly rejects. "If we are disallowed a science of war," he argues, "we can have no *true* history of war. . . . To deny a science of war and then to theorize on war as an art is pure alchemy, a process of reasoning which has blinded the soldier to the realities of war, and will continue to blind him. . . ." Accordingly, the proposition that there *is* a science of war is axiomatic and becomes the premiss upon which the whole of this remarkable book is built up.

And it is a remarkable book. Received on the eve of going to press it is hard to do full justice to its wealth of learning, matter and ideas. To do so would require nothing less than a complete article. This it is hoped to publish in a future issue. Let it be said at once, however, that no one who seeks to study military history, and for that matter political history and social psychology, can afford to suffer this exhaustive treatise to remain unread. The main ideas of the "Foundations of the Science of War" were conceived considerably before the war, and now, after having revolved for some fifteen years in the writer's brain, are set out in a style that is at once lucid and forcible, and not infrequently witty.

After having established his premiss and justified the need of a science of war, Colonel Fuller goes on to analyse war in its causes and objects, and in the next chapter to considerations upon the instrument of war—*i.e.*, "man or a number of men." And here he has some pertinent remarks upon the necessity of unity of command. Granted that the object of war is one—viz., victory—it follows that "control is one, and if this control is shared between several, then the objective cannot be economically gained. In the last great war this veritable axle-pin of generalship was removed from the chariot of command. For four years the Allied Armies floundered through what I believe history will one day denote as a series of the most uneconomical campaigns ever fought in a war of the first magnitude, and only after a stupendous squandering of lives, resources and money was the axle-pin pushed home and the war won."

He next proceeds to give a masterly analysis of the psychology of war, followed by an important chapter dealing with the economy of forces, the law of which is the "all-controlling law of war." The rational distribution of force, he insists, is the problem of war. War

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has been mainly an instrument of waste, because the law of economy of forces is a hard task-mistress and punishes severely all who disregard her, and their punishment is waste. " In physical life we see this law in its most manifest form. The whole tendency of work and mechanical progress is towards economizing physical force. At the base of nearly every new invention we find economy written in capital letters. In war this is as visible as in peace. A stone axe economized fist-blows, an iron axe was an economy over the flint axe, the musket over the bow, the rifle over the musket, and so on from the opening of military history to the present day. . . . To economize man's strength, to economize in life, to economize in numbers, by perfecting the means of war . . . has been the law of mechanical progress, and nothing, outside the whole human race becoming demented, can stay its course. . . . To understand what the physical progress of war means, we must apply economy of force to hitting power, to protective power, and to movement . . . we must take man and render him skilful in the use of these means. . . . In training, our first lesson is economy of thought, our second economy of sentiment, and our third economy of physical energy." And this in spite of prejudice, ignorance and stupidity. " Reason," he adds, " is supreme ; and any restrictions on freedom of thought during peace-time will sow a crop of tares which will be fully reaped in war."

From this all-controlling law flow three principles of war—those of Control, of Pressure, of Resistance, which the remainder of the book deals.

To quote Colonel Fuller, his system can be concentrated into seven words—

" Cause—Object { Elements / Principles / Conditions } Objective—Result."

" The cause may be either the cause of a war or of an order received, and the result is the terms of peace or the effect of our actions in carrying out the order. The object is our intention, and the objective is gained when our intention is fulfilled. The elements are the forces at our disposal, and the conditions all forces which influence them ; and the principles are our guides, and the law of economy of force is our master."

The object of the book " is not to reform or reconstruct the military instrument, but instead to devise a piece of mental machinery which will enable any intelligent man to analyse existing military organizations and discover their defects . . . ; in other words . . to sort out military values." Colonel Fuller does not claim to have discovered a talisman to victory, nor that his book is the first and last word upon the Science of War. Rather it is a spade which breaks the crust of virgin soil rich in deposits. The author's ambition is likely to be achieved if his treatise becomes an incentive to fresh studies upon real and more valuable lines than is the case to-day when men must memorize the dry-bone details of campaigns rather than grasp the " why " and " how " of success and failure. Only by being reduced to a science and studied as such can the forces of war be correctly estimated and expended.

"The Foundations of the Science of War " is likely to rank beside Maine's " Ancient Law " and Darwin's " Origin of Species " in being,

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not the final evidence upon military science, comparative jurisprudence, or evolution respectively, but in promoting original methods of approaching a subject, creating new ideas, and in fomenting fresh controversies without which no branch of Science can be in a healthy condition. Stagnation, complacency, and tradition are as dangerous to Science as they are to Civilizations.

WITH THE BRITISH BATTLE FLEET. By COMMODORE G. VON SCHOULTZ, Commander-in-Chief of the Finnish Navy, Russian Attaché to the Grand Fleet, 1915-1918. Hutchinson.

Books upon the naval history of the Great War have hitherto come for the most part from the pens of individual participants, if not, as in the cases of Jellicoe and Scheer, of those actually in command. Inevitably they must give, more or less, a one-sided picture. Commodore Schoultz, although an ally, was not a participant in the strict sense of the word, but a naval observer and representative of Russia with the British Grand Fleet. His recollections now given to the public are an invaluable contribution to the naval history of the late war.

It is upon the subject of Jutland, however, that the value of his book is likely to depend. We have the matured and incisive judgment of an expert, who in his impartial criticism spares neither ally nor enemy, upon this now thoroughly debated battle. Jutland, " the greatest naval battle of the world in respect of the number of men engaged, the tonnage of ships, and the calibre of guns . . . was not a victory for England, but neither was it a defeat." It altered neither the strategy of the British nor of the Germans: the latter retired, never to emerge again in force till the dark day of November 21st, 1918; the former continued to maintain their close blockade of the German coast. Yet alike in favour of the Germans or of the British it was within an ace of being decisive.

As far as ships, guns and personnel went, the British were to the Germans as two is to one. That the former failed to bring about a complete victory Schoultz ascribes to four reasons.

The first was the " irony of fate " which denied the fast and heavily armed 5th Battle Squadron its proper chance. The damage to the *Barham* and in particular to the *Warspite* in the earlier phase of the battle was, in his opinion, " the reason why Admiral Evan Thomas did not follow Admiral Beatty's battle cruisers, but held on his former course N.N.E., which brought him, not at the head, but at the rear of the Grand Fleet. Consequently, the fighting in the evening found in the van of the British formation not, as had been intended, Admiral Evan Thomas's *Barham* Squadron, but Admiral Jerram's Squadron of the *King George* class. . . ." It appears, accordingly, to von Schoultz " not impossible that the damage sustained by the *Barham* and the *Warspite* was of decisive importance for the issue. For the whole action was fought out on the British side in one single line, and in this formation the leading ships play a particularly important rôle."

This reason leads to the second—the single-line battle formation adopted by the British Fleet. Such a line is difficult to handle, and still more difficult to adapt to the changing tactics on the part of the enemy. On the other hand, he admits that any other formation would

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have necessitated a greater number of destroyers than Jellicoe had at his disposal for warding off torpedo and submarine attacks. This respect for the enemy's auxiliary weapon, the torpedo, in his judgment, very much influenced British tactics, and went so far, indeed, " as to cause the British practically to disregard important tactical advantages enjoyed by the individual divisions of their own fleet." Jutland is no testimony of the advantages of a single line of battle.

In the third place he criticizes Jellicoe's deployment to port, which " undoubtedly delayed the moment of encounter with the enemy and so allowed him time, at this most critical moment of the whole battle, to grasp the situation . . . and to withdraw from the threatened and very dangerous envelopment of his van." On the other hand, he readily concedes that under the circumstances a deployment on the starboard would have involved too great a risk to the Fleet. The fault must be attributed to Admiral Beatty's incorrect reckoning of his position, which brought Jellicoe sooner than he had expected into touch with the enemy.

The fourth and last reason he attributes to the stubborn conservatism of the Admiralty. By 1914 the only naval war from which anything might usefully have been learnt was the Russo-Japanese War. Now, the lessons of this war, he insists, had been much more thoroughly laid to heart by the Germans. " It is probable that the British experts, owing to their conservatism and mistrust of all foreign experience, did not study these things with sufficient thoroughness, and, as they had no experience of modern warfare of their own to go upon, the development of British naval architecture was retarded." By broader beams, more powerful armour, better bulkheads and greater isolation of the magazines, the Germans had achieved a greater degree of " floatability " for their ships. Again, in his opinion, British shell construction was technically behind the times, and the retention by the Admiralty of high-explosive shells in preference to armour-piercing shells was very questionable policy. " The consequence of this was that the British shells did more damage to the superstructure . . . whereas the German shells proved more effective in contact with the vital parts of the ships."

He sums up his view of the battle in the following words : " Of the two sides the German leadership in the battle displayed the greater initiative. The manœuvring of the German Fleet was more varied and its battle formation more pliable. The British Fleet had to suffer from the clumsiness and stiffness of its battle line, and lacked mobility and initiative. The German leadership, on the other hand, showed insufficient staying power and determination in pressing home attacks that had begun, and was also without any clearly defined plan of action. . . . If, in short, the German Command had at once thrown in the Fleet and carried out what Admiral Scheer several times during the course of the evening and night fighting meant by his signal ' Durchhalte,' then the Battle of Jutland might have ended in a decisive German victory." As it was, " the German Fleet, which had opened the Battle of Jutland so successfully, had not sufficient staying power to force a decision, did not take advantage of the mistakes of its enemy, and so let slip what was perhaps its one opportunity during the whole

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war of inflicting on the numerically superior Fleet losses serious enough to affect the enemy's general strategic situation."

The book is full of interesting details and observations such as only a foreigner viewing things from an independent angle is able to give. He favourably contrasts the activity and cheerfulness of England with the despondency and gloom that hung over Russia even in 1915. Much of the last half of the book is devoted to considerations of the submarine warfare, wherein he attributes the failure of the Germans to their " want of offensive activity, due to the ever-increasing revolutionary movement within the German surface forces."

There are many good illustrations and numerous diagrams of the various stages of the Jutland Battle.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS TO FIELD SERVICE REGULATIONS. Vol. II. By BT.-MAJOR H. G. EADY, M.C., *p.s.c.*, Royal Engineers. Sifton Praed & Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d.

When officers read Field Service Regulations they are apt to regard the book as dull and uninteresting, and the perusing of it hardly a pastime. If taken, however, in conjunction with this admirable publication and its well-chosen examples (with maps) from Military History applicable to sections of Field Service Regulations, we feel assured that the study of the Principles of War will be facilitated, made more interesting and easier to remember. The author rightly claims for his work that it is an aid to the study of Military History in that it enables the reader to look for a particular type of campaign, battle or incident, and then to apply the illustration to the manual concerned. Thus it is clear that the book fulfils two objects of being first an aid to the study of Military History, and secondly a help in the reading of Field Service Regulations.

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We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following periodicals :—

*La Cooperazione delle Armi.*
*The St. George's Gazette.*
*The Faugh-a-Ballagh.*
*The R.A.F. Diary.*

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**GENERAL SIR GEORGE WENTWORTH ALEXANDER HIGGINSON, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.**

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# *The* FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. III JULY, 1926 No. 2

## EDITORIAL

**The General Strike.**

Since last we went to press the General Strike has come and gone. Except to state with due apologies that it delayed the issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES by one month, we do not propose to dwell long upon a subject of which most of us are now tired, and one which after all does not intrinsically concern the fighting forces of the Crown. Quite rightly, the Government regarded the General Strike as an attempt forcibly to alter, if not to overthrow completely, the Constitution, and to substitute (at least in the minds of its extreme exponents) mob for parliamentary rule. No less rightly did the Government regard the strike as essentially a civilian attack upon the civil liberties of the country, and one to be met with civilian means. The Cabinet kept its head at a moment when it might with good excuse have lost it, and refused to employ the armed forces save for the preservation of life and property and for ensuring the nation's food supplies. The Cabinet was amply justified in this attitude. The police and the Special Constabulary proved adequate for the preservation of order, as the civil population did for carrying on the necessary services. Thus when the collapse came the Government could proudly boast of having steered the country through the greatest of all her great industrial crises without a shot being fired. And in their defeat the extremist cannot impute their *debacle* to militarism—they were routed not by the steel bayonet, but by the good sense and stolid determination of the citizen population. Truly are we



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a wonderful nation. What other could have passed through such a ten days with so bloodless a record? And we have reaped our reward. At no time before, during or after the war has British prestige stood so high upon the continents of Europe and America as it does to-day. It will be an evil day alike for Britain and her prestige when its Government can only preserve itself and the Constitution by the aid of the machine gun, the tank, and the bayonet.

* * *

Many amusing names and mottoes, some very much reminiscent of the war, were chalked upon the window-shattered omnibuses during the strike. Perhaps the best of all was one that had a service flavour and is not here out of place for the benefit of oversea readers:

"Join the Air Force and see the World."
"Join this 'bus and see the next."

* * *

**The "American" Great War.**

Nothing illustrates the trans-Atlantic mind better than the American "war" film, "The Big Parade," now showing to astonished British audiences at one of the leading London cinemas. Whether the producer of this masterpiece ever got nearer the Western Front than Los Angeles may be a matter of doubt, but what can be confidently stated is that he has a sturdy patriotism reinforced by a lively imagination. How else to explain the extraordinary spectacle of American troops marching boldly but blindly in fours through a wood and against the enemy, or throwing themselves manfully against barbed wire entanglements without artillery preparation; or, last and by no means least, of omitting to "feature" a solitary British or French soldier? For the farmers of New England and the Babbitts of the Middle West, "The Big Parade" is doubtless an excellent and inspiring fare, but for a country that lost more men in one month on Passchendaele than the United States lost in the whole war the film is as insulting as it is unconvincing. The more so as the United States will not even deign to reciprocity in the matter of war films. The great British epic "Ypres" was refused general distribution in the States unless American soldiers could be incorporated into the film. This, happily, was too much even for the patient British. *American troops at Ypres!*

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**An Imperial Defence College.**

The Earl of Balfour has made the important announcement in the House of Lords that the Government is about to inaugurate an Imperial Defence College. This, it is clear from his remarks, is substantially the Combined War College advocated in THE FIGHTING FORCES so long ago as June, 1924. He also alluded at some length to existing measures for co-ordinating the three Services and reiterated the Government's decision not to set up a Ministry of Defence, but to continue to develop closer relations between the three Chiefs and their Staffs, and to make full use of the existing Committee of Imperial Defence.

In general, it is clear, the Government is working on the lines advocated in the article on "Practical Co-operation between the Services" which appeared in our last December number, but, as pointed out therein, co-operation, to be effective, must be continuous through all stages from top to bottom.

In connection with the establishment of an Imperial Defence College it is curious to note the confusion of thought in the minds of those whom we see from time to time advocating a "Combined Staff College." It is generally recognized in the Services that the métier of a Staff College is to turn out officers who will be useful cogs in the machinery of "command," trained assistants capable of relieving their future Chiefs of the details of executive control, organization and administration. If from time to time the Military Staff College has shown a tendency to exceed this standard and to endeavour to turn out budding Commanders-in-Chief, it has been due to the fact that the Army has never had any higher school of war than the Staff College. Here the Navy leads in providing an establishment for senior officers to study war in its wider aspects. The new "War College," if it materializes, will probably be on the lines of the existing Naval War College, but enlarged to include proportional representation by all three Services. At present only one or two officers of the sister Services are attached to each Naval War Course.

Such an establishment will not, however, entirely fulfil its mission until not only senior naval, army and air force officers, but budding Ministers of State are included among its students. Anyone who doubts this should read Lieut.-General Ellison's recently-published book, "The Perils of



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Amateur Strategy," which, using the Dardanelles campaign as the great tragic example of the misdirection of war, shows vividly how such calamities can only be avoided by true co-operation between *Statesmen* and warriors. Such co-operation can only be ensured if they meet on such common ground as this College would provide before attaining the most exalted positions of responsibility.

* * *

**The Admiralty and Publicity.**

We notice with considerable satisfaction that two important aspects of naval affairs, dealt with in these notes, have since been elaborated in two well-known contemporaries. In the March number of THE FIGHTING FORCES it was emphasized that the Navy of to-day is suffering from two things, the apathy of the general public towards sea security, and an Admiralty top-heavy with an overgrown and dangerously powerful civil staff.

With regard to the first, it was remarked that the authorities in Whitehall, far from enlightening the nation in naval matters, seem to do their utmost to surround the Service and its doings with a veil of secrecy quite out of keeping with modern times. In the May number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Archibald Hurd has pursued the same theme in an arresting article entitled " Are we losing Faith in Sea Power ?" In the course of his observations he says :—" M.P.s appear to be more and more inclined to think in terms of air power instead of sea power, and for that change in outlook the Admiralty has been largely responsible. It cloaks all that it thinks and all that it does in an atmosphere of mystery, while the Air Ministry courts, and even contrives, occasions for publicity. " The man in the street," he adds, " is, consequently, no longer interested in the Fleet and pays little or no heed to the plaintive and patriotic warnings in which the Navy League indulges from time to time."

* * *

**The Navy League.**

There was a time when the education of the nation in matters maritime was well attended to by a live and influential Navy League. That admirable organization very nearly expired soon after the war, and is only now struggling painfully back to convalescence. Since the parlous days before the

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passing of the great Naval Defence Act there never has been greater need for a powerful Navy League than there is to-day ; for, in the absence of official guidance, it is the sole authority to keep constantly before the public what sea security means to this country, and how that security is to be assured. It would serve no good purpose to belittle the gallant efforts which the working members of the Navy League are making to-day to restore it and all it stands for to their rightful place, but we cannot help thinking those efforts would be far more successful if the Executive at headquarters was strengthened and rejuvenated. At present much-needed reformation and enterprise are impeded by the paralysing rule that one-third of the members (of the Executive Committee) shall retire annually . . . *but shall be eligible for re-election.* This may be a convenient arrangement for directors of companies who have large vested interested, but in the voluntary management of what should be a great patriotic concern of ever-growing prosperity and influence, it is liable to result in stagnation and the survival of the well-meaning but unfit.

* * *

**The Real Naval Incubus.**

The other publication to second the views expressed in these notes is the *Quarterly Review*. An article in the April issue entitled " The Real Naval Incubus " is causing much fluttering in the Admiralty Civil Service dovecots, and gives chapter and verse for our contention that the administration of the Sea Service is top-heavy with a needlessly large civil staff, and that Civil Service influence is so strong that the Sea Lords are powerless to make reductions in this staff. The article quotes extensively from the famous Esher Report, which brought about the reformation of the War Office, and shows how section after section of that Report applies to the " false system " in vogue at the Admiralty to-day. The writer, who remains anonymous, might have been even more outspoken and have stated categorically, what is a fact, that the whole system of finance and the degree of civilian control in the Admiralty office are regarded with amazement, not unmixed with contempt, by the sister Service on the other side of Whitehall.

There is an element of humour in the fact that a most celebrated Sea Lord, the late Lord Fisher, was instrumental in ridding the War Office of a " false system," but was no

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more successful than his predecessors or his successors in purging his own Augean stable. The Esher Committee, of which he was an influential member, professed to have remodelled the military side of the War Office on the lines of the Admiralty. Perhaps it will be left to a distinguished General to remodel the civil side of the Admiralty on the lines of the War Office!

* * *

**Fleet Doings.**

In Home Waters the programme of the Atlantic Fleet has been entirely upset by the General Strike. It is always the policy of the Admiralty to hold the Navy aloof from the turmoils and troubles of the labour world as far as possible; but at a time of great national emergency the "armed forces of the Crown" must be ready as a last resort, so ships were disposed round the coast at focal points, and naval parties and specialist ratings in a number of places assisted, quietly and unostentatiously, to preserve order and carry on vital services. The sailor, generally speaking, rather likes these "picnic parties," which break something of the monotony of routine; moreover, if it comes to the point, he can display a steadiness and precision under arms worthy of the Guards.

Some slight stir has been caused in the Mediterranean Fleet by the sudden collapse of the Commander-in-Chief's flagship, the great *Queen Elizabeth*, the first of her class, and perhaps the most hard worked. Some of her essential internal fittings were found to be in such a worn state that a prolonged refit could not be further delayed. Sir Roger Keyes and his staff have therefore been put to the inconvenience of transferring to the *Warspite*. That battleship is the first of the *Queen Elizabeth* class to be fitted with "bulges." She has just completed a long sojourn in dockyard hands for this and other large alterations, some of which cannot be said to be improvements from the point of view of appearance.

* * *

**Promotion.**

The Secretary of State for War announced in the House of Commons on March 15th that promotion above the rank of Major would be by rigid selection; when a regimental commander had to be chosen, first consideration would be given to the senior officers in that regiment, but consideration would also be

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given to officers of the same rank of other regiments who had been recommended for accelerated promotion. This is practically a step towards placing the majors of the Cavalry and Infantry on a general list of their respective arms for purposes of promotion, and is undoubtedly very sound.

The whole crux of the matter is that in peace time it is so exceedingly hard to say whether or no an officer is so much better than his fellows as to justify his being recommended for accelerated promotion. One remembers cases of pre-war officers who had risen in rank by accelerated promotion, who were Staff College graduates and universally regarded as officers of quite exceptional merit. Yet as commanders during the Great War many such proved failures, while other individuals, regarded in peace time as of quite ordinary calibre, turned out a shining success. However, that was before the days of the Senior Officers' School. The S.O.S. is undoubtedly the most valuable institution the Army possesses, for in it there does unquestionably exist an unequalled means of assessing an officer's character. In the three months' course, not only can his abilities as a leader, as an instructor, and as a man-of-the-world be assessed, but they can be, and are, assessed for purposes of accelerated promotion, in a much more impartial manner than in the somewhat family-circle atmosphere of a unit, or even of a Brigade, Divisional or Command Headquarters.

An officer's war record as a *leader* must, of course, outweigh everything else ; but the point we wish to make is that, apart from war records, the S.O.S. report should be the prime factor in governing a major's chances of promotion, and the fact that the S.O.S. is tucked away in a one-horse place like Sheerness makes one rather doubtful whether this is the case, to say nothing of the rumour which reaches us that the Belgaum establishment may be abolished.

* * *

**Junior Officers' School.**

But there should undoubtedly be a Junior Officers' School as well. It is the ultra-conservatism of our ideas which is our great military stumbling-block and makes the officer class a fair target for the gibes of critics like Mr. F. Britten Austin. At about thirty-two years of age a man's ideas are beginning to crystallize. If at about this age an officer were to go to a Junior Officers' School, his whole outlook

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on life would be freshened up and he would shed the scales which are beginning to form, and which, if he remains stolidly with his unit, may soon convert him into a hard-baked crustacean. Of course, the Staff College does its bit in this freshening-up process of a small proportion of our officers, but only of a very small proportion. What the Army needs above everything else are *leaders*—capable, imaginative *leaders* with modern ideas—and our firm belief is that a Senior Officers' School plus a Junior Officers' School, both of them stationed at Aldershot, is the best means of producing them.

* * *

**Economy.**

The rigid economist will immediately turn down the above suggestion on the scope of expense. If it is granted that the proposition is sound, then we can at once offer another suggestion to enable the necessary expense to be met many times over. The item which costs far more than anything else in the Army Estimates is *the man*—the man who draws his wages week after week, who absorbs government rations, who has to be housed and equipped and provided with coal and light. The effectiveness of the mere rifleman, *i.e.*, the man armed with a non-automatic weapon—the P.B.I.—in the European war of the future is surely open to doubt. Personally we have no doubt whatsoever that the establishment of an Infantry Battalion could be reduced without in any way impairing its efficiency. Our economy plan on these lines is as follows :—

(1) Abolition of the Infantry Depots as suggested in Major J. H. Piper's admirable article in the last number of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

(2) Storage of reservist kit and care of reservists on mobilization prior to dispatch to their units to be the duty of the staff—augmented if necessary—of Territorial battalions.

(3) Sale of all Depot property other than that required by the Territorials for their additional duties on mobilization as above.

(4) Abolition of two companies and introduction of a depot company in all battalions on the Home establishment.

(5) The remaining two companies of home battalions to be maintained at full war establishment strength, which would have at least this advantage: that during training company commanders would have real companies to play

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with instead of the skeletons they have to-day. And, moreover, they could make sure of having second captains and a decent proportion of subalterns at their disposal, instead of having to endure the harassing experiences so delightfully pictured in " A Good Morning's Work " in the present issue.

(6) The Headquarter Wing to remain as at present.

(7) Abolition of one company in the case of battalions abroad ; thus, in the case of a home battalion going abroad, its depot company would become an ordinary company, and, conversely, a foreign battalion returning home would turn one of its companies into a depot company—a matter of no great difficulty.

We have not attempted to go into details and cost accountancy is not our strong point, but if some military accountant were to work out the saving on the above scheme we believe it would amount to a huge figure.

* * *

**The Weight of the Attack.**

There is quite a considerable school of thought which regards the present Infantry organization as lacking in weight and assault power. It is undoubtedly lacking in weight, but what is the remedy they suggest ? Nothing less than to organize companies on the basis of one light automatic platoon and three rifle platoons, these latter presumably furnishing the necessary " weight." Actually, certain battalions have been ordered to experiment with this new organization. We cannot believe, with the lessons of the Somme before us, that it is still proposed to carry out the assault with unarmoured riflemen in the European war of the future, and yet this experiment seems to point in this direction. Whatever may be the case in intersected and wooded country, in Arab or Indian Frontier warfare, Infantry is not the arm which is going to win battles in open country against a modern European enemy. The weight of the attack must be, not a piled-up flesh and blood, but a mechanicalized weight.

This no doubt is rank heresy against Field Service Regulations and tradition, and in the Army traditions die hard. Good old P.B.I. Of course, there will be a tank or two in the next great war, but " Damn it, sir, the Infantry will still do their duty !" and do the Queen of Battle stunt. God help them !

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Colonel J. Brown has written an article in the present issue on " Territorial Annual Training." Though we fully agree with all he says in regard to the conditions that go to the making of the ideal camping site, we feel the question of expense alone must necessarily rule out many of the desiderata of the camp he pictures.

**Territorial Camps.**

But it has always seemed an extraordinary thing to us that there is so little co-ordination between Regulars and Territorials in this matter. As a general rule, Regular Brigades leave their barracks for Divisional Training Camps in the fall of the year, and it should not be impossible to arrange for Territorial units to occupy the barracks vacated by such Regular Brigades in their absence. Think of the comfort of a Territorial Brigade quartered for its Annual Camp at, shall we say, Bordon or Blackdown. Good training ground, good accommodation, good recreation grounds, a Garrison Cinema, instead of, for example, the horrible camp at Swingate which so many Territorials in the Eastern Command are fated to occupy year after year.

But even when it is not possible to co-ordinate the movements of Regulars and Territorials, it would surely not be impossible, with a few tents to help things out, for a Territorial battalion to be quartered in the same barracks as a Regular battalion. It might mean a bit of " piling up " in barracks for a short space, but what would that matter ? It would lead to much good camaraderie, more especially in cases where battalions of the same Regiment were together ; the Territorials would have a chance of seeing something of the equipment of modern warfare, tanks, aeroplanes, mechanicalized batteries, etc. ; and generally it would promote a cordial inter-relationship between the two branches of the Army, which is at present so lacking.

Regulars live very much in closed compartments, engrossed in their own particular job ; but, all said and done, the efficiency of the Fighting Forces of the United Kingdom as a whole is of more importance than the efficiency of individual units, and what might be a slight loss to the Regulars would be an immense gain to the Territorials.

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**Civil Aviation : Air Traffic Statistics.** The accompanying table shows British Air Traffic on all routes from 1919 to 1925, International and Foreign Stages.

| Year. | Passengers carried, Great Britain and Continent. | International and Foreign Stages only. | Cargo (Tons). |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1919 ... ... | 870 | — | 35 |
| 1920 ... ... | 5,799 | — | 120 |
| 1921 ... ... | 5,256 | — | 43 |
| 1922 ... ... | 9,490 | (903) | 183 |
| 1923 ... ... | 11,947 | (3,605) | 326 |
| 1924 ... ... | 10,456 | (3,145) | 541 |
| 1925 ... ... | 10,602 | (3,466) | 455 |
| | 54,420 | 11,119 | 1,703 |
| | 65,539 | | |

FOREIGN (GREAT BRITAIN AND CONTINENT ONLY).

| Year. | Passengers. | Cargo (Tons). |
|---|---|---|
| 1919 ... ... | 52 | — |
| 1920 ... ... | 584 | — |
| 1921 ... ... | 5,475 | — |
| 1922 ... ... | 2,869 | 295 |
| 1923 ... ... | 3,189 | 499 |
| 1924 ... ... | 7,402 | 391 |
| 1925 ... ... | 10,119 | 438 |
| | 29,690 | 1,623 |

The outstanding feature in the above table is that, whereas the traffic carried on British lines for the three latter years has been more or less stable, foreign traffic has shown a marked increase. Non-progress in British air traffic may have been accounted for by the reorganization which has proceeded during the latter three years. Now that this reorganization has been completed and the company operating the Lines has been re-equipped with new and more efficient machines, a marked increase in traffic is to be hoped for. There is little doubt that the reorganization has placed the company on a sound operating basis, and rapid progress is likely to result. It is hoped that the British Air

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Lines will hold their own in the matter of the Cross-Channel services. One imagines that we cannot hope to compete successfully on the Continent for economic reasons alone. The growth of Civil Aviation on the Continent of Europe is remarkable. Germany undoubtedly leads the way, with France a fair second. This progress is not, however, confined to these two countries, for all the states of Europe are becoming actively engaged in running Air Lines. The importance of this from a military point of view cannot be too strongly emphasized. It must be realized that the organization, personnel and plant that it entails can be rapidly turned over to war purposes. Writing on "Aviation in Peace and War," Major-General Sir F. H. Sykes lays great stress on this aspect of the problem. He says: "In the future our security will depend upon superiority in the air, as it has depended in the past upon our superiority at sea. This superiority in the air can only be obtained in the same way in which we secured our supremacy at sea. That supremacy was not really gained by developing great navies. It was gained by our mercantile marine, *which made great navies possible*. Our future security can only be gained by the development of commercial aviation."

It is satisfactory to learn that the Cairo to Cape service flight has already accomplished one of the objects for which it was designed. The immediate effect has been to create a better understanding of the potentialities of air transport and of the value of *mobile air units* within the Empire. We understand that this subject is to occupy a prominent place in the agenda at the forthcoming Imperial Conference.

**R.A.F. Commands.**

The details of the reorganization of the fighting and training units of the Royal Air Force, necessitated to meet the requirements of the Home Defence scheme, is set forth in the organization table below. The main alteration to the existing organization is the regrouping of units on a functional basis, replacing the existing administration of units on a geographical basis. Embodied in the new organization is the grouping of all Home Defence Units under the sole control of an Air Officer Commanding Air Defences of Great Britain. It will be seen from the subjoined table that the new Areas and Groups each have well-defined duties. The organization of units would now appear to have been placed on a

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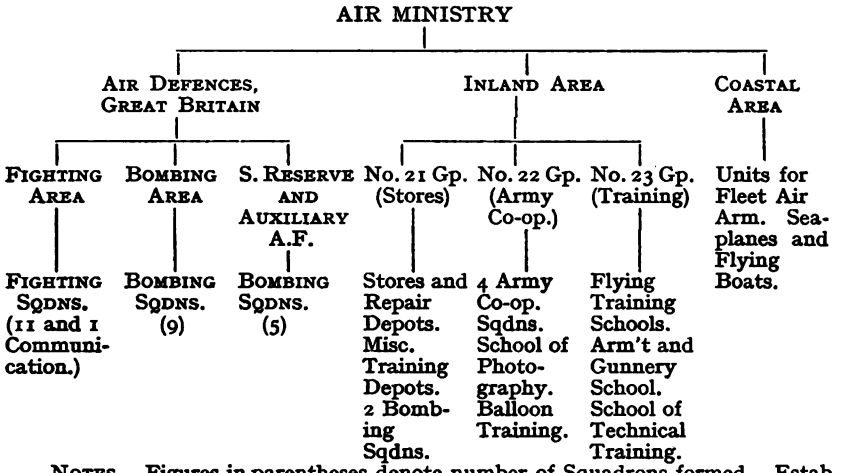
sounder administrative basis, and one that is more adapted to meet the requirements of training and war conditions.


AIR MINISTRY
AIR DEFENCES, GREAT BRITAIN
INLAND AREA
COASTAL AREA
FIGHTING AREA
BOMBING AREA
S. RESERVE AND AUXILIARY A.F.
No. 21 Gp. (Stores)
No. 22 Gp. (Army Co-op.)
No. 23 Gp. (Training)
Units for Fleet Air Arm. Seaplanes and Flying Boats.
FIGHTING SQDNS. (11 and 1 Communication.)
BOMBING SQDNS. (9)
BOMBING SQDNS. (5)
Stores and Repair Depots. Misc. Training Depots. 2 Bombing Sqdns.
4 Army Co-op. Sqdns. School of Photography. Balloon Training.
Flying Training Schools. Arm't and Gunnery School. School of Technical Training.

NOTES.—Figures in parentheses denote number of Squadrons formed. Establishments administered direct by Air Ministry not included in above table.

* * *

A correspondent writes from Berlin :—

Until Germany is freed from the fetters of the Versailles Treaty, her bigger neighbours will remain interested rather in her military potentialities than in her military actualities. Those potentialities are of two kinds, the human and the material. Of the latter we know very little, for the compulsion of Versailles has confined German work on the development of the engines of warfare to laboratories and hiding-places. The human potentialities are, however, more apparent. They are to be found, in the first place, in the militant organizations affiliated in the great federation known as the United Patriotic Associations (Vereinigte Vaterländische Verbände). According to a recent article in the *Vossische Zeitung*, this federation now comprises about 140 individual associations, and their aggregate membership is estimated by the leaders of the counter-organization of republicanism at not more than 1,500,000. The Patriotic Associations exist under a number of different disguises. Many of them are camouflaged as sporting clubs. But their affiliation removes enough of the veil to reveal their essential character, for they are all based on " the defence idea." Now, it is one of the favourite maxims of German soldiers that " the best form of defence is attack," and, though no doubt some of the Patriotic Associations are, in themselves, quite harmless bodies, which have

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but very vague aims before their eyes in their endeavours to cultivate martial virtues by swinging Indian clubs and knocking down ninepins, there can be no doubt that, in their collective constitution, they are animated by a very lively spirit of aggression. Possibly no better proof of this is needed than the fact that General von der Goltz, who has never got over his chagrin at being prevented by the Allies from using the Baltic States as a base of operations against republican Berlin, is the President of the Federation.

The direction of the aggressiveness of the Patriotic Associations is as diverse as its volume, though they are all generally monarchist and in favour of a military dictatorship as an inevitable prelude to restoration. In periods of political calm, the specific objectives of their attack change with the phases of the moon. Then, even Bolshevism is not universally recognized as a common enemy, for leading members, if not entire organizations, have at times been quite willing to come to terms with it in order to " down " the French. When not under the influence of a particular stimulus, some of the associations most want to kill Socialists, others Jews—these are a specially numerous section—others Frenchmen, and others—especially on the eastern frontier—Poles. But the direction in periods of lull matters very little, for experience has shown that, when the stimulus of popular excitement is supplied, all the associations can be very smartly concentrated on a single goal. There have been signs recently that it would be possible, in no very prolonged space of time, to concentrate them against us, if only the French would make them a really alluring offer, though that is not pertinent to the present purpose, which is merely to show that these organizations are more or less strenuously cultivating in the rising generation of Germans a belligerent spirit, which, after all, is the most effective and dangerous of all weapons of war. Were their country to be plunged into an international armed conflict, it is certain that the members of the Patriotic Associations would join up to a man—not necessarily out of individual conviction, but because the German is a slave to his social or corps environment—and even their slight acquaintance with military forms and weapons would save the drill sergeant and the musketry instructor a good deal of trouble.

The arming of the Patriotic Associations is highly diverse, and in no case is it immediately dangerous to anyone outside

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Germany. That is doubtless the reason why the Allies do not think it worth while drawing attention to the fact that the toleration (not to say encouragement) of these organizations is a clear breach of Article 177 of the Peace Treaty. Most of the Associations must be content with steel-pointed walking-sticks, with which they mimic both swords and rifles on their parades, or crack the pates of intercepted Communists. Some have rifles, with which they clandestinely exercise and practice, and a few even artillery. But for the outside world a few thousand rifles, a few hundred machine-guns, and a few dozen rusty field pieces are not a very formidable menace. Of considerably greater significance than their arms are their connections with the Reichswehr, and the article in the *Vossische Zeitung* already quoted had interesting things to say on this point. It is, of course, no secret that the Patriotic Associations hope to get control of Germany by being called in to help to suppress a Communist rising, but, according to this article, their " activist " wing now demands that, in the eventuality mentioned, they should operate as a completely independent force, directly subordinated to the chief command, and not be merely absorbed by the Reichswehr. In the negotiations with officers of the Reichswehr, however, this condition has been refused, and in consequence the relations between Germany's regular forces and her " secret army " have become somewhat strained. But these amenities concern only the first, and internal, stage of the process of restoring Germany to her former position of military might and truculence.

That first stage would call into action another force, which, though professedly directed against everything for which the Patriotic Associations stand, cannot be altogether ignored in the consideration of Germany's human military potentialities. The oddly-named Reichsbanner Schwarz-Rot-Gold was called into existence by Hörsing, the energetic Socialist Chief Prefect of the Prussian Province of Saxony, expressly as a counterblast to the Patriotic Associations, and it is at present much the most powerful specifically republican factor in Germany. It was founded in February, 1924, and has had an astonishingly rapid growth, as the following figures of its membership will show :—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| August 24th, 1924 | ... | ... | ... | 1,000,000 |
| February 22nd, 1925 | ... | ... | ... | 2,500,000 |
| February 22nd, 1926 | ... | ... | ... | 3,600,000 |

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It is claimed that these figures include only "active members"—that is to say, those who did military service during the war. Many of the leading members are zealous pacifists, and the quite sincerely avowed aims of the Reichsbanner are: (1) To prevent the spread of monarchical ideas; (2) to combat the nationalistic organizations; and (3) to influence the Government in the direction of international conciliation. At the same time, the Reichsbanner itself is—as it, of course, must be, if it is to be equal to its task—organized on military models, and it is even uniformed in a rough-and-ready way. And circumstances are thinkable in which it, too, might prove a very useful reservoir of man power, from which to expand the Reichswehr into a really formidable army. The relations between the Reichsbanner and the Patriotic Associations are doubtless very strained, but, after all, it is only a family quarrel, and, however acute such dissensions may be, they are rapidly reconciled by outside interference. And just as the Reichsbanner, though professedly pacifist, is ready to fight for the republican form, so it might also be ready to fight for the German substance.

Fears in Western Europe that the Berlin Treaty conceals an agreement between Germany and Russia for joint military action can be due only to ignorance of Bolshevism and the Bolsheviks. Germany is not ignorant of these things. She is in the position of a man living next door to a burning house, while we are not even in the same street. Indeed, we can say more, for the flames have several times spread to her premises, and have done serious damage before they could be got under. Because she has a very immediate and vital interest in doing so, Germany knows very well what is going on at the main seat of the conflagration, and what the developments there are likely to be. She knows, for example, that it is, and must be, the policy of the Bolsheviks sooner or later to carry their methods of government to other countries, and that, though the attempts to do this have for the present been postponed, they will be renewed the moment they offer any prospects of success. Further, she knows that whatever might be its ostensible purpose, any Russian Army which crossed her frontiers would come as a Bolshevik crusade, and with the intention to stay till the soviet system had been established on her soil. But of what avail would a military alliance with Russia be for Germany if she dare not allow the Muscovite millions to cross her territory to the Rhine? The

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truth is that the Berlin Treaty is a purely business transaction, concluded by two fundamentally irreconcilable parties on a background of mutual suspicion and duplicity. Apart from momentary urgent embarrassments, Germany wants the inexhaustible market of a future non-Bolshevik Russia, and the Bolsheviks want the technical and financial assistance of a future Communist Germany. On such a basis far-reaching joint military plans between Russia and Germany are quite out of the question.

* * *

We offer our heartiest congratulations to that very gallant soldier, General Sir George Higginson, who on the 21st June celebrated his hundredth birthday. Retaining complete mental and physical activity, he now stands one of the last remaining links with the pre-Crimean Army—the Army of the 'Forties. It is remarkable, indeed, that in Sir George we have one still with us who served under soldiers who fought in the Napoleonic Wars, and who met others whose memories went back to the eighteenth century.



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# THE BRITISH FLEETS AT SEA, 1914—1926

By Archibald Hurd.

THERE is no mistaking the change in the attitude of the nation towards the Navy since the Great War was brought to a victorious close, the German High Seas Fleet being defeated and the enemy's submarines mastered. It is an indication of the limited interest which is taken in naval matters that the nation has remained indifferent to the drastic reductions which have been effected in the strength of the Navy, and equally indifferent to the manner in which the Admiralty, faced with a world-wide problem of defence and having at its command smaller forces than at any period in modern times, is distributing the personnel and materiel.

For several generations the British islanders existed under the threat of invasion from overseas. This menace exerted a powerful influence on naval policy. Towards the end of the last century, as the Navy Lists of that period reveal, large armoured vessels, described as coastguard and portguard ships, with quite inadequate crews, swung at their anchors in the principal harbours of the British Isles, proceeding to sea only at infrequent intervals. The Channel Fleet was also unready for war, owing to the fact that its manning arrangements were such as to involve paying the ships off, replacing the large number of boys under training by reservists, and then recommissioning the vessels. Under this scheme, even though faith in the Martello towers along the shores of the English Channel had worn thin, the fears of the nation as to the danger of invasion were to some extent allayed. The details of this picture were filled in by the War Office, which let it be known that the Regular Army, supported by the Volunteers, would defend British hearths and homes against the invader if, by mischance, he should elude the vigilance of the Channel Squadron and the coastguard and portguard ships. The whole scheme was a delusion and a snare, a denial of the doctrine of sea power, but it alloyed public alarm. This organization of home defence was, by some strange anomaly, associated with an apparent appreciation of

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the world-wide responsibilities of the British Navy, for it was an established principle, honoured by successive admiralties, that a large and well-manned Fleet should be maintained in the Mediterranean, and that the British flag should be shown in considerable strength in the outer seas, and especially in the wide spaces of the Pacific Ocean. It was conceded that heavily laden British ships proceeding on their lawful occasions needed protection if the over-crowded population of this country, dependent on food and raw materials from overseas, was not to starve.

When the Great War broke over the country in 1914, the fears of invasion had been subordinated to the more correct appreciation of the situation which had been preached and practised at the Admiralty and at the War Office during the immediately preceding years. The danger of invasion, involving troopships crowded with soldiers approaching our shores, became so negligible a factor that within a few days of the outbreak of war, four of the six divisions of the Expeditionary Force had been sent across the Channel, to be followed after a short interval by the other two divisions; and in no long time the country was denuded even of the Territorial Army, which had been created out of the elements of the Volunteer Force of Victorian days. The whole country was left without trained military forces of any sort or description, though the reorganized Fleet had disappeared into the northern mists. And yet, in the course of the subsequent four and a half years or more, not a single alien soldier obtained a footing on our coast. The sea communications were interrupted, but to only a slight extent, by surface vessels. The intensive submarine campaign, which inconvenienced us for a time and proved the undoing of Germany since it brought America into the war, became the test. We survived it. The nation was provided with a supreme vindication of the value of sea power.

But the country was invaded, nevertheless, but by air. Airships and aeroplanes raided the coast, dropped bombs over London, and even penetrated far inland. In these circumstances the new fear of invasion by airmen replaced the old fear of invasion by soldiers. The impressions which were inherited from those years of ordeal have continued to exercise a dominating influence on the public mind, with the result that in all its schemes of expansion the Air Ministry has had behind it a large body of public opinion, while the



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Admiralty in its endeavours to save the Fleet practically from extinction, has been fighting a rearguard action against overwhelming odds, in spite of the continuing danger on the 80,000 miles of trade routes.

Finance governs defence, and, under consistent pressure on the part of every Government—Coalition, Socialist and Conservative—supported by the majority of the members of the House of Commons, the money voted for the Fleet was cut down from year to year until 1923. The Naval Staff was at last compelled by regard to the highest domestic and Imperial interests to come to a stand on the question of cruiser replacement. The naval authorities were fortunate at this crisis in enlisting the co-operation of successive First Lords—Mr. L. S. Amery, Viscount Chelmsford, and Mr. W. G. Bridgeman. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Philip Snowden, no friends of the Navy, capitulated in 1924 when confronted with the clear issue which the Board of Admiralty presented to them as to the necessity of building new cruisers to take the place on the trade routes of the vessels which, having been submitted to continuous war service, were approaching obsolescence. It thus happened that the Socialist administration, at the risk of revolt on the part of its followers, sought the authority of the House of Commons to lay the keels of five cruisers. It was a beginning, but only a beginning. The enemies of the Navy began to mobilize their forces to resist further progress. It was a stroke of good fortune that, when Mr. Baldwin formed his Government after the election of 1924, Mr. Winston Churchill, who was serving as First Lord of the Admiralty at the outbreak of the war, was invited to become Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pledged to a policy of rigid economy, Mr. Churchill might have counted upon a large measure of popularity not only in the House of Commons, but throughout the country if he had, at the outset, made opposition to any programme of cruiser building a test question, staking his political future on the issue. He resisted that temptation. The problem was submitted to examination by a committee of the Cabinet, and in the result the Government gave its approval to a five years' project, involving an outlay of £58,000,000; while, on its part, the Admiralty undertook to effect the utmost economies under other naval Votes.

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TABLE I.—CRUISER BUILDING PROGRAMME.

| | 1925-26. | 1926-27. | 1927-28. | 1928-29. | 1929-30. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Cruisers : | | | | | |
| Class A ... ... ... | 4 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Class B ... ... ... | — | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Aircraft Carriers ... ... | — | — | — | — | 1 |
| Destroyers ... ... ... | — | — | 9 | 9 | 9 |
| Submarines, "O" type ... | — | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 |
| ,, Fleet type ... | — | — | — | — | 1 |
| Gunboats ... ... ... | 4 | — | — | 1 | — |
| Motor Launches ... ... | — | 4 | — | — | — |
| Submarine Depot Ships ... | — | 1 | — | 1 | — |
| Net-layer ... ... ... | — | — | — | — | 1 |
| Repair Ship ... ... ... | — | 1 | — | — | — |
| Floating Dock ... ... ... | 1 | — | — | — | — |

In these circumstances the decline of British naval strength which had gone on since the close of the war, was arrested, as the following figures indicate :—

TABLE II.—NAVY VOTES, 1914–27.

| Years. | Average Numbers Borne. | Wages, etc., of Officers and Men. | Total Expenditure. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | £ | £ |
| 1914-15 ... | 199,451 | 13,637,330 | 103,301,862 |
| 1915-16 ... | 297,008 | 24,321,519 | 205,733,597 |
| 1916-17 ... | 349,578 | 29,399,358 | 209,877,218 |
| 1917-18 ... | 406,977 | 37,559,536 | 227,388,891 |
| 1918-19 ... | 381,311 | 46,373,511 | 334,091,227 |
| 1919-20 ... | 176,087 | 32,385,306 | 154,084,044 |
| 1920-21 ... | 124,009 | 21,314,360 | 92,505,290 |
| 1921-22 ... | 127,180 | 19,220,859 | 75,986,141 |
| 1922-23 ... | 121,400 | 15,856,000 | 57,492,389 |
| 1923-24 ... | 100,923 | 14,055,700 | 54,064,350 |
| 1924-25 ... | 100,787 | 14,245,000 | 55,693,787 |
| 1925-26* ... | 103,025 | 14,890,300 | 60,500,100 |
| 1926-27* ... | 103,125 | 14,718,000 | 58,100,000 |

In presenting the Estimates for the current financial year, the First Lord explained briefly the steps which had been taken to enable the cruiser programme to be undertaken, with a simultaneous reduction in the total Navy Votes.

The fact that the Estimates for next year show a reduction of £2,400,100, in spite of the large increase on new construction and other upward tendencies, is due to the important decisions which have been taken by the Board of Admiralty in the last nine months with a view to economy. Owing to these decisions, and by postponement of expenditure in certain directions, countervailing reductions have been

* Estimates.

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effected, either directly or by resulting administrative economies, of upwards of £5,000,000. They were rendered possible only by the adoption of a settled programme of new construction over a period of years, and by the favourable aspect of the political horizon. But for this I should have been obliged to ask Parliament for a net total of some £63,000,000.

The Admiralty, it is apparent from these figures, has fought its rearguard action with a measure of success which at one time seemed unattainable in view of the strain on the finances of the nation and the heavy burden of taxation which the country is supporting. The naval authorities are now left with forces tragically reduced below the level which it was hoped only a few years ago Parliament might authorize them to maintain. The extent to which the policy of retrenchment has reacted on the materiel of the Fleet is indicated in the following table, showing the number of ships in commission or paid off, (1) at the end of the war, (2) three years later on the eve of the Washington Conference, and (3) in the present year :—

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TABLE III.—STRENGTH OF THE FLEET.*

(*a*) Ships in Full Commission; (*b*) Ships in Commission with Special, Reduced or Reserve Complements; (*c*) Ships paid off, including Ships in charge of Care and Maintenance Parties.

| | Nov. 11, 1918 | | | Apr. 1, 1921 | | | Apr. 1, 1926 | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | (*a*) | (*b*) | (*c*) | (*a*) | (*b*) | (*c*) | (*a*) | (*b*) | (*c*) |
| | No. | No. | No. | No. | No. | No. | No. | No. | No. |
| Battleships† ... ... ... | 36 | 2 | 12 | 13 | 15 | 1 | 11 | 7‡ | — |
| Battle Cruisers ... ... | 8 | — | — | 3 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Cruisers†' ... ... ... | 94 | 3 | 7 | 37 | 10 | 2 | 31 | 7‡ | 4 |
| Monitors ... ... ... | 34 | — | — | — | 3 | 2 | — | 3 | — |
| Aircraft Carriers ... ... | 13 | — | — | 1 | 4 | — | 3 | 2 | 3 |
| Flotilla Leaders ... ... | 19 | — | 2 | 10 | 5 | — | 6 | 9 | 1 |
| Destroyers ... ... ... | 389 | — | 12 | 80 | 91 | 1 | 48 | 104 | 5 |
| Torpedo Boats ... ... | 90 | — | 2 | — | 1 | 2 | — | — | — |
| Submarines ... ... ... | 131 | — | 10 | 46 | 13 | 26 | 46 | 9 | — |
| Sloops (new) ... ... | 102 | — | 5 | 18 | 1 | 8 | 23 | 1‡ | 7 |
| Sloops (old) ... ... ... | 5 | 1 | 2 | 1 | — | — | — | — | — |
| Paddle Minesweepers... ... | 28 | — | 2 | — | 6 | — | — | 6 | — |
| Twin Screw Minesweepers ... | 55 | — | — | 3 | 44 | 9 | 11 | 44 | — |
| Tunnel Minesweepers ... | 8 | — | 1 | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Patrol Boats ... ... ... | 60 | — | 2 | 3 | 9 | 4 | 3 | 2 | — |
| Gunboats, 1st Class ... ... | 13 | — | — | 2 | — | — | — | — | — |
| River Gunboats ... ... | 18 | — | 4‖ | 17 | — | 1‖ | 15 | — | 3 |
| Whalers ... ... ... | 12 | — | — | — | 2 | — | 1 | 1 | — |
| Destroyer Depot Ships ... | 13 | — | — | 4 | 3 | — | 1 | 1 | — |
| Submarine Depot Ships ... | 13 | 1 | — | 8 | — | — | 9 | — | — |
| Minelayers ... ... ... | 8 | — | — | — | — | 1 | — | 1 | — |
| ,, Monitors (converted) ... | — | — | — | — | 2 | — | — | 2 | — |
| Repair Ships ... ... ... | 4 | — | — | 1 | 1 | — | 1 | — | — |
| Armed Merchant Cruisers ... | 30 | — | 2 | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Commissioned Escort Vessels | 9 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| Armed Boarding Steamers ... | 19 | — | — | — | — | — | — | — | — |
| | 1,211 | 7 | 63 | 247 | 213 | 58 | 210 | 201 | 24 |
| Additional ships *in commission*§ | 3,831 | | | 145 | | | 60 | | |

* Ships in the Naval Service of the Dominions and ships paid off for disposal are not included.

† The numbers for November 11th, 1918, exclude 12 Battleships and 20 Cruisers converted from their original type to Depot Ships, etc.

‡ Includes one commissioned for trials.

‖ Excluding River Gunboats transferred to other Departments.

§ Stationary Ships, Motor Launches, Coastal Motor Boats, Surveying Vessels, Particular Service Vessels, Yachts, Tugs, Trawlers, Drifters, etc.

The policy of retrenchment has reacted on all the naval establishments ashore as well as on the fleets at sea. The dockyards at Rosyth and Pembroke have been reduced to a care and maintenance status, and the number of men employed at the other establishments ashore have been cut down, though

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only to a small extent. Not only have the activities in all the Government establishments associated with the Fleet been restricted, but a heavy blow has been dealt at the prosperity of the firms which before the war were engaged in building, arming and equipping ships of war. These private establishments were founded and equipped with costly machinery in order to provide for the needs of the nation, vast capital sums being spent upon them. Their aid was essential to the building of the Fleet which laid the foundations of victory when the Great War, of so many prophecies, at length opened. These yards and factories were further extended during the war on the urgent representations of the Government, with the result that between August 4th, 1914, and November 11th, 1918, a larger tonnage of warships was completed than in the whole of the preceding twenty-five years, keen as was the naval rivalry during that period. The conclusion of the war was followed by the Washington Conference. The absence of orders for new men-of-war on anything like the same scale as in pre-war years has since contributed in no slight degree to increase the number of unemployed, while the capital invested in these establishments is earning no dividend.

The policy of naval economy, as the figures which have been cited indicate, has led to a great contraction of the fleets at sea, a far greater contraction than the nation has yet apprehended. It is seven years since the Grand Fleet, which placed an iron constriction on the German High Seas Fleet during the Great War, ceased to exist. The process of cutting down the British Squadrons has since been vigorously pursued and older ships, numbered in many hundreds, have gone to the scrap heap. The Admiralty is now completing its scheme of redistribution of the remaining vessels in accordance with the new naval situation.

It was the traditional practice of the naval authorities, until Germany entered upon the rapid expansion of her naval forces in the early years of this century, to regard the Mediterranean as the pivot on which all its plans centred. Nelson always held that it was the ideal training ground for the British Fleet by reason of its equable climate, and in later years political considerations based on the growth of the Empire reinforced the arguments of the seamen of the Napoleonic era. But every consideration had to give way before the threat offered by Germany. The basic principle of Imperial naval defence was not challenged when most of the

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ships under the White Ensign were concentrated in the North Sea, because, in the interests of the whole Empire, that necessity could not be evaded.

As soon as the menace in those waters had been laid, the Naval Staff prepared plans with a view to placing all the most efficient vessels in the Mediterranean, since the North Sea had ceased to have any strategical importance. This new scheme of distribution involved a variety of changes in the naval organization, particularly in respect to victualling, clothing, fuelling, ammunition supply, and the provision of general stores, as well as the docking and repair of ships. Moreover, the new plans encountered a measure of opposition on the part of civilians, knowing little or nothing of sea strategy, and was criticized by some naval officers who did not appreciate the significance of the movements. The Naval Staff, under Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty, refused, however, to be turned from a policy which they regarded as essential in the interests of the Empire as a whole. It has always been recognized that the final authority in all these matters is the First Sea Lord, as the principal naval adviser of the Cabinet. In these circumstances the scheme is now nearing completion.

For many months past, the greater part of the personnel of the Navy has been serving on the Mediterranean, East Indies and China stations. The Admiralty have now withdrawn from the Mediterranean the four older battleships of the *Iron Duke* class, each of which displaces 25,000 tons, and carries ten 13·5 inch guns. They have returned to Home waters and will remain in commission with reduced crews as a training squadron for boys. This squadron will exercise with the Atlantic Fleet, commanded by Admiral Sir Henry Oliver, which now includes only three battleships in full commission, in addition to the Iron Dukes, and the battle cruisers *Hood* and *Repulse*, while the Cruiser Squadron, with which the Australian cruiser *Melbourne* has been serving temporarily, has been reduced by one cruiser and is now a four-ship squadron. The Atlantic Fleet, in accordance with the ideas which governed the distribution of the Navy during the latter part of the nineteenth century, is now once more regarded as a reinforcement of the Mediterranean force.

Under the new scheme of distribution the Mediterranean Fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, consists of the following vessels :—

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BATTLESHIPS.—Queen Elizabeth (Fleet flagship), Barham, Malaya, Valiant, Resolution, Royal Oak.

CRUISER SQUADRON.—Frobisher, Danae, Dragon, Dauntless Cardiff, Calypso, Caradoc, Ceres.

AIRCRAFT CARRIERS.—Eagle, Hermes (with 6 flights of aeroplanes).

DESTROYER FLOTILLAS.—Coventry (Cruiser Flagship of Rear-Admiral of Destroyers).

*First Destroyer Flotilla.*—Montrose,* Vampire, Vendetta, Vivacious, Vimiera, Voyager, Walrus, Waterhen, Wryneck.

*Second Destroyer Flotilla.*—Stuart,* Valentine, Vanessa, Vanquished, Vega, Venetia, Viceroy, Viscount, Winchelsea.

*Third Destroyer Flotilla.*—Keppel,* Verity, Veteran, Wanderer, Witherington, Wishart, Wild Swan, Wivern, Wolverine.

*Fourth Destroyer Flotilla.*—Broke,* Vansittart, Venomous, Volunteer, Whitehall, Whitshed, Witch, Worcester, Wren.

SUBMARINE FLOTILLA.—Six submarines of the " L " type.

The Fleet also includes the Destroyer Depot Ship *Sandhurst* and two Reserve Destroyers, the sloop *Bryony*, nine Mine Sweepers, the Depot Ship *Egmont*, the Instructional Minelayer *Medusa*, three Gunboats (in reserve), the Repair Ship *Assistance*, two Trawlers, the Hospital Ship *Maine*, and four Drifters (without crews).

When the two new battleships *Nelson* and *Rodney* (of 35,000 tons), which have already been launched, are ready for sea early next year, they will, it is understood, proceed to the Mediterranean. The Battle Fleet in those waters will in that event consist of these two powerful vessels, embodying to the fullest extent the lessons of the war, together with the four sister ships of the *Queen Elizabeth* class of 27,000 tons, mounting eight 15-inch and twelve 5·5-inch guns, and two of the *Royal Sovereign* type, each with an armament of eight 15-inch and fourteen 6-inch guns.

The determination of the Admiralty to base the principal battle squadrons of the British Navy on Malta is an indication that the naval authorities are still faithful to the doctrine which they have preached at successive Imperial conferences. The British Navy does not exist to patrol the waters around the British Isles, but to defend the whole Empire and support British prestige. The new scheme is a reaffirmation of the axiom that the peace distribution of the Fleet must reflect the needs of a world-wide Empire and, consequently, now that the menace in the North Sea no longer exists, the pendulum has swung back. The spearhead of the Navy will henceforth be seen not in " Home waters," but in the Mediterranean, which the responsible admirals of the

* Flotilla leaders.

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nineteenth century, with far less reason than exists to-day, knew as the " Middle Sea."

How the post-war Navy compares with the Navy which existed (*a*) on the eve of the war, and (*b*) to-day, is revealed by the statement that if 100 be regarded as the datum line in July, 1914, for each class of ship, the strength in capital ships has been reduced by 68 per cent ; cruisers by 58 per cent. ; flotilla leaders, destroyers and torpedo boats by 46 per cent. ; and submarines by 24 per cent. Under no other flag have there been reductions on this drastic scale. On the other hand, while the naval personnel has been cut down by 31 per cent., the personnel of the dockyards has declined by only 5 per cent. The failure to reduce the dockyard staffs to anything like the same extent that the strength of the Fleet has been reduced, must, of course, be attributed to political considerations which are powerful on shore, but have little influence on the course of events afloat. That the staffs of the dockyards at home and abroad are still being maintained on much the same scale as before the war is a matter to which the House of Commons might devote attention when it next discusses plans of national economy.

In place of the 68 capital ships which the Admiralty had at their disposal on the eve of the Great War, there are now only 22 in commission or in reserve. When the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets carried out joint exercises this spring, bringing together all the capital ships in full commission, the combined force for the first time in modern times was numerically smaller than that of a single other Power—the United States. The Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington, which recently examined the financial provision for the upkeep of the American Fleet in 1927, made these remarks :—

> With respect to putting some of our vessels in reserve, it should be pointed out that Great Britain has but 13* of her capital ships in full commission. We have had 18 until recently, when 3 were detached and de-commissioned for modernization. Of destroyers we are told that Great Britain has 54 fully manned out of a total of 183. We have, using the same comparative data, 106 out of a total of 267. As to light cruisers, Great Britain possesses a larger number, and naturally has more in commission.

* Now reduced to 12.

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Passing on to a general consideration of the naval situation as it has been affected by the action of the Board of Admiralty in Whitehall, the Committee pointed out :—

> Furthermore, that Great Britain is doing exactly what the committee is proposing, and that her statesmen are giving attention to possible naval economies, is borne out by the discussion in Parliament. On November 18th last, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in response to an inquiry as to steps taken to effect a reduction in naval expenditures, indicated that eighteen destroyers had been placed on the disposal list, that fifteen would be similarly dealt with in the next financial year, that a cruiser squadron had been reduced from five to four ships, and that a destroyer flotilla attached to the Atlantic Fleet was being reduced to a reserve basis. The Committee submits that it is time for us to give attention to such matters.

Before the war the British battle fleet was superior to those of any two Powers ; now it is weaker than that of the United States !

The centre of naval gravity for the British Fleet has shifted from Home waters to the Mediterranean and the outer seas, and the task to which the naval authorities have had to address themselves has been that of distributing the restricted number of ships at their disposal in such a manner as will most adequately meet the heavy responsibilities of Imperial naval defence which still rest upon the Mother Country, in spite of the co-operation of the Dominions of New Zealand, South Africa, Australia, and Canada. The naval forces provided by these Dominions are still in their infancy, but they furnish evidence that these overseas peoples are awakening to a realization of the value of sea power. The movement is finding varied expression in different parts of the Empire, as is shown by some figures recently given in the House of Commons by Mr. Amery. He indicated the relation which the naval expenditure of the United Kingdom and the several Dominions bears towards the total export and import trade of each. The contribution of the Dominions to naval defence, he pointed out, takes the form of maintenance by the Governments of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa of their own naval forces. The amounts provided in the undermentioned parts of the Empire for the year 1925-6 are as follows :—

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| | |
|---|---|
| UNITED KINGDOM.—Total import and export trade, 1925 ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | £2,250,355,544 |
| Amount spent on naval defence for every £1,000 of total import and export trade ... ... ... | £26 17s. 7d. |
| CANADA.—Total import and export trade, 1925 ... | $1,865,999,890 |
| Amount spent on naval defence for every $1,000 of total import and export trade... ... ... | $0.75 |
| COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.—Total import and export trade, 1925... ... ... ... ... | £316,182,433 |
| Amount spent on naval defence for every £1,000 of total import and export trade... ... ... | £12 18s. 2d. |
| There is also a special appropriation of £1,000,000 for defence purposes generally. | |
| NEW ZEALAND.—Total import and export trade, 1925 | £107,718,679 |
| Amount spent on naval defence for every £1,000 of total import and export trade... ... ... | £4 19s. 11d. |
| UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.—Total import and export trade, 1925 ... ... ... ... ... ... | £147,735,815 |
| Amount spent on naval defence for every £1,000 of total import and export trade... ... ... | 18s. 11d. |

Mr. Amery added that as regards the Colonies and Protectorates, the contributions to Imperial defence made by the Governments of Hong-Kong, Straits Settlements, Ceylon and Mauritius are paid, not to the Admiralty, but to the War Office. Hong-Kong has also provided in its Estimates for the year 1925-6, as a contribution towards the cost of the Singapore base, £120,000. The Straits Settlements have contributed the site for the Singapore base.

The British Empire is an equal partnership of nations, an association which involves responsibilities as well as privileges. It is apparent that considerable progress must still be made in naval co-operation before the ideal relationship between the Mother Country and the Dominions, in this respect, is attained. The burden of sea defence of Imperial interests rests, now as it has done in the past, mainly on the shoulders of the over-burdened people of the British Isles, and they are apparently losing in some measure their sea sense. That is indicated not so much by the extent of the naval economies which have been carried out, for rigid economy is essential if industry and commerce are to revive, as by the insensibility which is exhibited to the risks which are being incurred and to the loss of prestige at sea which is being suffered.

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# TANK LESSONS OF THE GREAT WAR

By Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, D.S.O.

## 1. The Evolution of Tank Tactics.

THROUGHOUT the entire period in which tanks were used during the war may be seen a gradual tendency towards the development of definite tank tactics. At first the new arm has of necessity to be fitted into the old organization. There, though cramped by tactics unsuited to it, it has to win its spurs. In its early days little or no reliance was placed in it; it was looked upon as an experimental adjunct which might or might not assist the infantry as they move forward over the crater areas. In this there was some sense, for the nature of the battle-fields of the Somme, Arras, Messines and Ypres was totally unsuited to tank movement.

Unless the tank could move it could not develop its protective and offensive powers. If it could only move with uncertainty, it was right that the infantry should not rely on it, yet its loss of mobility was not due so much to its mechanical defects as to the fact that it was not constructed to move over crater zones and through swamps. Once it was used on firm ground—namely, at Cambrai—it more than fulfilled the expectations of those who were considered to be fanatically prejudiced in its favour, and from November 20th, 1917, onwards, though setbacks were experienced, its tactical evolution was rapid.

The main lesson we learn from this entire period is that, as every arm or weapon has certain definite limitations, these must first of all be appreciated before it is used. There was nothing mysterious about the powers of the tank any more than there is about a railway locomotive, and when it is considered how carefully railways are laid and graded (so that the locomotive may develop its full powers), it is amazing to look back on the first period of tank warfare and see that no attempt was made to suit its limitations to the ground or the ground to its limitations.

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2. A Comparison between Infantry and Tanks.

I will now consider the duty and power of infantry in battle, and then compare to them those of the tank.

An infantryman has to fight at a distance from his enemy, he has to move to close quarters, he has to fight at close quarters, and during the whole of his advance he has got to protect himself. He starts with an initial *moral* which is his driving force, and he economizes the expenditure of this force by moving, guarding and hitting.

Moving, guarding and hitting depend on physical energy, and here we arrive at the radical limitation of the foot soldier. He possesses about one-half horse-power of energy, and this energy limits the weight of his equipment and his actions.

Consider the normal man in the stress of battle. He can carry about 60 lb. of clothing, arms and equipment a distance of seven miles, then his energy is exhausted. His radius of action is therefore very limited. His protection is gained by manœuvre, cover by ground, cover from view, and by offensive power; and his offensive power, limited as it is by his low energy, restricts him to the rifle and some 120 rounds of ammunition.

In similar conditions the Mark V tank has an energy of 125 horse-power, a radius of action of twenty-five miles; it is equipped with two 6-pounder guns and a number of machine guns and a considerable quantity of ammunition; its crew do not expend their physical energy in carrying equipment and weapons, nor in marching, and they are directly protected from bullets by armour. Their energy, however, is seriously impaired by the heat of the engine, which reduces their endurance to vanishing-point after eight hours' fighting. Further, the machine can only operate economically on unbroken ground.

The lesson here is that by means of machinery it is now possible in land warfare to effect as great a revolution in the element of movement as was effected by replacing oars as a method of propulsion at sea by steam power. The *Dreadnought* cannot do all that the galley could do, but it can do so many things which the galley could not do that those patent to the galley have become the exceptions and not the rule in naval warfare. From this lesson we may deduce the probability that machinery will have a similar influence on land warfare. During the war there were many places

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over which tanks could not operate, but if the reader will examine the great battle-fields (before they were bombarded) he will discover that practically all of them which were suitable for infantry action were also suitable for tank action, and that very few of the battles fought were fought on other but moderately flat ground. The reason for this is an obvious one: infantry depend on communications, and roads and railways are usually more numerous in open level country than in wooded and mountainous, because the bulk of civilized men and women do not inhabit hill-tops or forests.

### 3. The Tactical Influences of the Tank.

I will now turn to the tactical influences of the tank, and will examine them from a general point of view. Here we discover the probability, not of a rapid evolution in the present theory of fighting, but of a startling revolution, in my opinion the greatest effected in modern times.

First, I will watch the infantryman in the attack. He advances towards his enemy, making use as long as he can of folds in the ground to protect his approach. Then he halts and fires so that by lessening the enemy's hitting power he may move. All his fighting is done from a static position, and when he is in movement he cannot fight unless he can use his bayonet.

If the reader will examine any good book on tactics, he will discover that the two problems which have always faced the modern infantryman are: how to harmonize movement and fire, and how to harmonize movement and protection. It is movement which is his crucial problem.

To-day, by placing the infantryman within a petrol-driven and bullet-proof car, it is possible for him to concentrate the whole of his muscular energy on the manipulation of his weapons whilst he is simultaneously moved forward by mechanical means; and the armour (rendered possible through petrol-power) enables him to concentrate all his energy on hitting his adversary in place of dividing it between hitting and securing himself against being hit.

We here attain to a harmony of protective and offensive power through movement and the establishment of the moving firing line. No longer is movement by fire the tactical pivot of battle, but movement in order to fire and movement uninterrupted by small arms fire, either on the part of the firer or the enemy.

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The possible lessons here are too numerous to lay down, as the moving self-protected firing line alters all our former conceptions of minor tactics, but the general deduction we can make is that, on all ground where tanks can move, infantry will disappear as the decisive arm and will be replaced by these machines.

4. The Influence of Tanks on Cavalry Tactics.

I have now dealt with the general influences of the tank on tactics, and will attempt a more detailed examination.

Before the invention of the tank, the tactical theory of an offensive field battle was briefly as follows: cavalry and aeroplanes searched for the enemy, the infantry attacked him under cover of artillery fire, and when the enemy was beaten the cavalry pursued. I will now introduce the tank into this picture and see what influence it had on this theory.

Little is to be learnt from the cavalry and tank operations of the war. No initial reconnaissance was ever carried out by cavalry and tanks, and the only pursuit operations were those attempted on August 8th, 9th and 10th, 1918. These were most unsatisfactory, because co-operation between the two arms was improvized and not organized; yet something was learnt, and it was this—close co-operation is not practical because, when not under fire, cavalry move much faster than the tanks, and when under fire tanks move much faster than cavalry. It is possible to speed up the tank so that it can move as fast as cavalry, but it is not possible when under fire to protect cavalry so that the horsemen may keep up with the tank. The deduction is that close co-operation must be replaced by distant co-operation and close assistance. Thus if a battalion of tanks is operating with, I will suppose, a brigade of cavalry, until contact with the enemy is gained the cavalry should advance well ahead of the tanks, but once it is gained they should not attempt a serious engagement, but should fall back, drawing the enemy towards the tanks. Three companies of tanks should then move against the enemy, and, when the enemy is defeated, the cavalry should move forward with the remaining company, the duty of which is to assist the cavalry advance in the pursuit. How far it will be wise to detach this company, or whatever force is considered necessary, will mainly depend on whether the enemy is using tanks or not. Supposing that his force be solely composed of tanks, then a cavalry pursuit will become



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uneconomical, yet cavalry may still prove of use if they circumvent the enemy and attack his communications, especially the bridges in rear of his front. If this is to be done successfully, it will mean that the cavalry will have to ride extremely light and be highly trained in carrying out hasty demolitions.

The general deductions to be drawn from the scanty experience we possess on this subject is that the utility of cavalry will decrease as the speed and radius of the tank increases, and that eventually, when a reliable tank with a maximum speed of about twenty miles the hour and a radius of action of two or three hundred miles has been produced, it will not even be ecomonical to attempt the forward reconnaissance with cavalry, but that as tanks are not altogether suited for detailed examination of the ground, etc., behind the forward tank screen will advance a cavalry force to carry out this examination, question the inhabitants, and occupy bridges, supply centres, etc.

5. The Influence of Tanks on Infantry Tactics.

The idea which brought into existence the original tank was that of an assault machine. In 1915 infantry could not successfully attack wire entanglements protected by machine-gun fire ; it was considered that an armoured machine could. Meanwhile the barrage system was established, and, when tanks appeared on the battle-field, in place of using them to lead the assault, they were employed to follow up the infantry attackers and deal with such strong points as had not been crushed out of existence by the barrage. The tanks were, in fact, used as a mobile siege train, and infantry tactics remained unaffected.

It was not until the battle of Cambrai that we see a change, and the change is considerable. The long attacking lines which previously had followed the barrage disappear and are replaced by small columns following the tanks. The tanks are still a siege train ; they advance like mobile battering rams, breach the enemy's defences, and the infantry columns rush through. In ancient times the battering rams were used against tactical points—the bastions of castles and fortresses. This idea, however, was not grasped ; a wall of tanks was used, consequently little was left for the infantry to do, and all the infantry did was to follow the tanks.

Little by little changes in tactics took place ; these changes

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were due to necessity rather than to reflection. Tanks were never very numerous, and as infantry objected to attack without them, frontages grew in extent in order to make the most of the tanks. The formation of attack now became more and more one of groups at considerable extensions. They were difficult to control, and if the tanks of any one group were knocked out, that group halted and went out of action. Though the infantry relied on the tanks for their mobility, they never grasped the fact that, as the tanks protected them, it was also their duty to protect the tanks. When this protection should be given was quite a simple problem. The machine gun was the chief adversary of the infantry, and the gun of the tank. These two weapons did not occupy the same zone, for the machine gun zone was in front of the artillery zone, consequently co-operation should have been arranged as follows. At the opening of a battle, tanks should precede the infantry until the machine-gun zone was penetrated, then the infantry should precede the tank. This was seldom, if ever, done.

If the machine-gun zone is deepened to include the artillery zone, then this form of co-operation will prove useless, and tanks will have to rely mainly on their mobility for self-preservation. As this mobility is increased, any form of close co-operation will become more difficult. Further, to use tanks to convey infantry, who are useless against tanks, through the enemy's front, once the enemy is equipped with tanks, becomes an unprofitable operation. What will the infantry do? They cannot attack tanks and they cannot hold a position against a tank attack. They will, in my opinion, disappear from the tank battle-field, and either follow up in rear of the tank attack to administer and police the conquered territories, or they will operate in country unsuited to tank movement.

The deduction to be made from this is, that if infantry are only able to operate successfully in difficult country, they must be organized and trained for mountain, swamp and wood fighting, and not, as hitherto, mainly for warfare on the plains. This will mean that their present tactics will have to be radically changed.

### 6. The Influence of Tanks on Artillery Tactics.

The influence of tanks on artillery tactics was one of the most startling tactical changes which took place during the war,



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The theory held in 1914 was that infantry was the decisive arm, and that artillery co-operated with infantry. Then, as the war proceeded, though it was still held as a tradition that infantry decided a battle, by degrees it became clearly apparent that artillery did so, and that all the infantry could accomplish was the occupation of a crater area. In fact, infantry now co-operated with the guns, if we may call an unopposed occupation of a position co-operation. Then suddenly, in November, 1917, the tank replaces the gun, and artillery tactics in idea revert to the 1914 theory, for the guns are called upon to co-operate with the tank and infantry attack.

A difficulty now arises similar to the 1914 difficulty. The tanks, looked upon as armoured field batteries, can protect the infantry, but they are not well suited to protect themselves against close range artillery fire. They are too slow, and as their fire is delivered from a moving platform, it is not so accurate as the fire of stationary guns.

The field artillery could not closely support the tanks, as the gun teams and crews were unarmoured. During the war the solution to this difficulty was sought in increasing the speed of tanks, of allotting aeroplanes to work with them, and by providing them with smoke shells and appliances. The fact, however, remains that towards the end of the war the Germans began to realize that infantry were useless against tanks, consequently, when tanks attacked, it was not sufficient for certain guns to fire on them, but for all guns to do so. The deduction is, therefore, that it is not sufficient to increase the speed of the tank, and if its armour is increased its speed will be decreased, but to armour and move the field guns mechanically, so that they may neutralize the enemy's artillery. Under this neutralization the tanks will be able to maintain their liberty of movement.

### 7. The Influence of Tanks on Tank Tactics.

During the war, tank only engaged tank on two occasions, and on the second the hostile machines immediately withdrew on the approach of our own, consequently we possess very little data to work on.

On April 24th, 1918, the first tank *versus* tank duel in history was fought, and the lessons learnt were negative. It was difficult to distinguish friend from foe, it was difficult to

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attain accuracy of fire, and it was difficult to control such an operation.

Since the war this subject has received little attention, and yet it is one which may well decide the next war. The whole question is at present most obscure, but even from what this war duel demonstrated, we shall have to devise a system of gunnery totally different from our gunnery in the past. We shall learn most from the sailor, as a tank *versus* tank action bears some resemblance to a naval action. If salvo fire is established, machines will increase in size ; if destroyer tanks are introduced, a secondary armament, probably a heavy machine gun, will have to be adopted. Armour will vary in thickness between the capital tanks and the cruiser machines.

All these are problems for the future, but our immediate problem is simpler and may be examined under two headings—speed and protection. Speed will demand the provision of lightly armoured tanks, and protection of heavily armoured. In the first, speed should be the highest obtainable as long as armour is bullet-proof, and the fast tank is equipped with a high velocity gun ; in the second, armour should be proof against field-gun shells—shrapnel and high explosive. The fast tanks will then operate from the heavily armoured ones, the latter forming the base of action of the former, just as artillery forms the base of action of infantry, but with this difference : the heavy machines will be able to advance when necessary in front of the fast ones. They will be able to carry out frontal attacks whilst the fast tanks are moving round a flank. We see, therefore, that these two types of machines will work as infantry and cavalry were wont to do. We thus obtain a simplification in tactics by reducing three arms—cavalry, infantry and artillery—to two arms, heavy tanks (mechanical artillery) and fast tanks (mechanical cavalry).

### 8. The Influence of Tanks on Air Tactics.

Here, again, we have very little data to work on, for it was only from July, 1918, to the end of the war that aeroplanes were allotted to co-operate with tank units. From the tank point of view this co-operation proved of the utmost value, for by nature the tank is a blind machine in battle and needs directing, and it is more than probable that, in the future, to direction will be added command, and that tank unit

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commanders will control their tanks from the air. Also it is probable that emergency tank supplies will be carried in specially built aeroplanes.

As one of the great limitations of the air arm is its difficulty to protect its landing-grounds, and as long as infantry have to provide this protection, any extension in the radius of air action is extremely slow, it would seem likely that, in the future, tanks will be called upon to provide this security, and though we possess no experience of such an operation, I am of opinion that at the beginning of a war, or in a large theatre of operations, it will be possible to carry out this idea. The tanks will advance, perhaps, a hundred miles a day, and will seize positions suitable for landing purposes and will hold them, and from these positions aircraft will operate.

The attack of tanks from the air is another subject which needs far more attention than it is receiving, and must receive if tanks are to work on the lines I have outlined. Bombing so far has not proved successful, and machine-gun fire is useless. Bombing might certainly be improved if for accuracy of aim we substitute volume of fire. Thus an aeroplane equipped with a machine which will project, say, twenty small bombs in place of one moderate-sized one, will have a far better chance of scoring a hit. In reply, every tank should be provided with a fixed anti-aircraft machine gun mounting, and should carry portable mountings for the remaining machine guns which can be used outside the machine when at rest.

### 9. The Influence of Tanks on Field Engineering.

The influence of tanks on field engineering was in nature radical, though little observed. For three years and more of the war it was the spade which controlled tactics, for the wired field trench defied the infantry attack. It was because of the trench that the gun for a period became the decisive arm, and it was the wire protecting the trench which led to the conception of the tank. Finally, it was the tank which defeated the spade, and so virtually disarmed the infantrymen.

The lesson we learn from this is that, though the spade will still be used, its " radius of action " has been limited. It cannot stop the tank unless veritable moats are dug, consequently, though the field engineer will undoubtedly use it in areas where tanks cannot move (areas which may not be

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altogether suitable for spade work) he will have to find some other implement wherewith to stop the tank. His means, I think, will be the land mine, and as great numbers of these weapons will have to be transported across country, the engineer will have to be provided with a cross-country machine.

If the engineer can impede tank movement, the next question is, How can he assist it? The answer is by tank bridges, which, if tank action is not to be delayed, must be both transported and erected rapidly. This, again, means the provision of cross-country machines. In fact, from the field engineer of to-day we shall by slow degrees see evolved the mechanical engineer of the future, whose duty may well be not only to impede and assist tank movement, but to repair these machines in the field.

### 10. The Influence of Tanks on the Supply Services.

The possible influences of cross-country supply were clearly traced by the use of supply tanks in battle. Up to the present, and more and more so in recent years (since armies have enormously grown in size) the two great difficulties have been, first the initial deployment from the detraining stations, and secondly the maintenance of battle by supply. In nature these two problems are very similar. In the first, strategical movement demands roads and railways, troops moving in columns, and deployment demands extension into line; in the second the tactical continuation of the battle demands a deployed advance, yet its administrative maintenance can only be carried out by means of roads. The supply tank solves this difficulty, for it can dispense with roads; consequently, if in future our supply columns can move across country, the necessity of roads largely disappears.

The adding of another dimension to administrative movement not only revolutionizes supply work but tactics as well, for the more feasible this operation becomes the more feasible is it to maintain a deployed advance.

### 11. The Influence of Tanks on the Signal Services.

The natural ally of the tank is the aeroplane, and the link between these two is wireless telegraphy. A signal tank is a mobile telegraph office and one which can, if needs be, be pushed up into the van of the battle. One of the great difficulties in the past has been the linking up of the various

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arms of the attack and the linking of these arms to the command in rear. Cables and air lines take much time to lay and are easily injured, visual signalling is limited by weather and the nature of the ground. Wireless telegraphy and radio telephony overcome all these difficulties, but the apparatus used is heavy for a man or animal to carry, yet to a tank its weight is insignificant, consequently, there can be no doubt that not only in the Tank Corps, but throughout the Army wireless signal tanks will be used as an important means of maintaining communication. Even during the recent war their value was proved again and again.

### 12. Summary of Tank Lessons.

I will now summarize the lessons I have attempted to deduce.

*Lesson* 1.—When a new arm is introduced its powers should be very carefully analysed and its influences on *moral*, protection, offensive power and movement deduced. It should then be set tasks which are within its power to accomplish.

*Lesson* 2.—Movement is the link between protective and offensive power, movement largely depends on energy. Consequently, as mechanical horse-power can be almost indefinitely increased, there is every probability that it will replace muscular power as the motive force in battle.

*Lesson* 3.—As tanks are invulnerable to infantry action, these machines will become the decisive arm on all ground over which they can move freely.

*Lesson* 4.—For the time being infantry will remain the decisive arm on all ground over which tanks cannot move freely. Consequently, they should be trained for mountain, forest, and swamp warfare.

*Lesson* 5.—As tanks increase in numbers and efficiency, more and more will the duty of cavalry be to observe and report in place of fighting.

*Lesson* 6.—If tanks are to replace infantry as the decisive arm, artillery must be motorized.

*Lesson* 7.—Two main types of tanks will be required, a heavily-armoured machine and a fast machine, the first providing a tactical base of action for the second.

*Lesson* 8.—If aircraft are to develop their full powers, tanks will be required to seize and protect their landing grounds.

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*Lesson* 9.—As tanks develop and increase, the work of the field engineer will more and more consist in delaying and facilitating their movement.

*Lesson* 10.—All supply and signal vehicles must be able to move across country as well as along roads.

From these lessons a general theory of war can be established, namely, that as in the past strategical movement has been based on railways and roads, in future it will be based on railways and cross-country movement which includes roads. That, as in the past tactics have been based on muscle power, in the future tactics will be based on mechanical power. All troops will be carried in and supplied by cross-country machines, but will be organized for two tactical purposes: to fight on ground where machines can move, and on grounds where they cannot.

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# AIR POLICY AND THE AIR ESTIMATES

IN the House of Commons, the statement of the Secretary of State for Air on the current Air Estimates and the debate that followed it, was, without question, the most important and most instructive that has taken place since the first Air Estimates were presented. Before the Secretary of State made his statement, the Prime Minister in reply to a question said : " We intend to pursue the organization of Imperial Defence on the existing basis of three co-equal services. *It is in the interests of the Fighting Services that controversy upon this subject should now cease.* We are convinced that the way to secure the higher co-ordination in our defence machinery, indispensable to full efficiency, and, indeed, to economy, lies not in the abolition of any one of the three established arms of His Majesty's Forces, *but in combined action between all three* through the machinery of the C.I.D. and the agency of the recently-constituted Committee of Chiefs of Staff. We are sure that we can rely upon all concerned to devote themselves loyally and wholeheartedly to this end."

This statement undoubtedly confined members to the more important questions connected with air matters instead of the habitual one of whether or not there should be a separate Air Force. The debate in consequence proved of great value. So long as doubt existed concerning the integrity of a separate Air Force there would be those undermining influences and vested interests at work preventing the complete understanding between the three services. It is to be hoped that both in the House of Commons and in the three services a new era will have commenced, and all " will devote themselves loyally and wholeheartedly to this end."

We hope that a reaction towards a closer understanding and sympathy has now set in, and mutual recriminations will be laid aside and a genuine effort will now be made to work together in co-operation.

*Co-operation.*—It was perhaps a natural sequel to the Prime Minister's statement that the " principle " of co-operation should have received the attention it deserved. It was first dealt with by Sir Samuel Hoare, who said : " As one of the three service Ministers, he was sure, from the

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point of view of the services generally, that when once the controversy was cut out of the picture the relations between the three services would become much closer than ever before. So far as his advisers and he were concerned, they would do everything in their power to make that co-operation as close as they could and *to apply their policy in such a way as to bring the greatest possible unity of outlook between the three services as a whole.*"

In reply to a question relating to a " Ministry of Defence " the Air Minister's arguments are worthy of careful consideration. " He believed," he said, " that the best line of advance was to push further the movement for closer co-ordination between the three services, and to ensure that every great question of defence and strategy should first of all be considered by the three Chiefs of Staff collectively. Before they had a centralized Ministry of Defence they must have a greater community of feeling between the services themselves."

The advocates of a Ministry of Defence would do well to ponder over this advice. There would be little need for such a ministry if, as we now hope will be the case, the three heads of the Committee of Imperial Defence have a greater community of feeling and co-ordination of thought.

*Air Policy.*—In outlining the air policy the Air Minister said that it remained substantially unchanged for the last three years. Our policy must :—

1. Provide for Home Defence against air attack.

2. It must provide for Air Defence in such parts of the Empire as are suited to it.

3. It must undertake the required air work for the Navy and Army.

4. It must develop civil air routes over the face of the Empire, and generally extend the knowledge and practice of the air among all classes of the community.

These four principles were dealt with at some length. With regard to *Home Defence.* " The first duty of the Air Service and by far the most important was to provide for the defence of these shores against possible air attack. To-day we were in the position of being the second greatest Air Power in the world. Even so, we were still in an inferiority of somewhat less than one or two as compared with the total strength of our nearest neighbour." It is apparent

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from this statement that " Air Power " is reckoned solely by the strength of service machines available. This, in our opinion, is a dangerous method of estimating a country's Air Power apart altogether of being a misinterpretation of the term. With the present rate of progress of civil aviation and commercial air lines this aspect of Air Power will become more and more important when we come to assess the Air Power of a country. The argument that commercial aircraft will tend to deviate from the service types and will have little or no military value does not materially affect the argument. In order to arrive at a correct estimate of a country's Air Power the following must be taken into account :—

1. The strength of the Air Services in machines and qualified pilots. The efficiency of both material and personnel.

2. Civil air lines operated. The routes over which these are run and the position and value of aerodromes. The numbers of machines and personnel employed.

3. The aircraft industry—its present manufacturing capacity and extent to which this can be developed if necessity arose.

4. The strategical situation of a country in relation to both Air offence and defence.

As regards the first of the above points we might agree with the Air Minister that we are the second greatest Air Power in the world. When we come to consider our position in the light of the remaining points, we shall see that in respect of Europe and the Mediterranean we are relatively far weaker and at a distinct strategical disadvantage as compared with other countries. This is far too big a question to enter into further, but sufficient has been said to show the inexactitude of the statement made by the Air Minister.

With regard to the second point in the policy outlined by the Air Minister—" The provision of Air Defence in such parts of the Empire *as are suited to it*," we are unable to conceive that the Empire's Air Defence plans can alone be based on this hypothesis. We agree that it is useless providing air defence for any particular area if such air defence cannot be made effective, but we are inclined to think that the provision of air defence within the Empire must be framed to secure those areas that are vital to us and which are

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threatened by serious air attack. The ever-changing political conditions, etc., of the growth of aviation throughout the world will affect the dispositions we must make in regard to the security of such areas.

In regard to the third principle—"To undertake the required air work for the Navy and Army." Mention was made of the excellent work carried out by the Air Force for the Navy, the Army, and the Empire garrisons. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that it is not alone to these air units allotted for work with the Navy or Army that the Navy or Army in time of war rely for their security. These units would be incapable of carrying out their functions in face of strong air opposition. They would, therefore, depend on the necessary support being afforded them by other units of the Air Force. We could take this line of the argument further and say that all three services are inter-dependent.

These remarks are in no way to be taken to imply that such air units allotted to the Navy or Army are unnecessary. We fully realize the importance of providing these air units for the special work connected with these two services.

There is an obvious danger of relegating the main issue to the background and in thinking that the provision of these specialized air units are sufficient in themselves to deal with the air work in support of the sea and land operations in time of war.

*Training*.—The slowing down of the programme of expansion would, the Air Minister said, give the opportunity for more intensive training and for raising the already fine standard of quality of the force. The quality and fighting efficiency of the force would be greatly enhanced, by increasing the bombing accuracy, by developing formation tactics, and in other directions no less important. The policy of carrying out long-distance flights inaugurated last year for the purpose of testing the range and endurance of Air Force units, would be further developed. Among the flights carried out, that from Cairo to Nigeria and back—a distance of 6,268 miles completed in 80 hours flying—was perhaps the more important and proved a remarkable success both from the flying and *political* points of view. The flight showed that it was possible to make Nigeria and Egypt within a week by air as compared with a month by the quickest mode of transport available. The programme of long-distance flights for this year include

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that from Cairo to the Cape and return, which has already been successfully accomplished, and one to be undertaken by flying boats from this country to Egypt (presumably via Gibraltar). It would seem that these long-distance flights undertaken by Service units are destined to become of increasing importance as the years advance. They will prove invaluable, not only from the point of view of training and testing the efficiency of the personnel and machines, but also in bringing the Empire in closer touch with its defence forces and in the realization of the importance of an Empire Air Defence policy. These flights by Air Force units are comparable to the cruises undertaken by Naval units, and one can visualize that they will grow in extent and importance as flying and air communications are further developed. It is satisfactory to learn from the statements made by the Air Minister that we lead the world in regard to flying-boat construction. The developments that were taking place in this type of aircraft are of special importance to us as an Empire whose air communications must always include long oversea stretches. This type will be of inestimable value for operations at sea and work in conjunction with sea forces.

*Air Communications.*—With regard to the fourth principle, "The development of civil aviation generally," the Air Minister said that the Air Ministry attached enormous importance to the policy of developing Empire air communications, and regarded it *as one of the basic foundations of any national air policy*. The organization of Empire air routes affected both military and civil flying. Obviously, if a system of air communications could be developed over the Empire it would make it easier to develop *a more mobile Empire defence*.

The last principal object of a national air policy was, he said, the creation of an instructed public opinion on air questions, the expansion of air knowledge and air practice in a much wider circle than at present existed. It was with this main object in view that the auxiliary and special reserve squadrons had been created, five of which had been formed during the past financial year. In addition two squadrons had been formed at Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Light Aeroplane Clubs throughout the country had been started and the membership had already reached a total of 1,500.

During the debate, Major Atlee raised an important

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question relating to the employment of the Air Force in war. He asked : " What was the manner in which the Air Force *by itself* was going to be employed ? Was it to be held *in terrorem* over civilian populations. He wished to know if the policy was accepted by the Secretary of State for Air and the Air Staff that in the next war the Air Force should be utilized to destroy the *morale* of an enemy country ?

In his reply to the debate, Sir Samuel Hoare treated this question in a very indirect way. He said : They were as anxious as anyone to see some restriction put upon a form of warfare, which, if it was allowed to go on uncontrolled, would end in the destruction of civilization. The question arising out of this statement is whether any form of control of the use of armaments in war is possible. If the last war was any criterion we can say that international agreements are unreliable safeguards. The surest safeguards we have in such matters are, firstly, the power to retaliate, and secondly, the adverse effect on neutrals of any contravention of International Law or acknowledged principles of humanitarian conduct in war, both of which proved the greatest counter to such action. Continuing, he said : " It might be the case, that, however efficient our Air Force was, it could never make it impossible for an attacking force to penetrate to these shores, but he was sure that, provided their expansion programme was carried out, *and that they had an Air Force of the size contemplated*, they might look forward to making it very risky for a foreign Power to attack this country." In other words, there can be no victory for either side, *without fighting for it*, and it follows from this that the *chief rôle of the Air Forces* must in the first instance lie in defeating the enemy's Air Forces. Until these have been overcome, and " air superiority " attained, *successful* air operations—such as bombing attacks—cannot be undertaken. Provided our defence is sound—that is, we possess sufficient fighters and an efficient A.A. and Searchlight barrage—enemy bombing craft in the face of such opposition would be open to defeat and prevented from attaining their object.

One other important point brought out in the debate was a suggestion by Col. Crookshank. He thought that by better co-ordination it would enable some sort of transfer to be made available between the Air Force and the other fighting services. " Officers in the Army and Navy might," he said, " well be seconded for service in the Air Force to form a sort of active

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reserve." The majority of the pilots and observers in the fleet air arm are already seconded Naval officers, but in regard to those units co-operating with the Army much more could be done in this way. A regular system of training officers in the Army for air work in connection with the Army would not only ensure an active reserve being available on the outbreak of war, but it would also effect an economy of personnel in the way of pilots and observers, the majority of whom one gathers at the present time are drawn from Regular Air Force Officers.

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# MUSTARD

By Frederick Nicholson.

## I.

THE Cabinet Meeting had already lasted three hours, and there was no prospect of a conclusion being reached.

Mr. Peters, the Secretary of State for War, was the youngest man in the room. For the fourth time in an hour he was on his feet addressing the meeting.

"I tell you," he declared, emphasizing each point by waving a long finger at the Prime Minister—"I tell you that we are ostriches burying our heads in the sands. Gas warfare is far more humane than any other method of making war, and, what is even more important, it is the most efficient. Look at the casualties in the Great War; the percentage of deaths from gas poisoning was far less than the percentage that died from shell wounds. It is only because it was introduced by the Germans and made a stunt of by the newspapers that a lot of kindly disposed but inadequately informed gentlemen at the Washington Conference vetoed its use."

In spite of his war-like speech, Mr. Peters was, by inclination, a Pacifist. For ten years he had been a member of the Socialist party. He had preached all their usual shibboleths, and firmly believed in them till the day arrived when he became responsible for carrying them into effect. Then he found it wasn't all so easy as it had seemed.

The Prime Minister had lost a son in the second Battle of Ypres, when, for the first time, the Germans had used gas. He had arrived at the hospital where his son lay, among many others, choking for the breath that would not come. He had watched for forty-eight torture-stricken hours, and to him the words "Gas warfare" recalled that tragic scene.

He got up from his chair. "Gentlemen," he said, in a voice husky from emotion, "death in war comes to many. Often it comes as a merciful release from a pain that is too great to be borne, but I would not wish that my worst enemy might die from gas poisoning. There is no escape from the pain except in death itself. Statistics may prove that a greater percentage of men died as the result of gunshot



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wounds than from gas, but it is not possible to estimate the proportion of human suffering due to each."

A majority in the Cabinet was obviously in favour of the abolition of gas and the outlawry of any nation that used it. Mr. Peters made a last effort.

"Supposing some other nation uses gas, are we to leave our soldiers unprotected? We can give them masks that will safeguard them against any gas that is known to-day, but the enemy may have discovered a combination that will penetrate our mask. For the moment wars are a possibility. Instead, therefore, of trying to limit nations by treaties, which there is no guarantee they will not repudiate, we should set our scientists to consider this gas warfare as a means of alleviating wars. Only prehistoric generals want to kill their enemies, if their ends can be obtained by other methods. For the enemies of to-day are our customers of to-morrow. The use of gas makes possible such an amelioration of war. Our enemies would be sent to sleep, and when they woke up they would be none the worse, but our cause would have triumphed."

He paused. It was obvious that he could not carry the meeting with him. The Prime Minister's head was bent and he was gazing with unseeing eyes at the table.

The Chancellor was making notes on a bit of paper. He was fighting a lost cause.

"Perhaps we had better not come to a decision to-day," he suggested. "The Prime Minister might like to hear first-hand evidence on the subject."

It was not an easy matter for the War Minister to uphold the Cabinet's decision when next he met the Chief of Staff. The case was put very bluntly by the soldier. "Wars have always been won in the past," he declared, "by armies. In future they may be won by air forces alone. You can, at enormous cost, protect your capital against air raids, but it must always be inadequate. Gas bombs will certainly be dropped, and panics will ensue. The Government may be forced to capitulate before ever a blow is struck. An adequate air force is essential to prevent the enemy doing exactly as he likes, but should that enemy use gas our air forces will be at a great disadvantage. Gas needs no skilled aim in order that it may hit the target. It can be dropped within half a mile and the wind will do the rest."

"All that you say is true," replied the War Minister,

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" but in this Island public opinion rules, and public opinion to-day is voiced by the Prime Minister when he says we will have nothing to do with gas."

" Very well, will the Cabinet agree to let us scrap the most vulnerable troops ? Can we build tanks that are gas-proof, and abolish Cavalry and Infantry except for our small wars ? We will have done the best we can to protect our men."

" Yes," replied the War Minister, " I think, provided the change over is gradual, you can start a policy of mechanicalization."

## II

The spring of 1937 found the same Ministry in power. The country had prospered during the past ten years, and men's minds were turned more to the strife of business than to the fear of aggression. Each year the War Minister made another effort to convince the Cabinet of the great danger to be feared from air attack by an enemy who used gas. The world had just as many armed soldiers now as in 1914, but their power of destruction had quadrupled.

In April two Balkan States went to war. The *casus belli* was a trumped-up complaint made by Berengaria that Trendia was harbouring political criminals. Both the states had signed the Washington Convention, and as none of them had any facilities for the manufacture of gas, there appeared every prospect that they would hold to their obligations.

Berengaria obtained a tremendous initial success. Her mobilization was carried out very rapidly, and within a fortnight of the declaration of war she had penetrated far into Trendian territory. There she met the full force of the Trendian Army. The battle raged for two days, and at the end of it Berengaria withdrew.

The Trendian Army followed up their victory, and was actually within ten miles of the capital, when peace was declared.

The whole world was astonished at the terms of peace. Trendia, who appeared to have complete victory in her hand, agreed to expel certain Berengarians from their country, to cede some very valuable coal mines, and to pay an indemnity. The Military Attachés were unanimous in declaring that Trendia's victory was certain. What was the cause of her sudden collapse ?



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For a time all kinds of rumours were heard—each wilder than the last. The Trendians were so incensed with their Government that they cast the leading members into prison. It was a disgraceful defeat.

Little by little rumours of the truth leaked out. It was said that Berengaria had got hold of some new weapon, and that even the threat of its use was sufficient to force Trendia to come to terms. A military correspondent declared it was a new gas, and that Berengaria's ally—a well-known Red Republic—had offered to supply it in huge quantities if the war continued.

So far the Island Power had managed to steer clear of this Balkan imbroglia. She had no vital interests in that part of Europe. She had, however, great interests in maintaining the peace of the world, and at the peace conference she pointed out that the cession of valuable territory by Trendia must inevitably lead to another war.

Her protest had little effect, but she found herself ranged in the opposite camp to the Red Republic.

The death of the Amir of Khanistan caused another ripple on the diplomatic waters, and eventually led to the great Red War.

Khanistan had as its northern neighbour the Red Republic, while to the south, beyond a huge range of mountains, lies the fertile land of Scindia, a dependency of the Island Power.

The Red Republic tried to foist their candidate, Abdul Mahomet, on to the people of Khanistan as their new king. The Khanistans, on the other hand, crowned the late King's son. A *casus belli* was trumped up, and a Red Army crossed the border.

The new Amir appealed to the Island Power for assistance.

## III

"Is that you, General? Jones here—yes, Jones commanding the Lines of Communication. What are we to do about those new tanks? They won't be up in time for the battle. The Reds haven't got anything very modern, but they may use gas and our old tanks aren't gas-proof."

The telephone had been ringing all day. So far the armies had not got into contact. The Red Army, on the outbreak of war with the Island Power, had withdrawn behind

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the River Timur and there they had awaited attack. The army of the Island Power was still nearly forty miles away, and was having great difficulty transporting the heavy munitions of war through the rocky hills.

"Send them up as soon as you can," ordered the General. Then, turning to his Chief of Staff—"Could we postpone the battle? Are there any reports of enemy movements?"

"No, sir. The enemy seems to be sitting down waiting for something. He obviously doesn't want to attack us, so the sooner we attack him the better."

"Yes, yes," muttered the General, "but I don't like going in till I have got everything ready. Have we had any reply from the War Office to my telegram requesting instructions about using gas? We are bound by the Washington Convention, but the Red Republic is not."

"Yes; the War Office has replied that we are not to use it till the Red Republic has notified their intention of doing so."

Just then the telephone rang again.

"Jones here, sir. I have arranged for the tanks to have priority over all other traffic. They should be with you the day after to-morrow. By the way, will you tell the Chief of Staff that the new railhead is now open at Seend. That gets supplies within sixty miles of the Army."

"Priority telegram just through, sir," interrupted the telephone operator. "Message from the War Office: 'Red Republic not yet replied to query about gas.'"

"Very good," replied the General. "Ring up the Intelligence Branch and ask Colonel Smith to come and see me."

Colonel Smith, the Chief Intelligence Officer, had spent most of his service in this intricate branch at the War Office. He was a little man, his hair just turning grey, and was reputed to know more about the Red Army than any man alive.

The General was poring over a map when he arrived.

"Smith," he said, "I'm not happy. What are the Reds up to? They have an army twice our size, but they make no attempt to advance against us; in fact, they have put the River Timur between us and them."

Colonel Smith considered a moment. "I think," he said, "they are going to attack us from the air."

"You can't win a war by bombing people," protested the General. "We haven't even succeeded in bombing

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natives into submission. How can they hope to succeed against trained soldiers."

"No, perhaps bombing won't succeed," replied the Intelligence Officer; "but all my air photos show that the enemy is preparing large numbers of aerodromes. Is there any reply from the Government as to the use of gas?"

"The General shook his head. "The Reds won't commit themselves. Ask the Chief of Staff to send out further orders warning everyone of the great danger of a gas attack; they must always have their masks handy, and tell the anti-aircraft people to be on the alert."

As Colonel Smith left, the telephone bell rang again. It was the Chief of Staff speaking:

"A squadron of enemy aircraft reported crossing our front line."

"Commencing their bombing operations," surmised the General.

At Seend, the new railhead, confusion was gradually giving way to order. Enormous stores of ammunition had been dumped in between huge mounds of earth, so that a bomb exploding in one would not disturb the other. Gas cylinders, for use in case the enemy elected to use it, were similarly stored in another field, and occupying almost every other square yard of room were piles of food for man and beast.

The Commander of the Lines of Communication was very satisfied with the work.

"We should have no difficulty in supplying the army with all its wants," he said to his assistant. "Even if we are bombed, the stores are so well protected we can't suffer much damage."

"What about gas?" asked the assistant.

"Well, we are pretty well defended. We have a lot of anti-aircraft guns about, and there are two squadrons of our own planes, whose sole duty it is to compete with these hostile machines. If a little gas is dropped, we'll just have to wear masks."

An orderly approached with a telegram—"Twenty enemy aircraft crossed our line 1000 hours."

"Sounds as if the war had started," remarked the Commander. "If they are making for here, we will know all about it in half an hour."

The Commander hurried off to his office, where the Anti-Aircraft Commander had already arrived.

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" All ready, Brown ?"

" Yes, sir. Some of the guns are in action already, but the enemy is very high—quite fifteen thousand. However, he won't be able to carry a big load of bombs at that height. By Jove ! there they are."

By concentrating his sight on the area where the " Archies " were bursting, the Commander could just distinguish a few dots high up in the sky. Rapidly they grew in size as the hum of their engines grew louder. The shooting looked good, but none of the enemy appeared to be hit. A faint rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire far away in the heavens could be heard—and then it began to rain.

Inside the room no one spoke. The Commander looked puzzled. A beautiful clear sky, and it was raining ! Up in the sky he saw an aeroplane turning over and over in the sun.

" Hooray ! one of them down," shouted Brown, leaning out of the window to get a better view of the burning plane. " My God ! what's stung me ?" He put his hand to the back of his neck. There was a drop of liquid there which he brushed off. Curiously he gazed at his hand ; it was beginning to tingle, and as he looked he saw there was a blister forming.

Hoarsely he yelled to the doctor, who was in the room : " What's the matter with my hand ?"

" It's a mustard gas blister," the doctor replied. " Odourless mustard. They must be pouring it out of their aeroplanes."

" Yes, but it's hurting like hell. Give me something to stop it."

" Afraid I can't do much," said the doctor. " The cure for a mustard gas blister hasn't yet been discovered. I will give you a lotion."

The telephone bell rang again. " The General wishes to speak to the Commander of the Lines of Communication." " Is that you, sir ? Yes, it is Railhead speaking. What is that you say ? The Red Republic has notified its intention of using gas. I am to send up all the gas we have got. Very good, sir. Oh yes, they are drenching us with something. Doctor says it is odourless mustard gas. More aeroplanes on the way to bomb us are there ; sorry to hear it, sir. Yes, I will send up the gas."

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The Commander sank into a chair. "Get that gas loaded up at once on lorries," he ordered. "Send it off as it is loaded."

"It is kind of the Red Republic to let us know in such good time that they are going to use gas," he muttered. "What folly it is to have let such a weapon be at the mercy of an enemy!"

Still the hostile planes flew overhead and still the rain fell. Occasionally an aeroplane belonging to one side or the other would go down in flames. But ever there seemed a fresh supply of enemy aircraft approaching.

The Chief Medical Officer burst in on the Commander. He was covered in some gas-resisting clothing.

"You'll have to give me transport to get all my sick and wounded out of this area," he said. "They can't breathe. They can't eat. Those who could not adjust their anti-gas dresses are all dead. It's a horrible sight. They are blistered all over. Every moment more cases are arriving at the hospital."

"Very well," said the Commander; "go and arrange with the Chief Transport Officer."

In two minutes he was back, the Chief Transport Officer with him.

I'm afraid I can't supply that transport you require for the Medical Officer, sir." he reported. "Half my men are already gas casualties. All the lorries that were stood out in the open were contaminated, and as soon as a man touched them to start up he became a casualty. The only lorries available are those that were under the sheds. I have ordered them to take the gas up to the line."

"Sorry, Doctor," said the Commander, "I'm afraid the wounded will have to stay where they are."

Half an hour later the Chief Supply Officer entered.

"We will not be able to send up any rations to-night, sir," he reported. "All our stores are contaminated with gas. They will all have to be destroyed. I have wired the base to send up a pack train at once. By the way, sir, how long must the men keep on their masks after the aeroplanes have gone?"

"The effects of the gas may remain as long as three weeks. Masks can only be taken off in the gas-proof chambers where the men feed," replied the Commander. "We will have to evacuate this place to-morrow till the effects wear off."

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With the exception of the small group of men composing the General's entourage, no suspicion of anything serious had entered the minds of the army at the front.

All was apparent peace. Squadrons of aeroplanes kept coming and going, but made no attempt to bomb the army, which at that moment was peacefully cooking its dinner.

At Headquarters a much more serious state of affairs was apparent. The General was conferring with the heads of his various arms. The Air Marshal had been hurriedly summoned. His report was not encouraging.

"We can shoot down a few enemy planes," he said, "and we can hinder them; but if I had every aeroplane in the State here I could not guarantee that some hostile plane would not be able to get through and drop gas where it liked. A very little gas covers a large area. However, I have ordered every aeroplane we have to go up and do its best. And as soon as our own gas arrives up from Railhead we will pay the Red back in his own coin."

"Very good, Air Marshal," said the General. "Let me know the moment the gas is up."

The Chief of Staff approached. "I'm afraid the whole lines of communication are catching it, sir. A telegram has just arrived saying that the pack train won't be able to leave the base to-day, owing to enemy gas. There is another telegram from Railhead asking us to send them all the lorries we can to draw supplies and to help evacuate the wounded. I don't like sending them into that area—they will only become contaminated—but I suppose we must, otherwise we will be short of supplies."

"Yes, send them," said the General, "and get me a call through to the Commander at Seend."

"Hallo—hallo—is that Railhead? Army Commander speaking. "What is the matter with you all—gassed? Who's gassed? The Commander? Well, put me on to the assistant. . . . Is that Colonel G——? The Commander dying? Sorry to hear that. Look here, we must have those gas cylinders up at once. Reprisals are the only means of keeping the enemy down. What? The men can't handle it? Why? It's so contaminated by gas that anyone touching it gets poisoned?"

The General put down his receiver. Steadily he looked at his Chief of Staff.

"Is there anything we can do? Here I have a so-called

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modern army absolutely fresh, full of fight, and I am defeated without losing a man. Beaten because my supplies are cut off. Not a single round of ammunition. Not a single ounce of food can I hope to receive. We have two days' rations with us. After that we starve—the enemy is nearly forty miles away. I warned the Prime Minister of this. I told him that the side who sprung a surprise on the other by the use of gas must win. He said gas wasn't humane. Could he visit my hospitals at Freeth now, he would realize the folly of trying to be humane in war. Shells aren't humane. A septic wound is far worse agony than gas poisoning. But gas is a hundred times more effective weapon than high explosive. If the Reds had known we would use it on the outbreak of war, this war would never have started."

While the General was speaking, the Chief of Staff was busy measuring distances off the map with his dividers.

"If our diplomatists hustle, it is just possible that a reasonable peace may be arranged," he said.

"General, it is the wildest of forlorn hopes. We will die, but we might save the Empire. The Red general does not know whether you have two days' or a week's supply here. Very well; we will attack him to-morrow night with every tank, armoured car, aeroplane, and man that can get up. Our casualties in crossing the river will be large, but, provided we can get some tanks across, the result of the battle will remain in doubt all the following day. The enemy cannot gas his own area. We will leave all these tents up here to-morrow so that he won't know we have moved."

"Of course, if the war goes on we must be annihilated, but if our diplomatists make a firm offer of peace while the result is still in doubt the Reds might make peace. The Government can issue an ultimatum—peace at once or unrestricted gas warfare. The Reds will decline to make peace if they think they have defeated us here. We must keep them in the dark as long as possible. If you, sir, make out a cable to the War Office ready for enciphering, explaining the need for haste, I will get on with moving the troops forward."

## IV.

It was a very haggard Commander-in-Chief who greeted his Chief of Staff, as the latter returned from inspecting the battle front. For twenty-four hours the great battle against time had raged.

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Fortune had favoured the Island Power—the Red Commander was surprised. Usually when lines of communication are threatened an army withdraws. The Island Power seemed to be in a position to disregard the threat. Were his chemists wrong when they told him that for three weeks the enemy could not obtain any supplies? The enemy was pressing his troops hard at the moment.

The Chief of Staff, too, looked tired. "About another hour," he said. "It is bad luck. The enemy's left wing is in a perilous condition; another blow there, and he would crumple up, but you haven't a single tank left in reserve. It is quite likely the enemy will withdraw during the night, but to-morrow we will no longer be an army. We may win the battle, but unless we get peace to-night we lose the war.

The General nodded sadly. "I think I'll go and have a look at the battle from an aeroplane," he said. "I can do no good here."

The sun was setting as the General's plane left the ground.

On the left flank the battle still raged. He could see a company of tanks advancing against a village. Behind the village he saw a lot of enemy tanks hidden. He longed to warn his people. He shouted to his pilot. It was extraordinarily difficult to make him hear. Anyhow, it didn't matter: the war was lost. He looked again, and the leading tank was in the village. Now the enemy were shooting.

"Where were our guns," he thought angrily; "they should be supporting the tanks."

The machine flew into a cloud. When it came out the tank episode was no longer in view. The General tapped his pilot on the shoulder.

"Fly me over the enemy's line; I want to see their headquarters."

"Very dangerous," said the pilot. "Enemy aircraft about."

"Blaze ahead!" said the General.

"Anyway, it's my last battle," he muttered to himself.

The pilot turned and flew due north. Buzz! buzz! buzz! Someone calling on the wireless.

The pilot pushed his earphones into position and listened.

"'D X, D X—D X,'" That's my call, he thought.

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" Commander in Chief. War Office says ' Mustard all right.' Chief of Staff."

He leant back and signalled to the General. " Message for you, sir, from Chief of Staff."

The General repeated the message.

" What fools the War Office are, telling me that mustard gas is all right, when it is too late to use it."

He signalled to his pilot to go home. As they passed over the lines he noticed that the battle seemed to be dying down.

Very skilfully the pilot brought the plane safely on to the ground and taxied towards the great canvas hangars. The Chief of Staff ran forward.

" You got my message," he said. " Heartiest congratulations."

" I got some foolish message from the War Office about mustard gas," replied the General.

" Not mustard gas," said the Chief of Staff; " it is a code message. ' Mustard ' stands for ' peace.' The message is, " Peace all right."

Slowly the General clambered out of the machine and put out his hand to his Chief of Staff.

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# A MINISTRY OF DEFENCE AND THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FIGHTING FORCES

By Lieut.-Comdr. The Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

AFTER the events of May, including the General Strike, the need for economy in the public services becomes more urgent than ever. Direct expenditure by the Government during the strike was not high, but there was undoubtedly heavy expenditure by the local authorities, to be met out of rates in the future, and this will still further hamper manufacturing and commerce. The principal loss, of course, has been in the cancellations of contracts and reduction of imports and exports. Everything that can be done, therefore, to help the recovery of trade should be done; and economists, irrespective of party politics, are agreed that one of the best ways of helping the recovery of trade is by reducing taxation. The Estimates for the Army, Navy and Air Force are likely, therefore, to come under a more severe scrutiny than ever, and every effort will be made to reduce expenditure.

*The problem will be to reduce expenditure and to effect economies without affecting efficiency.* No government in Britain would take the responsibility of cutting down the strength of the Army, Navy and Air Force below the safety level, and no great reduction in armaments will be risked unless other nations agree to reduce their armaments proportionately and simultaneously.

Now this need for economy without sacrificing efficiency has drawn attention to the project of a combined Ministry of defence. I touched on this subject briefly in a previous article for The Fighting Forces. I now propose to enlarge on this side of it, especially with reference to all three fighting arms. It has been calculated that a completely established Ministry of Defence would save between seventeen and twenty-two millions a year after being in existence for four years. The generally accepted figure is round about twenty millions of pounds per annum with the fighting forces at their present strength.

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There are two main arguments in favour of a Ministry of Defence. The first is the undoubted saving of money that would accrue as mentioned above. The second is the strategical argument. It is pointed out that under modern conditions of warfare combined operations between the three arms will be the rule and not the exception. In any operations of war in which the Navy is engaged, the co-operation of the Air Force is essential. This equally applies to purely military operations. But owing to the peculiar position of the British Empire in the world it is highly probable that any warlike operations in which we might unfortunately be engaged would be combined operations of the Army, Navy and Air Force. This being the case the war plans should be worked out on the assumption that all operations of war will be combined operations. The advance in the technique of weapons, the application of science to warfare, is tending to draw more closely together the three fighting forces.

The drawing up of war plans is only a part of the problem. The plans for all conceivable contingencies having been worked out in detail by the three staffs or, better still, by a Combined General Staff, the provision of material and the training of the personnel must conform to these plans. If the services of Supply and Training are to be co-ordinated, and if the plans are to be worked out for combined operations in all cases or nearly all cases, the supreme direction should be concentrated in one department. At present the only machinery for co-ordinating the work of the three services in peace and in preparation for war is the Committee of Imperial Defence, of which the overworked Prime Minister is *ex officio* Chairman. The Committee of Imperial Defence has done valuable work, especially in conjunction with the Dominion Premiers, but it is too unwieldy a body to co-ordinate the three services in the way modern developments demand. Furthermore, its personnel is engaged in many other tasks besides that of strategy and preparations for war; and even more so with changes of personnel on each change of government here or in the Dominions.

As a result of centuries of development, one on land, the other at sea, the War Office and the Admiralty are firmly established as separate entities. There is no rivalry between them, except where the provision of money from the Exchequer is concerned, when naturally the chief of each of the three great departments fights for his own service. The

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actual provision of money wrung from a reluctant Exchequer—and all exchequers are reluctant, especially in these days—depends very largely on the position in the Cabinet of the political head of the service concerned.

With regard to the third fighting arm, the Royal Air Force ; it is the youngest of the three and has had to fight hard for a separate existence. It is admitted that this separate existence of the Air Force, and the department administering it, leads to certain difficulties and friction, although the advantages have been held to outweight these disadvantages. But the result of our present system is that the Air Force is relatively the weakest for the work it would have to do in time of war for the defence of the Empire. The Navy is in a strong position, and the War Office disposes of an army sufficient for the defence of the Empire and our probable needs elsewhere. But it is notorious that the Air Force available in Britain for the defence of the heart of the Empire is dangerously weak. Deducting the air squadrons that must be maintained in Egypt, Mesopotamia, on the North-West Frontier of India, with the Fleet, and, presently, for the defence of Singapore, the residue forming the Home Defence Air Force is far too weak for its work. It must be compared, for strategical purposes, with the Metropolitan Air Force of France. This comparison gives a strength of only one to three as compared to the French striking force in the air. The potency of air attack on great cities increases month by month. London is not only the greatest city in the world, but is the most vulnerable to air attack from the Continent. It is no exaggeration to say to-day that London is in a greater situation of peril in case of war with our nearest neighbour than it has ever been in the history of the Empire. *And yet out of a total of £117,000,000 spent on defence this year, only £16,000,000 is available for the Air Force.* Furthermore, only a fraction of this money goes on the provision of actual fighting air squadrons. The Air Ministry has had to withstand assaults on its independence ; and to meet these attacks has dug itself in by the provision of, in the circumstances, unnecessary schools, hospitals, barracks, offices, stores depots, arsenals, and ground establishments generally. It must be admitted that the position of the Air Force and the exposure of London, which is peculiarly the heart of the Empire politically, financially and commercially, alone would justify a change of system. And the most profitable change of system would be

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the establishment of a combined Ministry of Defence, the details of which I will touch on later.

But first let me draw attention to another example of the bad working of the present system. It is betraying no secrets to say that the Singapore project of creating a first-class naval base in the Pacific originated with the Admiralty, and has been so far considered as an Admiralty matter alone. It is true that, in theory, the proposal was examined and approved by the Committee of Imperial Defence. Although money has been voted for the creation of this new naval base and appears in the Navy Estimates, no provision has been made so far for the necessary increase of the garrison, the erection of the coast fortifications required, or the provision of the aerodromes and air squadrons necessary for the defence of a first-class base. Other examples could be cited. But the fact remains that the very difficult problems of Empire defence, rendered no easier by the events of the past twenty years, are being examined and provision made for their solution in water-tight compartments on different sides of Whitehall or in Adastral House.

A Minister of Defence would be responsible for the efficiency of all three fighting services under one political chief. He would have under him three Under-Secretaries for the Army, Navy, and Air Force respectively. There would be one Financial Secretary to the Ministry of Defence for the three Services. The money required for defence would be budgeted for by a combined General Staff viewing all the problems as a whole. After the usual fight with the Treasury the money available for defence would be allocated to the three Services as required. The three higher Staff Colleges for the three Services would be replaced by a combined Staff College where all the higher training of senior officers would take place. This in itself would lead to some saving, but the far greater gain would be the consideration of defence problems as a single whole and the better knowledge by the officers of the three Services of their colleagues in the other services.

A great deal of overlapping and waste, inevitable under the present system, would be avoided. In addition very great actual savings in expenditure would be brought about by the combination of a number of services whose work is common to the three fighting arms. Take, for example, the Research and Experimental Departments, probably, in the rapidly

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changing technique of war, the most important to-day. The problems of high explosives, chemical warfare, defence against gas, smoke screens, etc., wireless telegraphy and telephony, and a good deal of signalling are common to the three Services. It is absurd that experimental research should go on separately.

Other separate, important, and costly services *common to the three fighting arms* are the Legal Branch, Chaplains' Branch, and Medical Branch. It is really absurd that there should be three separate Medical Corps and three separate Corps of Dentists, Dispensers, Hospital Nurses, etc., when their *practice* is almost exactly similar in the three Services. Again, a great proportion of stores purchased each year by the Army, Navy and Air Force are common to the three. For example, petrol, most of the provisions, a great proportion of the ammunition, explosives, clothing, boots and many other commodities and articles could be far more advantageously purchased through a common purchasing and contracts department. Connoisseurs have assured me that the Navy rum is of better quality than that served out to the troops. In this and similar cases I would not suggest a levelling down, but a levelling up, and any extra cost would be more than covered by the reduction of clerical staffs, administrative officers, storekeepers, inspectors, etc.

Again, take the Lands and Buildings Departments of the three Services. They are doing very similar work and could be combined in one department with a great saving in the numbers of bureaucrats and the swivel-chair brigade generally. The Recruiting Departments again could be combined to the general advantage. In fact, examples of great saving with no loss of efficiency will spring to the mind of every observant officer of the three Services.

Take the Intelligence Services. It is absurd that three intelligence services should be working separately in obtaining information required in the public interest.

There will be many objections put forward. Perhaps the most practical is that a Ministry of Defence would mean the loss of a number of comfortable jobs and berths for civil servants, officials and many senior officers. This is undoubtedly true ; and one would be sorry for the people eventually displaced. But the interests of the whole are greater than the interests of the parts ; and when the efficiency of the Services are at stake in these times of financial stringency personal considerations must not be allowed to stand in the way.



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Another objection put forward with great sincerity, but becoming more shadowy and nebulous the closer it is examined is that there will be a loss of *esprit de corps*. This quite sincere objection will not stand calm examination. No one proposes that officers and men of the Army, Navy and Air Force should wear the same uniforms or that their identity and traditions should be destroyed. A healthy rivalry between the three Services would remain, and there is no more reason why *esprit de corps* should be destroyed under a Ministry of Defence than the *esprit de corps* of various regiments is destroyed because they are all under the present supreme control of the War Office. What fosters *esprit de corps* more than anything else is efficiency, and wise direction from the top. And these would both gain, I contend, from the establishment of a combined Ministry of Defence with a combined General Staff and a combination of the Supply and many other administrative services which could be effected with very substantial savings in expenditure.

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# THE GENERAL STRIKE:

## THE NAVY'S AID.

By EXCUBITOR.

UNDER whatever conditions British life and property may be menaced, whether at home or in some distant quarter of the globe, the Navy inevitably becomes involved in any protective or punitive measures which may be adopted. It matters little whether the emergency can be dealt with most effectively by employing a body of troops or sending up bombing aeroplanes, the assistance of the Navy has to be secured, for it will be usually found that either the troops or their supplies on the one hand, or, or the other, the petrol or oil for the aeroplanes must be carried by water. There have been scarcely any operations of a war-like character in which this country has been concerned during the past century or more in which the Navy has not been called upon to play a more or less essential part.

But when the General Council of the Trade Unions Congress prepared, in a most deliberate way, their plans for a general strike, they gave no thought, as far as can be judged, to the influence which the Navy might exert in frustrating them. On May 1st, in order to exhibit practical sympathy with the miners, it was decided to throw into the struggle what were described as the " shock forces." Orders were given, as though a war were being entered upon, calling out all the men associated with transport by rail, sea, road or air, including the dockers ; printing, with a view to stopping the publication of newspapers ; the supply of electricity or gas for industrial purposes, and the iron and steel trades. It was calculated that if the men concerned responded to anything like the extent it was anticipated, the pulse of this island State would cease to beat, and the Government would be forced to capitulate. The call, it was subsequently announced, met with a " wonderful response," though Mr. Havelock Wilson and the Executive of the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union refused to co-operate. They held that no such call could be made until a ballot had shown that the members themselves desired to strike.

The " General Staff " of the Trades Union Congress were convinced that they had foreseen all the possibilities



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of the situation which the General Council had set about to create. Events proved that not only was their staff work bad, in so far as it affected the calling out of " shock forces," but that they had ignored the character of the counter offensive which the Government might develop. The influence which the Navy might exert on the course of events was apparently completely ignored. This was, perhaps, an understandable oversight, for the greater part of the personnel at the command of the Admiralty was serving abroad, and the force in home waters was smaller than at any period during the past quarter of a century. " How," it might have been asked, " could the Navy, a sea force, effectually intervene in dealing with a general strike, protecting the life of the community, for the most part far removed from the sea ? " The sequence of events was to show that, that even in so unique a situation as the General Council had created, the Navy could not be ignored.

Months in advance the Naval Staff at the Admiralty was directed to prepare plans for assisting the civil power in maintaining essential services. On May 1st, when the General Council of the Trade Unions Congress issued its fiat, the Navy was ready to carry out all the work which had been assigned to it, and even went considerably beyond the original programme. The revelation which the general strike made was that officers and men of the sea service are supreme as handymen even in such an emergency as confronted the community, proving once more their ability to turn their hands to any odd job.

The first development when the " shock forces " of the Trades Union Congress were called out, was that the fleet in home waters was re-distributed in accordance with national necessities. The battleship *Royal Sovereign* proceeded to Rosyth to control events on the east coast of Scotland ; the battleship *Ramillies*, with two destroyers, was sent to Liverpool ; while the battleship *Warspite*, with the battle cruiser *Hood*, the cruiser *Comus*, and a destroyer was ordered to proceed to the Clyde, which was recognized as a possible centre of exceptional trouble ; the cruiser *Enterprise*, two destroyers and a fishery protection vessel were assigned to Hull ; the cruiser *Caledon* took up a position off Avonmouth, a destroyer being assigned to Bristol ; and the cruiser *Cleopatra* was sent to Cardiff, a flotilla leader being allotted to Pembroke ; destroyers dispatched to

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Swansea, Falmouth, Harwich, Middlesbrough and Newcastle. The mail service across the Irish sea was also maintained by destroyers.

The movement of these ships was carried out without attracting any public attention, and, in that respect, the action of the Trade Unions Congress in stopping the issue and distribution of all newspapers assisted, for little or nothing became known of the part which the Navy was taking in dealing with the situation.

The ships took up their appointed stations, parties were landed to protect, and, in some cases, actually to operate docks, and guards were mounted at points which it was thought might conceivably be attacked, as though these were ordinary routine matters. In addition of this re-distribution of Naval force, Chatham Naval Depot despatched parties to Ipswich, Felixstowe, Slough and other places where it was assumed that Naval guards could be usefully employed in protecting wireless stations, oil fuel depots, or armament stores. These arrangements proved in excess of requirements, owing to the manner in which the strikers responded generally to the instructions of their leaders to abstain from acts of violence against life or property. The Naval Depot at Portsmouth also furnished a considerable number of parties for guarding points in the command which were specially open to attack.

London, owing to its large population, presented peculiar problems when the strike occurred: first, because it is the port through which the food and other essential supplies of about one-third of the population of the country normally pass, and secondly, because it is more dependent than any other area upon the efficient working of electric power stations, as well as the operation of an extensive system of docks. Of all the tasks undertaken by the Naval authorities, none was more difficult than the replacement of the normal working staffs in the Metropolitan area who had been called out on strike—electricians, dockers, and the crews of tugs. No fewer than twenty-eight power stations in the London district were promptly manned by Naval ratings, and when the West Ham station ceased work on May 10th, supplies to the Albert docks being cut off, submarines, which were in readiness, immediately provided substitute service. This was an ingenious adaptation of mechanical means to a purpose which was not foreseen when these vessels were built.

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The Navy, besides maintaining the Tilbury Ferry service, guarding loyal workers and volunteers, and protecting vital points, was also responsible for the supply of petrol for the whole London area. One consequence of the strike was that transport by river was interrupted, and, if it had not been for the intervention of the Navy, the patriotic efforts of the volunteers who took over, in increasing measure, the running of 'buses and lorries in the streets of London, would have been unavailing. Throughout the emergency the Navy supplied London with petrol in vast quantities, besides providing and manning steamboats, furnishing tugs for towing, and superintending and assisting in carrying voluntary labour up and down the river to the docks and other places where it was required. The petrol service was maintained by the monitor *Marshal Soult*, the destroyer *Shamrock*, and the minesweeper *Yeovil*. When the strike broke out the tugs and lighters were dispersed up and down the river where their ordinary crews had left them, by design or accident, and chaos reigned. The first necessity was to find them, man them, and then to build up an emergency organization. This task was done promptly and efficiently. Between May 5th and May 17th no less than 23,470 tons of petrol were transported from Thameshaven to various wharves on the river. Day by day as the strike continued the organization worked more smoothly, and the daily quantity was increased until it reached 3,800 tons on May 10th. In spite of the fact that the navigation of the Thames has generally been regarded as demanding special local knowledge, on no occasion did any mishap occur, bridges being fouled, piers damaged, or barges allowed to get adrift. The warrant officers and men who were concerned in this emergency work exhibited a high order of skill in adapting themselves to unfamiliar conditions of service.

Any attempt to describe the manner in which the Navy supported the community during the emergency would be incomplete which ignored the efficiency with which it distributed yeast. If it had not been for the Navy, the whole nation would have had to exist on unleaven bread. Yeast is mainly produced in the north of Ireland and in Scotland, and it is a commodity which will only keep about seven days, and therefore fresh supplies have to be continually dispatched. This was done by a service of destroyers. It was a delicate operation, because yeast gives off dangerous fumes, and it is

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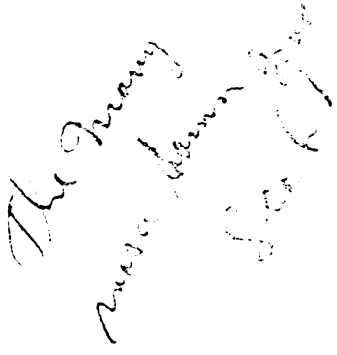
necessary that it should be stored in conditions free from damp and excessive heat, and in compartments which are well ventilated. The magazines and shellrooms in the destroyers were cleared, and in these hampers filled with yeast were placed, each destroyer, experience proved, being able to carry about 27 tons of yeast on each trip. Throughout the strike these destroyers were kept hard at work supplying the nation with yeast. When the organization was in full working order, something like 250 tons of yeast were being brought from the producing distilleries to the dispatching areas every week.

When the general strike had been defeated, one of the ministers of the Crown who was closely associated with the emergency organization instituted by the Government, remarked that, apart from the manner in which volunteers had come forward from the civil population, what struck him most was the readiness with which Naval officers and men undertook any duty assigned to them. Orders were received and acted upon promptly, and the suggestion was never made on any occasion that any particular task was one which could not be carried out. Whatever the particular duty assigned to the Navy, the response of the officer to whom it had been assigned was " Aye, aye, Sir." In this manner the traditions of the sea service were maintained in circumstances which it had been impossible to foresee, and which it may be hoped will never recur.



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# THE EVOLUTION OF PUGILISM

By James Murray.

THE present-day boxing contests which one watches at the Albert Hall or the Blackfriars Ring are vastly different from the feats of strength, courage, and endurance, with which the art now known as boxing was commenced.

Theseus, King of Athens, is said to be the first man to institute boxing. After his time it was practised at the Greek games and the Roman gladiatorial spectacles. Among both the Greeks and Romans, however, the naked fist was not used ; a kind of glove, known as the Cestus, made of thongs of leather, weighted with iron or lead to make the blow harder, was worn by the boxers. The Egyptians also practised this sport, and they, too, employed the cestus. It was a terrible weapon, and these fights frequently proved fatal. In fact, it was often an understood thing in these displays that the fight continued till death or maiming overtook one of the competitors.

In England the " noble art " first came into public notice in the early part of the eighteenth century. James Figg was the man who can be said to be the first professional boxer, or, as it was then known, prize-fighter. He opened a boxing booth in London in 1719, and the sport continued to increase in popularity through the reigns of the four Georges. In those days bare fists were used. No thought being given by our lusty forbears to putting padding on their hands to make the blows softer.

James Figg claimed the title of champion, and met Ned Sutton, of Gravesend, to defend his title. This is the first recorded fight for the honour. In those days reach, height and weight were considered all important ; the days of the quick-footed scientific fighter had not yet dawned. The fight lasted six rounds. A round, then, ended at a throw-down blow, when both were given a rest of thirty seconds, at the expiration of which time they continued the fight if they were able. Holding and wrestling was allowed as well as hitting. Figg ably defended his title and retained the championship.

Jack Broughton was Figg's successor. He was the first

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fighter to think of using gloves as we now know them to box in, and they were known as mufflers. He was also famous for drawing up the first rules of boxing. These made fighting more scientific, and did away with the sheer brutality of the early fights. He was defeated after fourteen minutes by Jack Slack in April, 1750.

Slack was not a pleasant type of man, and with him as champion public interest in the ring flagged a little. After holding the title for ten years, he was knocked out by Bill Stevens, of Birmingham. Stevens sold his title, after an absurd " fight " which lasted for seventeen minutes, for the sum of £50 to George Meggs, who in his turn was defeated twice by Millsden, who, however, refused to claim the title.

Two men, Tom Juchan and Bill Darts now claimed the championship, and after a disgraceful fight, terminated by a blow below the belt, Bill Darts was proclaimed champion. He was knocked out three years later by Lyons, the waterman, and from this date pugilism rapidly regained its old name for fair play and pluck.

Peter Corcoran from Galway defeated Lyons, and he was followed by Harry Sellers, who sold his title to Duggan Fearns. Thus closed the dirtiest period of the prize-ring, but a new era was to open with Tom Jackling, who fought under the name of Tom Johnson. He met Isaac Perrins, who weighed seventeen stone in fighting trim, and after a fight which lasted sixty-two minutes emerged victorious. Johnson was defeated in 1791 by Big Ben Brian, who assumed the title.

From this time to about 1820 the interest in the ring was enormous, all classes of society, high and low, took a part, as all those who have read the fascinating pages of Rodney Stone will know. Lord Byron in his diary has related how he had lessons from the famous Gentleman Jackson, who made a fortune out of pugilism.

Brian held the title for three years unchallenged, but never fought again. He was followed by that wonderful fighter Daniel Mendoza, the Jew, who was noted for his pluck, cleanness, science, and quickness. He was the shortest and lightest of our champions, only eleven stone in weight and five feet nine inches high. When Mendoza lost to Gentleman Humphries, it is said that his Jewish friends lost £50,000 in bets although the stakes were only £50 a-side. Those were the days of small purses and real fights.

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The police and magistrates at this time and for many years worried the patrons of the sport with their unwanted attentions. Many times a fight would start in one county and finish in another miles away, after the combatants and spectators had fled from the constables.

After many fights of minor importance, Mendoza met Gentleman Jackson (who deserved his name as much as Gentleman Humphries did not) in 1795, for £200 a side, and the Jew was defeated. Jackson did not fight again, but devoted himself to the art of teaching, and opening a school in Bond Street, spent the remainder of his days teaching undergraduates from the Universities the noble art of self defence. He was one of the eighteen prominent pugilists chosen as bodyguard at the coronation of George IV.

After this came such men as Jem Belcher, Tom Cribb, Tom Spring, Jack Langan and others. Cribb was the first public fighter who trained systematically in much the same way as our men do to-day. Belcher reached the top of his career when he was twenty-two, but losing an eye playing tennis, he was never the same afterwards. He was beaten by his old pupil, The Game Chicken, when he was twenty-four, and also by Tom Cribb when twenty-six, and again two years later. Henry Pearce, or The Game Chicken, was four years older than Belcher, and only five feet nine inches high. His greatest fight was with John Gully, who had the most varied career of any man. He was in turn butcher, pugilist, publican, book-maker, colliery proprietor, Member of Parliament, race-horse owner, winner of the Derby, and millionaire.

Tom Cribb, who was noted for his remarkable power of taking punishment, succeeded The Chicken as champion. He was trained by the famous sportsman Captain Barclay. He was the first English champion to defend his title against a boxer of colour, Molyneux by name. He was followed by Tom Spring, whose real name was Winter, who defeated the Irishman Langan after seventy-six rounds.

Since about 1820 the ring has been shorn of much of its glory and the days of the "Corinthians," the rich patrons of the ring are over. Tom Sayers was champion in 1833, but he lost the title six years later to Bendigo, or William Thompson as his real name was, who left the ring and became a revivalist preacher.

The prize-ring in America, which had its birth in 1819, had

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for long been disgraced by blackguardism, but later it started to clear its character. The American champion Heenan fought Sayers in 1860, but the fight was broken up by the police and Sayers was forced to go into hiding to escape arrest.

In 1867 the Marquess of Queensberry drew up rules which are now known as The Queensberry Rules, and under which all boxing contests take place. One amongst other innovations was the use of gloves. The first fight of importance under these new rules was the one for the championship of the world between Sullivan and Corbett in 1892.

Now comes the era of such men as Peter Jackson and Jack Johnson the blacks, Bob Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Jim Jeffries, Jess Willard and Jack Dempsey. A chance was given to smaller and lighter men by making weights to fit them so that they would not have to meet heavier men, and could fight out the championships of their own weights between themselves. Purses have become larger and fights shorter. One never sees fights now like those the old champions put up. And England has, after leading the world since the days of James Figg, taken a back seat. All the world champions are Americans. Our last hope passed away with that heroic little fighter Jimmy Wilde.

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# CONTINENTAL VIEWS UPON THE SUBMARINE QUESTION

By Archibald Colbeck.

NEARLY five years ago the Committee of Imperial Defence reported on what was then known as the battleship and submarine controversy, after a long and careful investigation of the subject. They advised the Cabinet that no British government would be justified in replacing a building programme of capital ships by a programme which only made provision for light craft, submarines and aeroplanes.

The ruling given settled a vexed problem of Imperial defence; but when the British Government strove, at Washington and at Cannes to make the decisions of the Committee of Imperial Defence the basis of an international agreement, their project met with unflinching resistance from foreign powers. The animating principles of British naval policy were not of universal application; and as the British delegates supported their contention by hasty and ill-considered arguments, they laid themselves open to many telling and damaging replies. All subsequent attempts to limit submarine construction by agreement have failed; and it is no exaggeration to say that the submarine problem, which many people thought had been settled five years ago, is in its infancy, and is likely to affect the policies of European and Asiatic powers for a generation to come. It is my intention to state the international aspect of this problem in its broadest outlines.

The task, which is not an easy one, is facilitated by the recent articles of two writers of exceptional weight and authority. Monsieur Laubœuf, the French designer, who needs no introduction in a service magazine, has stated the French standpoint with great cogency in the "Revue de France." Captain Sorb—a staff officer trained by Marshal Foch—has exhaustively reviewed the question in a series of articles entitled: "The End of British Maritime Supremacy." No other continental writers have given so complete or so fair a review of the points at issue; and an analysis of their contentions may justly claim to be an analysis of the naval policy of the continental powers of Europe.

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Monsieur Laubœuf is very reticent of forecast and timid as to general arguments. He contends that the records of the last war show, beyond all possible doubt, that the submarine is a military weapon. When Armistice put an end to hostilities, German submarines had accounted for 62 warships and armed auxiliaries. Their strategical effect has not been analysed in any official document, but it is practically admitted that they closed the Adriatic to capital ships and made a large part of the North Sea inaccessible to the Grand Fleet. Admiral Scheer's memoirs show to what extent they were used in purely military enterprises, and the part they played in Fleet reconnaissance and plans of coast defence. In the light of such admitted facts, it is the merest folly to describe them as mere engines of assassination. Whether they constitute an auxiliary arm which is on the threshold of an immense progress, or whether they are an auxiliary arm, which has already reached its highest state of development, they must be considered as an engine of war, adapted to the achievement of certain well-defined military objects. In conclusion, Monsieur Laubœuf suggests politely, that the plea for their abolition is not disinterested. The submarine is essentially the weapon upon which comparatively weak powers will rely for their naval defence. It may not drive capital ships from the seas, but it will supply minor states with a means of contesting the domination of great naval powers. France has already agreed to a scheme of capital ship limitation, which places her amongst the second-class naval powers of the world : it would be the height of folly for any French government to agree to submarine limitation as well. By doing so they would simply surrender the nation's right to protect its shore line against raids, armed landings and bombardments, agree by treaty that France should henceforward be unable to contest being blockaded from the sea ; and consent in advance to the military isolation of the North African colonies. As for Lord Balfour's argument that the French submarine building programme is directed against British commerce, Monsieur Laubœuf replies that the French coasts are far more threatened by the British super-dreadnoughts than British merchantmen by French submarines.

Captain Sorb's arguments in " Mer et Colonies," and elsewhere, differ from Monsieur Laubœuf's, although his conclusions are the same. His review of the position is

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entirely historical ; a long analysis of the submarine campaign against British commerce in 1917 leads him to the conclusion that it very nearly succeeded, and failed for reasons which need not occur again. First, he accepts without demur all that German naval writers have said upon the political conduct of the campaign, and concludes that the Imperial Chancellor's opposition to it in 1916 was largely responsible for its failure ; had there been no political impediments, the tonnage destruction of 1917 would have occurred earlier, and would probably have been decisive. Secondly, he urges that Germany's geographical position was exceptionally bad. German U-boats could only reach British trade routes through three defiles—the Straits of Dover, the Shetlands-Bergen entrance to the North Sea, and the Straits of Otranto—all of which, thanks to America's resources in material, were blocked with mines and obstructions. Insufficient forces and bad starting points were impediments, or disadvantages, from which the German campaign never recovered.

Captain Sorb draws his deductions with ruthless logic. In order to give precision and cogency to his arguments he assumes a state of war between France and Great Britain, and enquires whether France with two hundred ocean-going submarines would be able to achieve what Germany failed to do. He considers that she would. French submarines would be working from bases which lie opposite the vital arteries of British trade. Flotillas based on Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, le Havre, and St. Malo would literally control mercantile movements in the Channel. The attack on the approach routes would be supported by a sustained attack against the Atlantic routes by submarines of large tonnage working from Brest, Bordeaux, and Dakar. These advantages, concludes Captain Sorb, would enable a French submarine fleet to inflict as much loss upon British commerce as the German U-boats did when they were working at their maximum efficiency, that is, in April, 1917, when they sank three-quarters of a million tons of Allied and neutral shipping. As it would be quite impossible for Great Britain to support these losses, Captain Sorb entitles his articles " La fin de la suprématie maritime de l'Angleterre." The deductions that he draws are obvious. It would be folly for France to agree to any treaty which limited or obstructed her power of forging so powerful and effective a weapon as a fleet of submarines. The French Parliament has, quite properly, refused to ratify

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the Root resolutions ; and French governments must always resist any international agreement with regard to the use and employment of submarines on the high seas. " The isolation of the British islands is the object to be attained, in a war against England. The last war shows that this can only be done by sinking, *without warning*, all vessels which attempt to break the blockade by passing through the forbidden areas. If men in army convoys are treated as belligerents, crews of vessels carrying provisions to England ought certainly to be treated so as well. As it is unquestioned that no neutral is allowed to enter a blockaded port, neutrals cannot complain if they are sunk for entering a blockaded country."

These arguments must obviously be verified and tested by the known facts of the submarine campaign. The turning point of Captain Sorb's contention appears to be his assumption that it was the naval campaign against the German U-boats which caused their failure. If he is right, it is very difficult to reject his deductions ; for nobody can any longer doubt that it was American assistance in ships and naval material which gave the naval campaign its efficacy and vigour ; and Anglo-American co-operation cannot be reckoned a permanent unalterable feature of war at sea.

We do not hesitate to say that the purely naval campaign against the U-boats was quite indecisive. The Germans started unrestricted submarine war with 111 available submarines ; they ended it with 121. From October, 1917, to Armistice the rate of destruction was slightly in excess of the deliveries ; but the U-boat building programme for 1919 promised deliveries considerably in excess of the average monthly sinkings, which at Armistice were at about seven. Had the campaign been continued into the year 1919, there can be little doubt that the Germans would considerably have increased the numbers of their operating U-boats.*

The enormous mine barrages which were placed across the North Sea and the Straits of Dover were not of any decisive importance in the campaign. The northern barrage accounted for only two U-boats and Admiral Michelsen has subjected the barrage operations in the North Sea and the Adriatic to a penetrating criticism. " When minefields were cleared, just after the war," he writes, " it was found that only 43 per cent. of the deep mines, and only 28 per cent. of the surface mines were still in position, and that mines had

* Michelsen, " Der U-boots krieg," p. 186.

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spontaneously exploded from undiscovered causes. This peculiarity of the American mines was well-known to our U-boat commanders who frequently passed through the northern barrage accompanied by a concert of submarine explosions."*

The mines in the Otranto Straits had as little effect upon the course of the campaign as those in the North Sea. According to Admiral Michelsen, whose statistics seem entirely above reproach, only one U-boat (UB87) was lost in the Otranto barrage.

These facts show at once that a great deal of Captain Sorb's arguments are untenable. His main contention is that geography and American assistance made the allied campaign against the German submarine successful. It is quite obvious, from the facts we have cited, that the success of the allied campaign at sea was due to other causes, which Captain Sorb ignores.

It is in the monthly list of sinkings that we must look for a solution to the riddle. The figures are these :—

| 1917— | British. | World Total. |
|---|---|---|
| February ... ... ... | 313,486 | 540,006 |
| March ... ... ... ... | 353,478 | 593,841 |
| April ... ... ... ... | 545,282 | 881,027 |
| May ... ... ... ... | 352,289 | 596,629 |
| June ... ... ... ... | 417,925 | 687,507 |
| July ... ... ... ... | 364,858 | 557,988 |
| August ... ... ... | 329,810 | 511,730 |
| September ... ... ... | 196,212 | 351,748 |
| October ... ... ... | 276,132 | 458,558 |
| November ... ... ... | 173,560 | 289,212 |
| December ... ... ... | 253,087 | 399, 111 |
| Total ... ... | 3,729,785 | 6,235,878 |
| 1918— | | |
| January ... ... ... | 179,973 | 306,658 |
| February ... ... ... | 226,896 | 318,957 |
| March ... ... ... ... | 199,458 | 342,597 |
| April ... ... ... ... | 215,543 | 278,719 |
| May ... ... ... ... | 192,436 | 295,520 |
| June ... ... ... ... | 162,990 | 255,587 |
| July ... ... ... ... | 165,449 | 260,967 |
| August ... ... ... | 145,721 | 283,815 |
| September ... ... ... | 136,859 | 187,881 |
| October ... ... ... | 59,229 | 118,559 |
| Total ... ... | 1,684,554 | 2,649,260 |

* *Ibid.*, p. 85.

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It is quite obvious that between May and September, 1917, the fortunes of the campaign turned in favour of the Allies. In April the submarine sinkings were at a figure which meant disaster; by the end of the year they had been reduced to manageable proportions. In 1918, Great Britain lost in all 1,684,554 tons of shipping, and her tonnage position improved throughout the year. The reason for the change was not the mines in the narrow passages of the Channel, the North Sea, and the Mediterranean, nor the offensive campaign against the U-boats—which never seriously reduced their numbers—but the introduction of ocean convoy. On this point dates and figures are decisive, and are best set out in tabular form :—

| During the quarter ending— | *Tons.* |
|---|---|
| April, 1917, no ocean-going shipping was under convoy, and the total losses were ... ... ... | 2,014,874 |
| July, 1917, experiments had been made in convoys in the Atlantic, and the total losses were ... | 1,842,124 |
| October, 1917, ocean convoy was universally adopted, and the total losses were ... ... ... ... | 1,322,036 |
| January, 1918, the Mediterranean trade was also convoyed, and the total losses were ... ... | 1,094,981 |
| April, 1918, convoys all over the world were re-organized on the basis of experience gained during the past 12 months, and the total losses were | 940,273 |

There can be no doubt as to the conclusion to which these figures lead. The failure of the German submarine campaign was due to a purely defensive measure, applied very late, but applied decisively. More than this, the measure which turned the tide of war in our favour, is not one which depends, for its practicability, upon special circumstances. It is applicable at all times and in all oceans of the world so long as Great Britain has the necessary cruiser forces to give effect to it. Captain Sorb's structure of argument is unsound and condemnable on survey.

But though the destruction of British maritime supremacy is not so near as Captain Sorb imagines, nor attainable by such means as he suggests, his writings, and those of Monsieur Laubœuf none the less contain a residue of serious argument which it would be foolish to brush aside. Do the facts and figures of the submarine campaign support the view—so firmly held by continental publicists—that a submarine



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fleet is the form of naval armament most adapted to the needs of second-rate naval powers? The question needs a little preliminary explanation. What, in untechnical language are the needs of minor naval powers?

All history shows that no state with a comparatively weak naval armament will ever resign itself to complete inactivity in naval war. If its forces are not sufficiently powerful to contest the control of the sea by battle, it draws up plans of commerce destruction, of raids, armed landings and the like. The French naval campaigns of the eighteenth century are a succession of examples of what a naval power endeavours to do when its opponent is considerably stronger than itself. In the modern world some of these operations—notably the invasion schemes which figure so largely in French war plans against Great Britain—are quite impracticable. Others have survived, and war upon commerce is one of the survivors. It is quite useless to return to our standard denunciations about the cruelty or ferocity of the German submarine campaign; they will not affect continental opinion in the slightest degree. We must assume that comparatively weak naval states will use their submarines against the commerce of a more powerful opponent unless or until neutrals intervene in arms. All that we can do is to recognize the fact and to determine that the merchant seamen, who are bound to suffer terribly, shall be given all the military and financial protection in our power. We had better keep the tale of their sufferings to ourselves; it may encourage possible adversaries, but it will certainly never deter them. What position, then, does the submarine occupy as a commerce destroyer? The figures that we have already quoted must supply an answer.

If we assume that the period January to July, 1918, was the one in which the British defence and the German attack were working at their maximum efficiency, we find that we were losing, on an average, 191,000 tons of shipping per month, and that during the same period the German submarine fleet numbered about 120 units. We, therefore, arrive at the rough conclusion that a power which had easy access to the approach routes to Great Britain could probably destroy about 2,000,000 tons of shipping annually. The figure is not alarming; nobody can doubt that Great Britain, freed of continental commitments, and able to concentrate her industries upon intensive shipbuilding, and multiplying of her maritime resources, would easily replace two million

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tons of merchant shipping. The necessary condition is that the country should be completely free of any obligation to carry on continental war, that is, freed from the military consequences of pacts of guarantee of security.

Nonetheless, one very important fact emerges from this survey. The destruction of 2,000,000 tons of British commerce annually would be a military advantage which no maritime opponent would willingly surrender. The most successful commerce campaigns of the sailing era never gave nearly such good results; and to our remarks and contentions about the cruelty and futility of the submarine weapon, continental opinion will always reply: "The heat of your denunciations accords ill with your arguments. We are persuaded that a submarine campaign against your commerce would be the most promising operation that we could undertake in a war against your country. You do not surrender your ability to reduce the towns behind our fortified ports to ashes; allow us, therefore, to retain the best weapon we possess for mitigating or off-setting the damage you may do us."

Does this argument amount to final and conclusive proof that British policy on the question of submarine limitation is impracticable? Hardly, and for the following reason. The essence of the continental view seems to be that unrestricted submarine warfare will always be forced upon continental states by the pressure of events, and that their governments cannot without palpable dishonesty sign international agreements which they would, later on, be compelled to break. But international agreements are not the only safeguard against unrestricted submarine war. When the political history of the war is studied in a calmer atmosphere, it will be apparent that the American attitude towards the submarine campaign was no mere freak in the history of American policy. It unquestionably represents the attitude which any American government would adopt towards any state which adopted such a form of war at sea, regardless of time or circumstances. American intervention will always be the inevitable, necessary, consequence to submarine war against commerce, and American enmity is as good a guarantee as an international agreement. When Monsieur Laubœuf, Captain Sorb and others congratulate the French government upon refusing to ratify the Root resolutions they forget that they are congratulating it on a freedom from legal, not from political, obligations.



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# SERVICE CELEBRITIES

## 2.—ADMIRAL SIR HENRY OLIVER, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O., LL.D.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY OLIVER began his naval career in the hydrographic survey, and his scientific training may, possibly, have contributed to his impartiality of mind. His method of discussing war and politics is always dispassionate. He shows that certain opinions are wrong and foolish, but without heat or passion, and he sets out the opposite point of view without emphasis or any desire to score points. His aphorisms are not those of the breezy seaman of fiction ; but they are the aphorisms of a man with an unrivalled knowledge of the sea. An officer of the Fisher school of strategy once spoke to him of the immense advantages of a descent upon the German islands, and asked him why he had always opposed the scheme. Admiral Oliver answered : " Because the Grand Fleet would have to have gone into the German bight every time the soldiers in Borkum wanted a bar of soap." When asked, further, whether the operation, successfully performed, would not have assisted us in defeating the German Fleet, he answered : " I feared that it would assist the Germans to defeat ours."

He left the hydrographic survey as a fairly senior lieutenant and specialized in navigation. It was largely due to his tireless but unobtrusive advocacy that navigating officers were given specialist rank equal to that of gunnery and torpedo lieutenants. When the Navigation School at Portsmouth was founded, Admiral Oliver was put in charge of it. He did not innovate, nor attempt to subject navigating officers to the high mathematical training of their French and Italian colleagues, but drew up a rational and practical plan of study, which had two objects in view—first, to give specialized officers enough familiarity with astronomy and mathematics to make them entirely free of rule-of-thumb methods ; and, secondly, to give them enough scientific equipment to understand and follow the results of contemporary research in physics and astronomy.

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He is an intelligent and critical, but not a voracious, reader of history. Unconsciously, he supports the view of those austere scholars who insist that history is a subject in itself, and not an applied science, for he never brings historical analogies into his discussion of contemporary problems. An officer once asked him whether the Germans would not have been well advised to have drawn up a plan upon the model of Ruyter's attack upon the Medway, and so have delivered a smashing blow against the mass of shipping in the Downs. Admiral Oliver answered as though no historical comparison existed. " Of course, it would have been a good thing to try and starve London." But though he will not parade his knowledge from fear of pedantry, he is always willing to talk over an eighteenth-century campaign.

At the outbreak of war he was Director of Naval Intelligence ; and when Admiral Sturdee took up a sea command, he succeeded him as Chief of the Staff. The intelligence system which gave such surprising results was thus started under his auspices, and it bears the impress of his mind. It was wholly scientific in its inception, and broke away entirely from the traditional method of spies and secret agents. Admiral Hall was the builder of the system, and Sir Henry Oliver the architect.

His nickname of " Dumpy " Oliver is, in a sense, deceptive. Certainly no man ever knew better how to set up word proof partitions in his mind and speech ; but then nobody is more willing to help intelligent inquiry than he, or more modest about what he knows, or more affable in his speech and manner. He is grave and quiet, but not severe, easy, unassuming, and most liberal of his time ; but never expansive. To a visitor who expects effulgent speech and a seaman's richness of metaphor, Admiral Oliver's conversation is disappointing ; to those interested in the art of war and strategy, it rings like good metal. There is nothing abstract or technical in his speech ; it is all practical examples and concrete cases. His talk is easily digested, but it is most filling.

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# THE DEFENCE OF A CIVIL POPULATION AGAINST AIR ATTACK

By Major B. C. Dening, M.C.

THE world is to-day at peace. It is still recoiling under the cruel blows rained upon it during the titanic struggle of 1914-18. No Great Power can at present afford to go to war. Supported by a public opinion still largely swayed by memories of the last war and fully alive to the suffering which follows in the wake of national strife, the moderate and peace-loving men that are to be found in every land hold the reins of government of the Powers that are at present in control of the world's destinies. These men are attempting to find a means of preventing war, of obtaining security without armaments. Why, under these circumstances, is it necessary to reopen the subject of air attack and the defence of civil populations ?

The reasons are several. To begin with, it is clearly unwise to suppose that the nations which at present are in power will always be so, and that others, with less democratic forms of government, will not arise and overthrow the present balance. Secondly, as peoples forget the horrors and exactions of the last world war, the temptation to examine the fruits which successful wars may bring will grow stronger, and the peace party in some countries will lose ground to a war party. Thirdly, a believed threat to the security of a nation, whether to its land frontiers, navy, commerce or food supplies, may bring it at any moment face to face with a question which, quite conceivably, cannot be settled by arbitration, when resort must be had to force. A last reason for advocating a timely consideration of the defence of a civil population against air attack is that such attack can come so quickly and can be carried out with craft not necessarily designed for war at all. The defence against the air differs from that against sea-borne or land attack in that while for naval and land wars large forces have to be raised which have no legitimate rôle in peace, for air warfare machines can be utilized which may have been created for commercial purposes. Thus, whereas in the past a nation with designs upon the liberties of its neighbours, such as Germany before 1914, could hardly conceal its intentions, when it was building

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up navies and armies, to-day a people controlled by scheming rulers can develop a large commercial aviation and can possess a strong offensive weapon without arousing suspicions against itself and without divulging its secret intentions. It is the sudden adaptability of an aviation to war purposes which makes it imperative for civil populations to consider their position should any nation in possession of large numbers of aircraft choose to turn hostile and employ her aircraft upon them.

## The Degree of the Air Danger.

Before it is possible to devise methods of defence against any form of danger, it is necessary to form an estimate of the magnitude of the danger. In the case of the defence of a civil population against air attack this estimate is not easily arrived at. What is required is some idea of the maximum degree, and the form, of the attack likely to be delivered. In order to obtain this, it is necessary to make a general forecast of the numbers of aeroplanes which a nation is likely to possess in war, the range to which such aeroplanes can act, and the form of attack they can carry out. Each civil population must then apply this general forecast to their own case, taking into account any special factors that affect it.

The number of aeroplanes that a nation can possess is limited really only by the strength of its industry and the length of its purse. Given time for the training of pilots, the development of the aircraft industry, the preparation of aerodromes and the collection of fuel reserves, there seems hardly a limit to the number of aeroplanes that a rich industrial nation can place in the air. Some idea of the numbers that were produced in the past during the great air effort of the last war can be obtained by looking back over the records of the aircraft possessed by great Powers, such as Great Britain, in 1918. At that time, according to the official "Statistics of the Military Effort of the British Empire during the Great War," Great Britain possessed some 7,000 aeroplanes. Germany and France presumably had at their disposal aircraft in similar numbers. This figure, then, of 7,000 aeroplanes, is at least what we can expect a strong industrial nation to work up to, should it so desire. Compared with this figure the numbers of aeroplanes in existence to-day are interesting. France, the leading air power in the world, possessed last year, according to a written

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statement by the Secretary of State for Air, published on February 20th, 1925, 140 Service squadrons of 9 machines each, totalling 1,260 machines. Another authority has estimated that France possesses some 1,000 machines employed on civil aviation. The above figure of Service squadrons did not include squadrons in process of formation nor machines held in reserve to replace Service machines. It will not be greatly inaccurate therefore to suggest 2,500 as the number of aircraft possessed by France to-day. Britain, according to this year's Air Estimates, possesses at home, in Iraq, India, Egypt, and Palestine, and attached to the Navy, altogether the equivalent of 61 Service squadrons, which if each contains 12 machines, makes a total of 732 machines. The number of machines held in reserve for the Air Force is not divulged. The number of aeroplanes employed on civil aviation is small, between 100 and 200. Probably the figure 1000 would cover all the aeroplanes available to-day all over the British Empire. Thus the numbers of aircraft in existence to-day bear little relation to the numbers it is possible for a nation to manufacture. It has already been pointed out, however, that the attack to be anticipated from the air is to be a sudden one and not one which will come after years of tension and fighting. It is sufficient, therefore, in estimating the danger to which civil populations are exposed at any time to deal with the figures of aircraft as they exist at that time and not with possible figures.

Should civil aviation become a paying concern, the number of aeroplanes in the possession of nations may well bound up to, and even beyond, the numbers possessed in 1918 by the principal combatants. There is no likelihood of a great increase in the number of aircraft used in civil aviation as long as subsidies to the extent provided to-day by the governments of Britain and France are necessary to enable civil aviation to maintain itself.

Taking, then, present-day figures, some estimate is required of the offensive power of a nation in possession of 2,500 aeroplanes, which is the largest number of aircraft at the disposal of any one power. The two attributes of an aeroplane which govern its offensive power are its range and its weight-carrying power.

The extreme range of an aeroplane in war, if returning to its starting point, is held to be 300 miles. This may seem a small figure when the non-stop flight of a French aeroplane

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from Paris to Rio de Oro in Africa, 2,400 miles in 28 hours, which took place in February last year, is recalled. It must be remembered, however, that this aeroplane carried no bombs, weapons or armament, and could carry petrol in lieu in order to increase its range. Further, it required to retain no reserve of flying power as is necessary in war for fighting and manœuvre purposes. If we accept this figure of 300 miles, the whole of the civil population in England south of a line Scarborough—Lancaster is within range of the French, Belgian and Dutch Air Forces, and also of the German Air Force, if the latter, as it easily might, operates from Dutch or Belgian territory. Similarly, France to a depth of 300 miles from British territory and Germany up to a line which includes Coblenz, Cologne and the Ruhr industrial areas, are within the range of British aircraft.

The greatest weight recorded to have been carried by an aeroplane is that of a 4,300 lb. bomb which was carried in an American Army machine to a height of 4,000 feet before being dropped for experimental purposes. This exceptional performance, like the French flight from Paris to Rio de Oro, was carried out under peace conditions, and none of the lifting power of the machine had to be allotted to the carrying of petrol supplies needed for long-distance flights, nor to the carrying of the war equipment of the machine, nor to providing a reserve of buoyancy for fighting and manœuvre. At present, war machines, when operating fully equipped at their extreme range of 300 miles, carry less than half the weight lifted by the American machine. It is probably accurate enough to anticipate that in a war of the near future heavy bombing machines will carry about 2,200 lb., or a ton, in bombs.

The offensive power to-day then of a nation possessing 2,500 aeroplanes, can be approximately forecasted. Making an allowance that of the aircraft available 30 per cent. will be designed as single-seater scouts for aerial fighting, and 5 per cent. each as Navy and Army close co-operation machines, it leaves 60 per cent. of the 2,500 as bombers, *i.e.*, 1,500 machines, each carrying possibly one ton of bombs. During the first few days of a great war, it is likely that the whole strength of a nation's air force would be employed daily. After a few days the number of aeroplanes likely to be available will fall off owing to casualties to machines, mechanical breakdowns, etc. For the first week of war, however, a civil population at the present time must, in Europe, be

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prepared to receive daily 1,500 tons of bombs of one variety or another.

Is it possible to obtain any impression of what this means? It is. Many people remember the greatest air raid carried out by the Germans over London in the last war—the daylight raid of June 13th, 1917. In that raid 590 casualties were caused. From the weight of bombs dropped on that and similar occasions, it has been estimated that in crowded urban areas fifty casualties will be caused per ton of bombs dropped, assuming bombs to be high explosive. Thus, when, as anticipated, 1,500 tons are dropped daily, we may expect 75,000 casualties, if civilians are unprotected and unorganized. If gas bombs be used instead of high explosive, the casualties may be even greater. It is possible, then, even to-day, for a nation to cause an effect, daily, 127 times as great as the greatest effect, which was horrible enough, produced by the Germans in the last war on London.

### The Effect on the Civil Population.

What, is it imagined, will be the result of dropping daily, for a week, on a city such as London, 1,500 tons of high explosive or gas bombs? Let us assume that the citizens have right on their side in the war, are determined to a man to see the struggle through and are whole-heartedly supporting the government in power. Even under such conditions, it is safe to predict that the population could not, as it is defended to-day, remain and "face the music." Recently, a serious student of mass psychology expressed the view that, under the circumstances described, 40 per cent. of the population of the bombed city would depart within 48 hours, and a further 40 per cent. within a week, leaving only 20 per cent., composed of persons either too devoted to duty or to their possessions to be frightened away by any quantity of bombing, to hold the stricken area. There is, unfortunately, little reason to doubt the opinion of this psychologist. This means that in an area like London, of over seven millions of people, within two days of the outbreak of war, nearly three millions will evacuate the city by some means or other, by rail and road, while within a week, over five and a half millions will have moved out.

No power on earth will be able to stop this flight. If it is accepted as a fact that this extraordinary movement is a certainty as soon as bombing on the contemplated scale

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commences, one step has been taken towards the establishment of the defence against air attack, for, without a recognition of what is likely to happen, no plans of defence can be organized.

Let us examine some of the problems that will arise in consequence of the first big air attack upon a thickly populated area.

The first difficulty that suggests itself is that of the feeding of the multitudes that move from the localities in which they have normally been supplied to areas in which the supply arrangements are only sufficient to meet the needs of those usually resident there. As an example, if of the five and a half millions likely to leave London, half a million decide to try their luck at Reading, how is Reading going to feed them? A similar difficulty arises in connection with accommodation. How is Reading to roof half a million extra persons even if she can feed them? Next, what is to happen to the normal business of the city which is attacked? About half a million people go into and out of London every day by road and rail, mostly on business. The movement of nearly all these people would be stopped if London were bombed, and the business at which they assist would necessarily come to a standstill. The cessation, even if only temporary, of the whole of the government and private business of a national capital will have the most far-reaching results. It will lead to the complete disorganization of administration at home and an utter loss of control of events abroad. At home even law and order may be in jeopardy, and abroad portions of her own Empire may be cut off from a mother country.

The effect upon the mobilization and action of the fighting services of a country, if their controlling heads at the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry are bombed out, hardly needs emphasizing. It is likely that these services would be completely paralysed for at least a number of days. In addition to the difficulties mentioned, the country would be faced with many others, amongst which perhaps the danger of conflagration, the destruction of water supplies, the cutting off of fuel and light, and the breakdown of all the usual forms of communication, posts, telegraphs, telephones and courier, are the most important.

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### Some Suggestions for the Defence.

With some idea of the degree of attack to be expected from the air, together with an outline of the effect it must inevitably produce upon the civil population, it is possible to begin the task of thinking out the defence against the attack and remedies for the various difficulties which it will create.

Defence against air attack has generally been understood, hitherto, to have been provided by anti-aircraft ground defences working in conjunction with defence aircraft. Thus, in the case of Britain at the present time, there are organizing, anti-aircraft defence brigades, Regular and Territorial, consisting of anti-aircraft batteries and searchlight and sound-locator battalions. Also there are, according to the Air Estimates, 25 Home Defence squadrons in existence in England, a number which includes 1 Special Reserve, and 4 Auxiliary Air Force squadrons, and 2 other squadrons are being formed during 1926. Quite admittedly, the first steps to be taken to provide defence against air attack must be the provision of ground defences and aircraft. These will ward off, if possible, the swarms of hostile bomb-carriers that may arrive.

Unfortunately, it is the fact, however, that no nation, except France, can show to-day that it has adequate anti-aircraft defences. No civil population, at least in Europe, except that of France, can at present satisfy itself that it is ready to meet air attack.

In view of the fact that most civil populations are in a position of some danger with regard to this matter, and in view of the time and precious money required in order to raise adequate defence forces, it is advisable to ascertain whether a wider interpretation should not be placed upon the term " Defence Against the Air," and whether there are not other measures which should be taken besides the provision of ground defences and defence aircraft.

In the case of the majority of civil populations exposed to air attack, the governing factor in the problem as to whether such a population is to succumb to air attack or not is one of time. In most cases, provided the population can stand against the attack for a sufficient period, remedial measures can be devised to meet the various contingencies. Given time a nation can perhaps overcome all the difficulties

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suggested as likely to arise in the event of a sudden air attack upon a thickly-populated area. It can, perhaps, arrange for the redistribution of supplies, find alternative accommodation for those driven to flight, select safe places from which to conduct government and private business, reimpose law and order, improvise means of communication, etc., etc. Air Defence preparations should then, primarily, consist of measures which will give the nation time to recover from the first shock of attack.

How, may we ask, can one hope to gain time against an enemy, if he be so strong as to be able to overcome our ground defences and defence aircraft and to bomb us at will to the extent previously forecasted? Only by stiffening the resistance of those whose morale it is the intention of the enemy to destroy. If we can help out the suffering civil population under the attack by every means in our power and tide them over the first worst period, there will be time in which to take action, both offensive and defensive, in other directions. Improvement in the existing methods of air defence lies then in the direction of taking such steps as will stiffen the resistance of the civil population against air attack.

In certain quarters, the opinion is held that the mass of the population can be strengthened in this power of resistance by education. It is contended that as the unexpected is more terrifying than the expected, the better the public is acquainted with what is in store for it in the next great European conflict, the better it will stand the shock. To a limited extent this contention is correct, even though it can be of little assistance to the morale of the citizens of a great metropolis to be told that they must anticipate daily a casualty list of 75,000 in the first air attack. Clearly some assistance more solid than mere education as to the dangers which lie ahead is required.

### Some Steps to be Taken.

Certain steps that should be taken suggest themselves at once, and others, no doubt, would be thought of after a further study of the problem.

In connection with the already enumerated list of difficulties that will present themselves when the first attack from the air falls, the steps to be taken in defence include :—

1. The periodical publication of a reasoned statement, explaining to the public the latest position as regards air

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attack, the degree, range and type of attack that is possible, the damage that may be caused, the degree of protection it is possible to provide, and any means of escaping air attack.

2. The taking of a census of the whole population within range of hostile air attack, obtaining from members of the population a statement as to where they propose to go in the event of serious and continuous air attack, how they propose to get there, what accommodation they propose to occupy, and from whence they propose to continue control of their business (if any).

3. The preparation of plans, as a result of information received from the census, with a view to bringing food supplies at very short notice into the areas into which it is seen fugitives intend to crowd, and organizing the road and rail movement to and the accommodation in those areas.

4. The preparation of plans for the removal of the government and important public offices to suitable localities.

5. The organization of an alternative wireless system of communications to connect up the selected new seat of government and the chief localities around which it appears from the census that the business of the country will congregate.

6. The enrolment of special constables from those who intend to remain in bombed areas to assist the local police in the maintenance of law and order.

7. The investigation of the means available in cities for fighting fire, supplying water, gas, electricity, clearing drainage, etc., with a view to ensuring that alternative means are provided in each case, and that one attack will not, normally, cut off all the means available.

8. The provision of gas masks for the whole of the population within range of hostile air attack.

9. The organization of bomb and gas-proof shelters for those in government employ whose duty necessitates their remaining at their posts, such as soldiers, sailors, police, certain civil servants, etc.

10. The organization of first-aid posts and hospitals for those that become casualties.

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### Whose Responsibility?

Many persons will be agreed upon the necessity for taking some, if not all, of the steps suggested for the protection of the civil population. The question then arises, who is responsible for seeing that such measures are carried out.

In the case of Great Britain, the question is a somewhat difficult one to answer. According to the present responsibilities of British Government Departments, glancing through the above steps to be taken, we see that the Home and Post Offices, the Boards of Agriculture and Trade, the Ministries of Transport and Health, and the War Office and Air Ministry are concerned, a total of eight departments—and there may be others. It is manifestly impossible to expect eight separate departments to initiate and co-ordinate a system of air defence measures by themselves. Some head there must be whose responsibility it is to organize this defence.

Where a nation has a Ministry of Defence, there would be clearly no difficulty in pointing out upon whose shoulders the responsibility should rest for arranging all matters in connection with defence against the air. In Britain it has, however, been decided that, at any rate for the present, there is not to be a Ministry of Defence. Of the existing ministries obviously that of the Air is the most qualified to take charge of the task under discussion.

Yet it cannot be pretended that the allotment to the Air Ministry of the whole responsibility for seeing that all necessary steps for defence against the air are taken is an ideal solution of the difficulty. It is true that at the present time the Air Ministry, in organizing defence against the air, do use ground units administered by the War Office, thereby showing that it is possible for two departments to co-operate in some national task. But is it not asking the impossible to expect eight different departments to co-operate in some big work successfully, when the ministry responsible for co-ordinating and supervising the performances of the whole is only of equal status to the other seven? How, one may ask, can the Air Ministry put right any dilatoriness or inefficiency in any of the other seven departments? The position of the Air Ministry would, under present arrangements, be unenviable, to say the least of it.

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### The Incentive to Defensive Action To-day.

Before closing the discussion of this subject, it is permissible to point out what may be gained by taking action to obtain a state of national security for the majority of civil populations in Europe to-day.

It has already been shown what dire effects may be produced as a result of unpreparedness.

If nations prepare sufficiently on the lines suggested, is it too much to hope that the effects of air attack upon civil populations may be so minimized that, taking into account the losses the attack may suffer from the action of aeroplanes and ground defences, the risks of an attack will be out of all proportion to the results to be obtained? Attack by one nation upon the civil population of another invites retaliation. If the authorities of a country realize that a cruel and illegitimate use of a weapon against the civil population of another country will not lead to a decision, in view of the disadvantages of that policy, it will not be adopted. Just as nowadays, by refusing to allow the general public to carry fire-arms, the temptation to use such is removed, so by neutralizing the effects that air power can produce, the temptation to countries to use the air weapon will be reduced if not removed.

Most men to-day would be glad to see war made impossible. Unfortunately, in spite of the advance of civilization, in practice the world has been unable to abolish the possibility of war. If war must be, it is essential that it be confined to the combatants of either side. By leaving the people of Europe in a state of defencelessness against air attack, governments are inviting unscrupulous aggressor nations to introduce to war the offensive against non-combatants, women and children.

### Conclusion.

The arguments pointing to the necessity for taking further action to protect civil populations from air attack are unanswerable. The action necessary may take the form either of the provision of further anti-aircraft armaments or the organization and preparation of peoples for the attack. The latter form of action is essential, if only to reduce the expenditure which will otherwise be necessary to raise air defence forces sufficient to ensure immunity from air attack.

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Actually both forms of action are complementary to one another.

To-day most nations have started to provide air defence forces. Few, if any, have taken in hand the other and equally important side to the question of the defence against the air. It will be an unpleasant duty for any Government to commence to take the steps suggested for the organization of the population, yet surely it is better for peoples to face the truth to-day than to suffer disaster in years to come.



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# A BED OF STONE

By A. C. G. Hastings.

HE was remarkable, something out of the ordinary. Instinctively one felt, looking at those clear, unblinking eyes; the grim, wide mouth, thick-lipped; the wiry, active figure—that this was one who could give a good account of himself in any physical emergency, where hard knocks were to be taken.

Wazirin Ajia was the name he went by; he had, of course, some other birth name, maybe Hassan or Haruna, but I have forgotten it, as he too had done most likely, for no one ever called him by it. Waziri, slave of the Ajia, who was the sub-chief of a Moslem Emir, had been born of slave parents, themselves captured in some raid of long ago; he was a born fighter, a trusted follower of proved courage, taking part with his master in the hundred battles and forays waged by the ruthless Mohammedans upon the pagan hill tribes. Few knew the habits and customs of the cannibals in the wild regions as he did, for he had been constantly among them, and had been wounded a score of times—by spear and arrow—but made little of it, saying, in his phlegmatic way, that they were scratches, not worth bothering about. He was no longer young—his fiftieth year was passed—yet he retained all the strength of youth and almost all its energy. He would ride, if his journey lay along the plains, from dawn to eve, sitting upright as a dart in the high saddle, dismounting rarely, and at the end, quite tireless, he would go about his affairs till the hour of sleep. In the uplands where no horse could travel he would spend the day on foot, moving with quick, light step along the stony tracks, climbing, unwearied, the steep hills, as hardily as the pagans themselves. On two feet or on four, he was the same—unbeatable, and unique in this, for your horseman is rarely a good walker in any country.

When the British came to rule that part, ousting the misrulers of the Moslem faith, and took up the task of subduing the still unconquered dwellers in the hills, the lawless eaters of human flesh, they sought and found Waziri, now, like his master, a loyal subject, offering him employment on the native staff as messenger and intermediary between themselves and the turbulent ones. Cheerfully he under-

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went the change, and for the new masters worked as cheerfully as for the old, and at all times proved himself a paladin in his courage. Waziri lies buried in his compound now—he has been dead many years—and children, I imagine, are scrabbling in the dust which lies above his own forgotten dust, but there are a few of us who remember him still and accord him honour for the work he did.

There was an evening when he sat in front of a little group of officers camped with their native troops among the foothills of the Sura mountains, upon their way to pacify or punish the cannibals who lived upon the higher ranges. Kereng, the dead volcano, reared its grim grey head in the distance, and all around it lay the spurs and peaks of wild, contorted hills, a difficult and broken country to penetrate. Gravely he listened to the discussion—a summons to the tribe to abandon their truculent attitude was the gist of it—and took his part in planning ways and means.

Despite the danger of the attempt, he had himself volunteered to be the bearer of the message, and to climb into the dark gorges up the precipitous rocks to the chief's village. He was not sanguine of results, knowing as he did the pagan natives and their sheer delight in war. Under the old regime there would have been no mediation, no soft-tongued interview with the heathen, nothing but straight fighting from the start. But he realized that the old ways were not the white men's ways, and he was prepared to do his best to carry out the new-fangled ideas, whatever doubts he may have had, asking only that the camp should move forward on the morrow, following his trail, so as to bring the chief's village into range of the mountain gun which stood close by, pointing its squat nose even now towards the hills, its brasswork gleaning in the last rays of the sun.

So they arranged it, and after some further talk he was dismissed to food and rest, moving away with a quiet assurance, which was habitual with him.

In the morning he was away upon his journey, leaving camp before the sun was up, for he had far to go. He had put off his multitude of clothing, the heavy turban and long embroidered gown, the undershirt and wide, loose trousers, narrowing to the ankle, and his tough and stringy body, girt only with a loin cloth, showed the scars of many a fight with pagans such as he was tackling now. His weapons also were laid aside, and all he carried, hooked upon his left



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shoulder, was the " gateri," half axe, half pick, a useful implement of husbandry, not defence. Diplomacy was to be his strong card to-day ; all signs of hostility were debarred.

All that morning he plodded on up the valleys, following dry watercourses, clambering over boulders and great slopes of blue-grey rock until at noon he halted to drink from a rain pool lying clear and fresh in its worn cup of granite. From here he could look back and see below him a vast green spread of bush. In the distance he picked out a small dark thread which moved like some minute earthworm winding in slow contortions among the trees. Satisfied, he turned and started on again, climbing in real earnest now. The heat was terrific ; rebounding from the steep rough track, it struck him in the face malevolently, and on his back beat heavy blows, so that from even his dried, hardy body sweat drops oozed and splashed upon the stones. To right and left of him great cones of volcanic rock towered up, and all about were strange, fantastic monoliths, water-worn into shapes which seemed about to topple from a hair-balanced stand, needing but the lightest push to start their fall. Up into the gloomy forbidding rocks he toiled while afternoon wore by, and as the sun sank lower and the hills shadowed him from its direct rays he came into a well-used path. An arrow coming from nowhere struck with a dull thud upon the stone beside him and lay with turned and blunted point close to his foot. He stopped abruptly, raising one arm above his head and shouting rapid words in the Sura tongue, which resulted in two evil faces peering out behind a boulder higher up the path. Still he spoke on, telling them of the tidings from below which he must give to their chief, and urging haste, so that in a little they took him upwards, in a last stiff climb, to where the pagan town clung to the giant steps up the last height. The lowest of these steps ran flat and level for a hundred feet or more to the steep hillside, its outer brink bare rock which fell sheer down to tangled undergrowth far below. Dotted about this space Waziri saw some groups of stone wall huts, and in the centre a curious smooth and oblong block of grey-white granite, worn to a shiny surface as if polished. At once he knew it for the place of " tsafi," the sacred pagan rites, common to all the hill tribes of that country, and here, as he knew, would be the chief's dwelling and the huts of the " ju-ju " workers, guarding the stone of sacrifice.

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From the small plateau at that great height the view was glorious. In the clear air a hundred miles of country spread out like an unrolled map into the far distance where the dim blue line of the Ligri mountains crouched on the horizon of the world. Over the expanse the thick bush rolled and billowed like grey-green water pierced by a lonely rock or two shining in the evening light. The view had little interest, one imagines, for Waziri ; he gave it the briefest glance, then sought the lower slopes below him for some sign of his friends. He could see nothing, no smoke of camp fires, no moving thing in the bush which hid the mountain's foot, and in stoic resignation he turned away.

I picture him waiting up there in the failing light, an impassive, solitary figure, braving that which might come should the savages fail to be impressed by his words of warning and conciliation, and fearless for all his doubts—a man of courage.

The long heat of afternoon had bred a thunderstorm. Already the heavy clouds were piling up behind him, gathering for the rush of furious wind which heralded its breaking. The air grew thick and heavy, burdened with the heat from rock and stone, the daylight faded into gloom—still he sat on.

When at last they took him to the group of savages and their chief, he spoke calmly to them, giving out the words he had been told to say without a sign of his misgiving, adding others of his own couched in simple language such as they could understand. He spoke much of the rifles and of the great gun whose voice was the voice of thunder hurling death with sound against all who angered it ; he urged the chief to be wise, and with wise counsel harangued them for long minutes. But it was to deaf ears he spoke ; he knew that from the first—the sight of the lowering faces, their rumbling growls of fury, and the way they fingered barbed, rusty spears, all eager to hurl them into his body, told him he had failed. The chief spat at him, shaking his head angrily, spat again, and turned to listen to a small wizened figure which had crept to his knee, a figure which mumbled rapidly, lifting two skinny arms above its head, shaking clenched fists in the air. Words poured from the filthy rite-monger, priest of the " tsafi " ; his voice rose to a scream ; he foamed, mouthing strange bestial sounds.

A roar from the listening wolves backed up his words ; the chief assented with a growl ; the thing was finished, and Waziri knew that he would die at sunrise, slaughtered like a goat upon the stone of sacrifice.

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He spoke no more, knowing the finality of it, nor did he struggle when they laid hands on him and bound him then and there upon the stone, to pass the night in waiting for the dawn and death. Flat on his back, unable, I imagine, to move limb or body, he lay there while they gloated and secured the fibre cords to iron staples driven into the earth.

Then in a little time they left him—to a lonely vigil.

Resting there uneasily, he stared up to the sky, now covered with fast-racing clouds. The storm, heralded by fierce gusts of wind which tore down the mountain side, burst at last with violence above him, and hell's war raged in the heavens as he watched. The rocky crags were clattering with the thunder crashes. He saw the lightning's track coming down from the mountain top as it struck at almost regular intervals, in the manner of those tropic storms; the blackness turned to one incessant stream of blinding light; the whole earth shook and trembled, vibrating like a fiddle-string. Then during one furious minute the rain streamed down in deluge, starting and ending with the same suddenness. He gasped under the terrific cloudburst, like a swimmer smothering in the river's rush, but he felt the grateful coolness on his naked body and the bed of granite. The quick storm fired its last salvoes in the wake of the sudden rush of rain, and he turned his head to see the battle fade into the south over the open country, until the muttering of thunder died away and the last pale flicker gleamed upon the sky. The heavens cleared again, the last puff of the after breeze blew softly over him, and up on the higher terrace of the hill he saw a twinkling point of fire with thin dark forms passing and repassing in front of it. Everything was very still. So he passed the endless night without complaint, as I, knowing him, can believe, enduring with a stoic patience the weary hours of numb constriction. I think he slept awhile towards the morning, sleeping as only natives can upon almost any ground, pillowless and careless of that comfort which we others find so essential to our rest. But as the stars paled, one by one extinguished until only those of the first magnitude remained to struggle feebly against the day, he stirred within his cords, awoke and tried to stretch the cramped muscles which racked him vilely, shivering in the morning chill. Uneasily, he turned his eyes to right and left, seeking yet fearing the first signs of movement in the huts. His mouth was parched, his head felt dull and heavy, but he made no sound—just lay there watching.

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A little drum began to beat in the chief's compound, throbbing out a quick rumbling tattoo which blurred itself in echo from the rocky crags. The call was answered, taken up and passed from ledge to ledge along the mountain, till the whole world seemed trembling in one long reverberation. Day broadened as the "tsafi" ground began to fill with naked forms. From the near huts they came, yawning and stretching; down from the upper terraces they streamed, springing like goats from rock to rock, stealing in and out among the huge grey boulders, eager for blood and killing—it was the end. Rather hopelessly, Waziri's eyes went out to the open country, striving to discover some sign of his friends below, but the rock brink hid the lower foreground from where he lay, and only the far line of the Ligri hills, shadowy in the new-born day, was visible. Not for one moment did he conceive that he was abandoned. Help was coming, he was sure, yet help might be too late.

Still hoping against hope, he called aloud for water, which was brought to him, and he drank slowly, knowing that every moment was a gain; but he spoke no other word, for words were useless. Among the crowd one shouted loudly, pointing to the topmost pinnacle, now yellow with the first rays of the sun, and straightway they made an end of waiting.

The little dried-up priest crept softly to the stone, drawing from its sheath tied upon his forearm the dull brown knife of iron. Bending over the prostrate man, he placed one skinny claw under his chin, dragging it up and back so that the line of throat was taut and stretched for severing. The waiting savages stared expectant. . . .

Up from the hidden distance a shell whined shrilly, plumped among the chief's huts and burst with an appalling crash; another followed, and another, falling accurately on the ledge among the astounded watchers. The thick yellowish-white smoke of the explosions plumed out and hung upon the quiet air, hiding the falling bodies, till it thinned away and drifted upwards, showing the ground empty of all but a score of dark, mangled bodies and the bound figure on the bed of stone.

From behind a rock a small smart form, neatly clad in khaki shorts and jumper, stepped cautiously, trailing a rifle. Its owner stared reflectively for a minute at the man upon the stone; then, seeing that he moved his head, grinned expansively and walked briskly over to where he lay.

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# TERRITORIAL ANNUAL TRAINING

By Colonel John Brown, C.B.E., D.S.O., T.D.

AT this period of the year the thoughts of the Territorials naturally turn to the Annual Camp, for, indeed, it is the harvest of the year's work, and all are naturally anxious that the resulting crops shall be good.

Men should return from camp with the satisfaction of having had an enjoyable holiday, of having increased their military knowledge, and with a keen looking forward to the next Annual Camp, for if they do this there will be no lack of recruits coming forward.

What are the conditions that will produce this desirable end? They are numerous, but they resolve themselves into three main divisions :—

1. The camp site and its lay-out.
2. The recreation and sport side.
3. The training.

I have put the training last, as, of course, it is the most important, and the best results in training can only be obtained when the first two conditions have been given adequate consideration.

## The Camp Site.

What is the ideal location for a camp? Just after the war our artistic sense was delighted with well-drawn and designed posters showing Territorial camps in idyllic surroundings bathed in glorious sunshine, close to a calm and very blue sea. "Join the Territorials, and have a holiday by the sea" became almost a slogan, but the sites as depicted in the posters existed only in the artist's imagination. My first two camps after the war were "by the sea," but it was no holiday for anyone. The first site was very enclosed—a mixture of sand and ashes—where all food, clothing, etc., was covered with a black grit; the only place for work was on the roads, and to add to our discomforts our camp was overlooked by the backs of a large number of cottages.

The second post-war "by the sea" camp was in a pocket of Beachy Head. It was like Alpine climbing to get to any training ground, and the wind not only had the tents almost continuously down, but made one's ear ache with its constant pressure, and the lack of space within the camp precincts

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made recreation almost impossible. I only give these two examples to show how we can be led astray by catchwords. It is true both camps were " by the sea," but they fell far short of imbuing the men who attended with the desire of looking forward to the next camp.

Having given an example of sites that are not ideal, let us turn to considerations of the conditions that go to the making of the ideal site.

The camp site should be sufficiently spacious to allow of convenient and uncrowded lay-out, to be well drained, so that in the event of wet weather—it is surprising how the weather often breaks immediately we start for camp—the tents will not be flooded ; ample ground, moreover, should be adjacent to the camp where informal games can be played, and recreation had—ground is required for the odd games of football that are so thoroughly enjoyed. The object is to get the whole camp playing rather than the majority watching a selected few.

We have now got an idea of the site we require ; the lay-out of the actual camp we will consider a little later. What are the paramount considerations that should fix the location of the site ? I think we must say adequate training ground, and next it, position as regards amusements, recreation and pleasure.

The site and location having been decided upon, we have to lay out the actual camp. To do this for one year only costs a considerable sum for a camp up to about an infantry brigade. What we need is, after fixing on a site to decide that it shall be used in successive years and by anticipating future income, *construct a permanent camp*. The troops in the summer are more healthy under canvas, and if we plan our camp so that each unit has ample area to arrange its tents so that each subdivision can be properly housed in its own group of tents—for the organization of the unit should run through every activity—our organization cannot now be kept complete. In an infantry battalion we are allowed but four tents for dining, whereas, with the Headquarter Wing, we have five companies, and for smooth and efficient running we need five dining tents.

The cookhouses should be permanent structures, with drains for carrying away waste water. A separate room is required for a food preparing room with a large flyproof safe within, and separate cookhouses in each unit are required for

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the men, sergeants, and officers. It must be remembered that the cooks of a Territorial unit are not continuously engaged in cooking, and therefore everything requires to be made as easy as possible in order that the troops may be well fed. Here we have the first essential for a successful camp—efficient feeding of the troops. Neglect this and failure will be certain.

Then the ablution places are often uncomfortable swamps, but with permanent water supply and drainage and a permanent iron building men can perform their ablutions in comfort. These buildings need not be expensive, they can be of iron with concrete floor and economically fitted with washing bowls and with shower baths. The latrines that we find sometimes in camps are distressing; these should be made weatherproof. Both in ablution places and latrines improvement is generally necessary to ensure reasonable and decent comfort for the troops, and are matters that properly attended to reflect on the spirit of the camps.

The actual running of the messes for officers, sergeants, and men are important, and it would be interesting to hear in detail from those who have successfully run them.

A permanent building is also required for each brigade which in one portion can be used as a drying room for clothing, and in the other for the provision of hot baths. During very inclement weather I have had to improvise such aids to personal comfort, and it is not easy.

The site of the camp, as we have said, should have sufficient area for a number of football games to go on at once. Inter-platoon games are the type of game we want to encourage so that the majority of the men can play. If our camp is situated within three miles of a town, whether it be the holiday resort or inland town, the men will be able to spend some of their leisure hours in visiting interesting sights or enjoying the pleasures that the town has to offer. But we made the first essential of a camp to be a good site with sufficient training area in the near vicinity, and this may mean that our camp will not be near a town, and so we have to arrange within the camp itself ample recreation so that the men may enjoy their leisure time.

My experience has been that men enjoy the comradeship of their fellows and often prefer that to the towns or the sea. I remember being at Swingate, Dover, in 1924, but you could not see the sea unless you walked from the tents to the edge of the cliffs, some two hundred yards. After being in camp

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a week, we had an inter-battalion cross-country run, the finish of which was by the cliff. I talked to the men who had gathered at the finishing point waiting for the runners, and it was surprising to find that a large number had not troubled to see the sea, and yet these men all came from inland counties. When I questioned them, they told me they had had a good time in the camp itself.

The officers' messes and the sergeants' messes can easily provide within themselves all the recreation and amusement that is required ; the company of their fellows, the visits from other units make the leisure time pass in a pleasant and enjoyable manner.

For the men—outside the recreation—entertainment within the camp is needed. Here the N.A.A.F.I. steps in, and properly run will give the men an enjoyable time. The N.A.A.F.I. is an excellent institution for the soldier's comfort and convenience. I cannot speak too highly of the way in which the canteens are run. My men have always been very satisfied with the way in which this has been carried out. Good as these canteens are, however, they lack the personal touch that workers in the Y.M.C.A. can give. I consider a properly run Y.M.C.A. of inestimable value to the men in every Territorial camp, for they provide a close personal touch with the men ; a youngster in difficulties feels he has some one he can consult. They help with writing home or sending money home. The Y.M.C.A. sent from my brigade last year over five hundred pounds in postal orders for the men. The running of concerts and entertainments, the taking of parties to interesting sights in the neighbourhood, all tend to make the man's life in camp interesting and pleasant, and form a centre from which the padres can work. To be successful the Y.M.C.A. must supply light refreshments ; the men like to have them in the Y.M.C.A., and it is necessary for the Y.M.C.A. to make some profit in order to go towards meeting their expenses. Whatever profit they make will only go a little way to meet what of necessity must be heavy expense in equipping concert and recreation tents, and in running their show. A properly run Y.M.C.A. is an integral part of every Territorial camp. Mr. Edgley, the enthusiastic secretary of the East Midland Area, Y.M.C.A., has served my brigade for a number of years, and his work has been appreciated by thousands of Territorials. The Y.M.C.A. is complementary to the N.A.A.F.I. Both in their spheres do excellent work and both are necessary. I

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trust that suitable and friendly arrangements between both these organizations and units will be able to be made. Without great financial sacrifice on the units' part the Y.M.C.A. cannot operate freely.

In this essay I am discussing the annual camp where the climax of the year's training is reached, and so far, Training—the main object of the camp—has not been touched upon, for I consider unless adequate and proper arrangements are made for the comfort and recreation of the men, the work is bound to suffer. A contented and happy unit will enter with zest into the training.

By careful attention to the above considerations, we shall obtain the best results from

TRAINING

but, unless the seed-time has been carefully and thoroughly done, the harvest will only be a moderate one. The training for the whole year must be carefully thought out and applied. In the winter the training of specialists and instructors will precede the training of the men, and throughout the year frequent tactical exercises on the ground and on the sand table will make the unit fit to reap the fullest benefit from the training in camp. In my brigade, I have some thirty-six stations spread over four counties, but, by collecting groups of leaders for tactical exercises, it was possible for the brigade to take part in the Southern Command Exercise last year within forty-eight hours of arrival in camp. The operation was taking over, during the night, from a cavalry division in touch with the enemy and the fighting of a rearguard action. There was, of course, no preliminary practice of this operation. The success of the operation was made possible by the tactical training given the leaders both on the ground and on the sand table previous to camp.

Every Adjutant ought to be an expert in making and running small tactical schemes.

It is essential that the training be based on the action that the individual would have to play on Active Service—Training for War—and if men are utilized in unnecessary guards or other duties the training is bound to suffer. There is no doubt that many casualties during the late war were caused through insufficient or improper training; it must be our object to get every single man thoroughly trained fit to take his part in war.

The Territorial joins because he has a taste for soldiering,

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and his enthusiasm must be given full opportunity and not damped by needless restrictions and fatigues. Discipline is a matter of good understanding and not regulations; the man who can only be kept in order by the threat of guards or military police is of no use to the Territorial Army. I see no reason why every man, if he so desires, should not have a suit of mufti in camp for periods off duty.

Ceremonial drill is an advantage in promoting smartness and quickness, if kept within reasonable limits, but, if overdone, tends to bore and irritate the individual and to take away initiative which is so essential in the infantry soldier to-day; for, to train the infantry to act intelligently, dispersed over a great area, is the biggest problem we have to solve.

My view is that ten minutes in the morning before training commences, and ten minutes before breaking off at midday will give the necessary proficiency in ceremonial. I like to see a battalion fall in on its battalion parade with band playing, move to the beat of the drum—the C.O. give a few close order movements and then march off to the training area, and, before returning to camp, collect and march past either in fours or in company column before the Commanding Officer.

The training in camp should be entirely tactical, progressively leading from section to brigade training, for this gives each individual a picture of the rôle he has to play, and the reasons for the training he has undergone previous to camp. This tactical training can only be made possible if the leaders have been thoroughly trained previous to camp, and can only be successful when each leader has a clear cut and well thought out plan of the training that is to be done each day.

The attachment of Regular training cadres and Regular specialist officers for the period of the annual training has been most useful to the Territorial Army, and has been of great assistance in cementing the good feelings between the two branches of the Army to the benefit of both.

The more efficient officers and men become in tactical training, the keener Territorials they become, and if we can leave camp with the satisfaction of having improved in our military knowledge, enjoyed the comradeship of our fellows under good conditions, better in health for the outdoor life, we shall surely resolve to continue to improve during the year in our military knowledge, and with keen anticipation look forward to next year's annual training.

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# THE FIGHTING VALUE OF THE BOLSHEVIK ARMY

By E. H. Wilcox

A GOOD deal of useful information is contained in a report on the previous year's work in the Russian Army, submitted to a recent meeting of the Third International, at Moscow, by Voroshiloff, the Bolshevik Minister for War. His statements cannot, of course, in all cases be accepted without reservations. In general, it is advisable to deduct about 20 per cent. from Bolshevik pretensions and to add the same proportion to their admissions. Where they have no obvious interest in perverting the truth, what they say may be accepted pretty much at its face value. If Voroshiloff's speech is read by these lights, and adequate allowance is made for its lacunæ, it will be found to throw valuable light on the present military strength of Russia.

During the Genoa Conference, the Bolsheviks expressed great zeal for general disarmament, and, as an earnest of their intentions, they offered to reduce their own army to 500,000 from a pretended strength of something more than double that figure, if the rest of Europe would adopt similar measures. The representatives of the other nations were unmoved by this pacific display, for they knew, through their intelligence services, that the actual fighting strength of the Russian Army already stood at the figure to which the Bolsheviks proposed to " reduce " it. The figure given by Voroshiloff in his speech was 562,000, and this, he said, included the " territorial cadres " (of which more anon), the " convoy guards," and the " frontier guard," the force maintained to prevent the smuggling of men and matter into or out of Russia. He mentioned that the military estimates had " remained on the same level for a number of years," and this remark in itself is a sufficient illumination of the Genoa offer. Or did the Bolsheviks at Genoa attempt to drive a bargain with a reduction which they had already decided to carry out in any event ?

According to Voroshiloff, between 950,000 and 1,000,000 Russians mature for military service every year, and if they were all enrolled, the army would have a permanent strength of at least 1,500,000. He was candid enough to admit that " financial conditions " are the primary reason why the

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Red Army is not raised to this numerical level. However, the 350,000 to 450,000 young men who are left over from the annual levy for the regular force are not being left entirely without military training. The Soviet Government feels that it is necessary to have " some millions of trained men " ready for the event of war, and, with this object, those who escape the usual military service are being organized in a " territorial militia," in which they receive one month's training in the year. This militia emerged from the " stage of experiment " during last year, when " the questions of registration, organization in rayons, and short-term mobilization were almost completely solved." Voroshiloff stated that this form of military organization had at first encountered much scepticism and incredulity both in the officers corps and among leading politicians, but that this opposition had now been overcome. He claimed that through the militia they had secured " a Red Army which could rapidly expand to definite dimensions without any kind of improvization or any kind of hurriedly-thought-out forms of combination of units." The expense of the militia has made necessary curtailments of the estimates for the " cadre troops," but, said Voroshiloff with resignation, " we had no option."

With the results of the second annual levy under the compulsory military service law, made last year, the Bolshevik Commissary expressed great satisfaction. Undoubtedly he was right when he suggested that the annual call to the colours presents a much more difficult task than in Tsarist days. Even then, a considerable proportion of the population lived a hundred miles or more from the nearest railway station, and many of the subordinate lines have been torn up since the revolution for the repair of the main lines. Nevertheless Voroshiloff declared that the entire local military apparatus created by the Bolsheviks " showed itself fully and absolutely equal to its difficult task." The local agencies in the Governments, Okrugs and Uyezds (administrative areas) proved as competent for their parts as the authorities of the War Ministry and of the big district commands. The men called in were those born in 1903, and only 12·4 per cent. of them were illiterates, as compared with 19·4 per cent. in the preceding contingent.

It was also claimed by the Minister that, during the preceding year, great progress had been made with the officering of the Army. In particular, " the exceedingly

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acute problem" of obtaining non-commissioned officers had been "solved or almost solved." The "regimental schools organized in divisions" would, he said, in future furnish every year about 75,000 men with a year's training, who, after serving as non-commissioned officers, would be disbanded with the other men of their contingent. They would constitute a "skeleton," and, in the event of war, "would form the main support of the Red Army." The problem of intermediate officers had "comparatively long ago been solved absolutely satisfactorily," as the normal military schools were yielding "an adequacy of red commanders." From year to year these schools were becoming "ever more powerful and better organized." Not without interest were Voroshiloff's figures of the class origins of the men finishing the course at the military schools.

They are as under :—

| | 1924. Per cent. | 1925. Per cent. |
|---|---|---|
| Artisans ... ... | 33 | 37·6 |
| Peasants ... ... | 52 | 53·1 |
| Other classes ... | 15 | 9·3 |

The "military academies" of Russia, said Voroshiloff, have already become "real higher educational establishments to the extent of almost 100 per cent." But it at once becomes clear from his words that this high level of efficiency is due to the former Tsarist officers, or, as Voroshiloff called them, "the legacy left to us by the old regime." However, these old "specialist professors," though they have "worked hard and honourably for the welfare of the State and the Red Army," and have been "spiritually renewed," are "ageing physically and wearing out," and "unfortunately, for a whole series of reasons, among others because the young comrades finishing the higher military educational establishments do not particularly wish to occupy themselves with teaching work," the Bolsheviks are "still only on the path to the solution of this problem." The difficulty here indicated is doubtless, in the main, a result of the beggarly scale of remuneration which prevails in Russia for all academic occupations.

Another problem which Voroshiloff described as "not completely solved" is that of the reserve of officers, especially of those of the intermediate ranks. The men who take the course at the normal schools and pass out of the Army at the end of the ordinary term of service are here "merely a drop

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in the ocean." Under the Tsars, the ratio of active to reserve officers was as 1 to 10, and, though for obvious reasons, Voroshiloff did not say what it is now, he admitted that the situation in this respect is "thoroughly bad." The problem, in fact, was set only "after enormous and unpardonable delays." During the preceding year, however, measures were taken to deal with it. Youths due for military service after completion of the courses at the civil universities and intermediate schools, are being passed through "special commands," where they are trained as officers. At the end of a year they are examined, and if they pass the tests they are transferred to the reserve. During last year "the matter was half solved," and in the course of the present year it is hoped to obtain between 10,000 and 12,000 reserve officers from this source. In this connection, Voroshiloff insisted that it is necessary to accelerate to the highest possible degree the "militarization" of the universities and intermediate schools. This does not mean, according to the Minister, that the Russian Government wish to adopt the methods of Count Arakshæeff (the notorious martinet, all-powerful in Russia during part of the reign of Alexander I); all they want is "to introduce an exceedingly modest measure of military discipline into their civil schools, so that already on the school bench young men may prepare themselves for the Red Army, and so render their term of service lighter to themselves." The men thus prepared will go into the officers' reserve, for to utilize them as rankers "would be to squander the resources of our State."

"A considerable deficit," said Voroshiloff, had been revealed in connection with "the preparation of tactical combinations." Owing to preoccupation with "reorganizations, reconstructions, internal perturbations, reductions, and so on," the Bolsheviks have been unable to give due attention to this matter, and, in consequence, when they came to examine the results of last year's kriegspiels, field exercises and manœuvres, they found that their commands were "behind the times and unable to cope with the task of handling detachments in the field," while their staffs "almost as a general rule were exceedingly weak in that matter." The cause for this was, however, not to be sought in lack of training or in "military illiteracy," but solely in the above-mentioned lack of attention. Every effort, said the Commissary, will be made to remedy "this exceedingly



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important and serious defect," and it is not doubted by him that in less than a year everything will be in order. As a detail pertinent to this section of his subject, Voroshiloff mentioned that during the past year new regulations for all arms, based on the experiences of the world and civil wars, had been published. He claimed this as " a very big attainment in the matter of the military preparation of the Army, and especially in the preparation of tactical combinations."

Regarding the remuneration of officers, Voroshiloff gave the following figures of monthly pay :—

| | 1925. R. | 1926. R. |
|---|---|---|
| Company Commanders ... | 53 | 78 |
| Regimental Commanders ... | 85 | 120 |
| Divisional Commanders ... | 110 | 155 |

With prices at their present level, less than £16 a month is, as Voroshiloff justly remarked, " little " for a divisional commander, and it should also be remembered that the additions since last year have been partly wiped out by the subsequent decline in the purchasing power of the chervonetz. Nevertheless, the Minister could not promise amends. He could only flatter the officer corps with the imputation that they realize " how difficult is the position of the State," and know that it is " necessary to wait till the general economic development of the country brings an improvement in the conditions of life of the commanding, political, and administrative staffs."

The rationing of the Army has also been improved, and the ranker now receives 3,136 calories, as compared with 3,012 a year earlier. In this respect, the Russian soldiers are better off than their French congeners, whose position, however, is, in Voroshiloff's words, " far from being anything to boast about." What can be said is that the Red Army " now lives in more or less normal conditions," though " temporary stoppages of supplies " still occur. What the Commissary had to say about dress tells a good deal about the position of the Bolshevik Army in the past. The officers now receive " not only good cloth uniforms, but also high boots, which not so long ago were a rarity." It is also only " an achievement of recent date " that the soldiers are uniformed as soon as they join the colours. Very significant is Voroshiloff's demand that the factories and workshops producing cloth and leather for military equipment should

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" attend to their work a little more carefully." The condition of articles of equipment " leaves much to be desired," and up to the present time the Army has received " materials which in their quality were far from satisfactory." (These admissions are a noteworthy commentary on the Bolsheviks' boasts as to the performances of their industry.) At the same time, Voroshiloff uttered further warnings against expecting improvements which could be secured only by additional expenditure. It was, he said, hardly possible that in the near future—and he was careful to make it clear that he was not speaking only of the current year—the State would be able to increase its expenditure on the Army.

The most important of Voroshiloff's admissions, however, concerned those branches of industry which produce the engines and munitions of warfare. Everyone now realizes that the world war was fought as much in the factory as in the field, and it was because of the inadequacy of her industry to do its share, that Russia was knocked out of the conflict before any other of the chief belligerents. There never was a time when fighting man-power counted for so little in war, and the " several millions of trained men," whom Voroshiloff hopes to make available, will have little value in a foreign war unless the factories can promptly and regularly make good the tremendous material wastage of the modern battle-field. Consequently it is of great interest to have Voroshiloff's evidence that Russia's " war industry is still in a difficult position," and that though the Bolsheviks expend " no small means " upon it, its products—" not only felt boots, high boots and trousers, but also rifles, cartridges and our gun "—are not yet " on a proper level of quality," while their prices " compel us to talk to the managers of that industry in a very impressive and not invariably friendly language." And so that there should be no misunderstanding as to what he wanted to say, Voroshiloff repeated it in the terse formula : " The prices are immoderately high and the quality low." In his peroration, he returned to this subject with even greater emphasis, declaring that " the situation which we have at present in the war industry cannot be longer tolerated."

Of great importance for the higher officers of the Bolshevik Army is the gradual abolition of the " duality " in command. This duality consisted in the attachment of a Communist Commissary to every officer with command over a unit



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sufficiently numerous to be dangerous in case of political insubordination. It is not necessary to labour the point that this system of checks was bound in the long run to impair the efficiency of the Army, and it is not surprising to learn that the Bolsheviks are replacing it by less direct and less embarrassing methods of espionage and control. Voroshiloff states that it was hoped within a year to make unity of command " the basic if not the only principle " in the handling of the Russian Army. Noteworthy was his praise of the loyalty of the " old specialists " taken over from the Tsarist Army. The reports in the Moscow press intercalate " applause " after his remark, that in substance there is no longer any difference between the Communist and the " non-party " officers. Nevertheless the Army is not to be left without political surveillance. The part played by the civil commissaries on the staffs is being taken over by the Communists in the Army itself. In other words, the control is to be rendered " invisible." The Communist soldiers numbered 63,000 on October 1st, 1925, as against 46,000 a year earlier. The Commissary indicated that a ready flow of Bolshevik formulas was no longer a sufficient qualification for an army Communist as the soldiers would only listen to the political persuasions of men " who could also lead them in all respects, including those of a military character." In passing, the Minister disclosed that the reports that the recent crisis in the Bolshevik party, which culminated in the shelving of Zinovieff, had spread to the Army, were quite true. He insisted very sternly that, though any civilian member of the party " might permit himself the luxury of discussing and judging this or that question of the party life, and of not agreeing with the Central Committee in this or that case," the Red Army could not be allowed to become " even a place for controversial conversations, to say nothing of a debating club."

On the question of the Navy and the Air Force, Voroshiloff was not very communicative, confining himself almost completely to generalizations about past and future " improvements." So far as the Navy was concerned, however, these will be merely " qualitative," for there are obstacles to quantitative growth, " not imposed from without by Chamberlain, but from another side." The obstacles in this case are assuredly not merely financial, but to a large extent due to the inability of Russians, without foreign

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assistance such as they had in their yards before the war, to build modern war ships. Similarly Voroshiloff admitted that the Russian aerial fleet is " still inferior quantitatively to the aerial fleets of the states marching with us." His claims that this inferiority is largely compensated by superiority of quality need not be taken seriously.

Summing up, Voroshiloff spoke almost as if he were the war minister of a western European state actuated primarily by concern for the welfare of his department and fighting for its interests against other departmental claimants on the public purse. There was, he said, still much to be done before the Russian Army could take a place by the side of the armies of her western neighbours, but " the accumulation of material resources so necessary to the Red Army " could be accomplished " only with the support of the entire state." For this reason they must ask the Government for effective aid at the earliest possible date. Unfortunately, up to the present time, the country had " treated without sufficient thoughtfulness and flair the question of preparations for impending wars." That those wars would come " there could be no doubt." They were " unavoidable." But if Russia was to be ready for them, every workman and every peasant must realize that " long and persistent preparations " were necessary. To enlighten the nation on this subject, the Bolsheviks were organizing " circles for military science " in all the factories and workshops, but this propaganda could be successful only if it were supported by all the trade unions and political organizations. The talk about " disarmament " among their " class enemies " was a " menacing warning of heavy and bloody periods of storm." Only with a mighty and victorious army would Russia be in a position to meet such " disarmament " without fear.

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# THE SIBERIAN SOLDIER FACTORY

By " H. M."

THE " Anglo-Russian Brigade " of Ekaterinburg must be one of the few sideshows of the war which has hitherto almost entirely escaped general notice. Few except those who took part in it have ever heard of this strange enterprise, though it well deserves attention, if only because of the lurid light it throws on the character of those much-discussed people, the Russians.

It will be remembered that in the winter of 1918-19 Admiral Koltchak held sway in Siberia, with the title of " Supreme Ruler." The Bolsheviks, who had overrun the country previously, had been pushed back into Russia proper, mainly through the exertions of the Czecho-Slovakians, many thousands of whom had found their way to Siberia at the beginning of the war. These good people were now very naturally anxious to get back to their native country, and Koltchak was busy raising and training a " White " Russian Army to take their places in the field against the Bolsheviks.

To this effect the British Government lent their assistance in two ways. They supplied vast quantities of munitions and war material of all kinds, and they sent instructors and advisers to help in the training of the new units. The Russians accepted both without gratitude or enthusiasm, and proceeded forthwith shamelessly to waste the stores and consistently to neglect the advice. When this sort of thing had been going on for some time, those in authority began to realize that the results being achieved were hardly in proportion to the energy and wealth expended. We had in Siberia at this time (the spring of 1919) one British battalion of first-line Territorials, and an organization known as the British Military Mission, which consisted of a collection of officers and N.C.Os. drawn from the various " fronts " all over the world. It was the duty of the Mission to supply the instructors and advisers for Koltchak's army, and to organize the distribution of the munitions and stores supplied from Great Britain. The Battalion had no very clearly-defined function, though their presence in Omsk during the winter of 1918-19 had certainly acted as a steadying influence on the various disruptive elements.

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Experience had shown that advising Russians is largely a waste of time, and in the effort to find some better means of employing the man-power we had available, someone produced the Anglo-Russian Brigade scheme, the idea of which was to form units—beginning with one Brigade—from British officers (or N.C.Os. acting as such) and Siberian recruits. This, it was thought, would give ample and profitable occupation for both the Military Mission and the Territorial Battalion, whilst at the same time affording, if it were successful, an object-lesson that was badly needed.

The trouble with Koltchak's new army was that the officer material was beneath contempt. The old style Russian officer had pretty well ceased to exist. In spite of all his faults, his laziness, his Hunnishness in the treatment of men, and his usually dissolute habits, he had generally known his job more or less, and was a very paragon in comparison with the bourgeois type available in Siberia in 1919. There was nothing much wrong with the rank and file. The Siberian peasant is quite reasonably good raw material. He is tough, strong and inured to hardship, and, though ignorant, not by any means unintelligent. He does not think to an unhealthy extent, and is capable of great personal devotion to his leaders if they deserve it. Our idea was to see if we could not deserve it.

The scheme received the enthusiastic approval of Koltchak and of Gaida, the Czech Generalissimo, and the town of Ekaterinburg, in the Ural Mountains, was chosen as the most suitable place to put it to the test. There was a certain appropriateness about the selection, for Ekaterinburg, as all the world knows, had been the scene, but a few months before, of that most loathsome crime, the murder of the Czar and his family.

Thither we wended in the month of April and light-heartedly set about our formidable task. On arrival we were greeted with enthusiasm, not only by the civil and military functionaries, but also by the people themselves, who turned out with bands and banners and gave us a great reception. But those of us who were inclined to interpret these demonstrations as a good augury for the future were doomed to disappointment. The Russian is ready enough with banquets and cheers and fair promises, but when you ask him to translate these things into action, you are liable to experience a slight jar.

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The first thing we wanted was barracks, and though they had been promised sometime previously and were supposed to be ready, it was not till the beginning of May that we actually secured them, and then it took us a fortnight to make them fit for human habitation. True, the last inhabitants had been human beings, but Russian soldiers, left to their own devices, are liable to forget the elements of decency, and will live in conditions which no other gregarious animal would tolerate for a moment.

It was during the course of this purging that an incident occurred which gave us all a good laugh and at the same time afforded an insight into a side of Russian character which was new to some of us. In one of the stables we took over it was evident that our Russian predecessors had not bothered for many months to remove the manure. The corporal who was turned on to the job of cleaning up decided that, as he had no means of carting the accumulation away, the simplest and most effective way of disposing of it was to burn it. So he made a large heap and set light to it.

Now, Siberian towns, being almost entirely built of wood, are peculiarly liable to destruction by fire, and in many of the larger places there is a watch-tower, on the top of which a man is posted day and night to give early warning of an outbreak. Fire brigades exist, and, though they are not efficient according to Western standards, they are at least less inefficient than most things Russian. The commander of the brigade is a person of considerable importance, and wears a uniform calculated to impress the fact on all beholders.

Of course, the thick volume of smoke, rising from the worthy corporal's sanitary effort, was soon spotted from the tower, and in a short time a fire-engine was on the scene, with the " Commander-in-Chief " in charge. He was not a little put out when he discovered the innocent cause of the alarm, and insisted, in spite of all the gesticulated protests of the corporal, on having the bonfire torn to pieces and watered freely. During this process the corporal disappeared from the scene for a short time. When he returned, the " Commander-in-Chief " was just mustering the Brigade for departure, exhibiting all the time his annoyance at the episode. The corporal advanced towards him with one hand behind his back, bowing and smiling as if to express thanks for the service rendered and apology for the trouble caused. When he got close up to the great man he suddenly produced, and

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hung on to one of the buttons of the gorgeous uniform, a neat, extemporized medal consisting of the lid of a cigarette tin attached to a piece of red ribbon. The indignation with which this little attention was received seemed likely, for a moment, to lead to a physical catastrophe, for it is a marked feature of the Russian character that a blow aimed at his sacred dignity is the most unbearable blow one can deal him. The " Commander-in-Chief " was unarmed, and so he could not assassinate the corporal on the spot. Words were valueless, as the offender knew no Russian. And so, after swaying for a few moments under the violence of his suppressed emotion, he tore off the insulting decoration, turned on his heel, and hurried off to lay his case before British Headquarters. He demanded that the offender should be immediately tried by court-martial, and hinted that nothing less than capital punishment would meet the requirements of the case. The British General was a wise man and had a large experience of Russia. He, of course, took a very serious view of the matter, and promised that inquiries should be set on foot immediately. But, oddly enough, although it was several months before we left the town, the corporal remained unpunished. And every fresh inquiry or protest received from the Russians was met with an assurance that the matter was being dealt with as expeditiously as possible. This was one of the few opportunities we ever had of playing off on the Russians their own old trick of hiding deliberate inaction under a cloud of fair promises.

The first batch of recruits (about 2,500) came to us from the various Russian depots, where many of them had been for several weeks waiting to be allotted to units. We did not expect anything very much, but the sight that met our eyes when they entered the barrack-square was a little staggering. In front came the band and drums of the Hampshire Battalion, all on the top of their form, with much twirling of sticks and flourishing of bugles. Behind, such a motley crowd of disreputable humanity as was surely never seen. Many of them were without boots, some without hats, most of them carrying the most dreadful looking bundles or boxes containing their worldly goods, and almost to a man unspeakably filthy. The British officers and N.C.Os. in charge found the task of marshalling this horde to the points of assembly none too easy ; but by a combination of English and Russian words of command, and aided by gesticulation and a little pushing, they achieved their object eventually.

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The first task was to instil a few elementary hygienic ideas into them. Within twelve hours of this arrival, we had every recruit bathed, fumigated, clothed, equipped, and housed in reasonably clean quarters. Then followed the making of rolls and the organization into companies under British officers and platoons under British N.C.Os. It was during this latter process that some of us began to be appalled at the enormity of the language difficulty. When the scheme was first mooted, Gaida had promised, in an airy way, to produce at least sixty interpreters. If they had materialized, this number, added to those we had already, and the few Britishers who boasted a little Russian, would have been enough for a start. Actually, on the day when we took up the struggle we had only fourteen interpreters in all. A certain number of these were detached for unavoidable Headquarter duties, and most of the Company Commanders and Platoon Commanders found themselves with no means, beyond gesticulations and signs, of conveying their wishes to the men under their command. Imagine the poor Company Commander at Ekaterinburg, in the early days of this musical comedy outfit! He may perhaps know a very little Russian himself. He has no interpreter, and not one of his officers or British N.C.Os. has even a nodding acquaintance with the language.

"Sergeant-Major," he says, "I want a fatigue party to go and clean out that cook-house."

"Very good, sir," says the Sergeant-Major, in his optimistic way.

Half an hour later back comes the good Sergeant-Major, looking tired and harassed, with all the optimism knocked out of him.

"Please, sir, would you just step outside a minute and explain to the men what they've got to do?"

Out goes the Company Commander. "Arrange yourselves!" he shouts in Russian. Joyfully they crowd around, eager to witness some new development by the astonishing "Angliskee." But it is a meagre party. At least half have escaped while the Sergeant-Major was absent.

"Soldiers, listen!" says the Company Commander. "Work not, dinner will not be. Understand?"

"Tak Torchno," they all reply, which means, "Thus certainly." This was one of the few replies that a Russian soldier in the old days was allowed to give to an officer on

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parade. At first we imagined that it meant something, but after a time we began to realize that it was absolutely no evidence of consent, or even of comprehension.

The sick-parade business was another awkward proposition. There was a good deal of genuine illness amongst the men at first. Numbers of them had skin diseases, the most common being scabies, and in spite of all our precautions and the constant war we waged on the elusive louse, typhus cases were unpleasantly numerous. But besides the genuine "sicks," there were those who discovered that reporting sick generally meant escape from one or two parades, and very likely the best part of a morning spent pleasantly loafing about a hospital, where an unpunctual and leisurely Russian doctor dispensed treatment as if any old time would do. When we found that the sick parades were almost as well attended as the drill parades, we took certain energetic counter-measures which tended to detract considerably from the popularity of this form of amusement. But to the very end we were harassed continually by the minor practical difficulties of sick reports in Russian and English, the deciphering of strange diagnoses, the discrimination between genuines and scrimshankers, the segregation of infectious cases, and other minor struggles, which settle themselves almost automatically when every N.C.O. knows his men and can give orders which they understand.

There is no doubt that, either by design or accident, we were given a very poor assortment of recruits. One of the periodical mobilizations had taken place a few months previously, and the "proceeds" had been mostly drafted off into regiments. When we came on the scene, our unit acted as a convenient dumping-ground for all the offal of the local depots. After a few days a thorough medical examination by British doctors was carried out, and we had to discard nearly thirty per cent. of our strength as impossible from a military point of view. The doctors were by no means particular, and some of the creatures retained even after this weeding-out process were pretty lamentable specimens. I have had to examine a good many British drafts, and I have seen some fairly depressing human nudities from time to time, but the collection of narrow-chested, deformed, spotty abortions which lined up for the medicine man in each successive Anglo-Russian barrack-room was one of the most piteous spectacles I have ever had the misfortune to witness. The

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average Russian or Siberian peasant is a tough, sturdy creature, and one could not wish for better material, from a physical point of view, for the soldier factory. Personally, I am convinced that the deplorable quality of the men sent to us arose from one of those deliberate and calculated acts of obstruction with which we were to become familiar later, designed by those to whom the prospect of a successful outcome to our experiment was not agreeable.

At first we innocently imagined that the failure of the Russian Military and Civil Authorities to help us where it was in their power to do so was due merely to their well-known dilatory and ineffective methods. But gradually it dawned on us that the trouble was more serious than that. When, for example, after exhausting every " constitutional " method of procuring water for our men, after visiting and revisiting, without success, every dignitary in the town, we were compelled to resort daily to the force of arms to obtain the wherewithal for our soldiers to wash themselves and slake their thirst, we began to think that we had something worse than sloppiness to contend with. Again, when the muck continued to accumulate in our tubs and receptacles, and, instead of carts to take it away, the best we could procure was a long and brilliant series of Russian promises ; when the air became poisonous and the health of the troops began to suffer ; when in desperation we had again to resort to force—those of us who failed to concentrate solely on the humorous side of the position began to wonder whether helping a wounded dog was really such a healthy occupation, after all, when the said dog insisted on biting you with such increasing and untiring persistency.

So far as the men themselves were concerned, the work of teaching them the rudiments of the military art and the first principles of a well-ordered and disciplined existence was wonderfully interesting and at times quite delightful. Though as ready as most soldiers to take advantage of any breaches in the disciplinary defences, though not slow to cease from toiling if a cessation was likely to pass unnoticed, they were, on the whole, quite tractable. Let it once be clearly understood that this thing must be done and that thing must not be done, follow up the law with a firm and severe punishment of the first few offenders, and the battle of discipline is at least half won with the Russian soldier. He will live like a beast in the most indescribable surroundings

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without stirring a finger to improve the conditions of his existence. But give him once a code of domestic laws and a clear demonstration of the power and will to enforce it, and he will not only comply, but will even rejoice a little in the resulting decency and health. Nevertheless, as soon as ever the controlling hand is withdrawn, he will slip back quite quickly into squalor and filth, through sheer laziness and improvidence.

No one would describe the Siberian peasant as clever, and his education is, of course, liable to be scanty, but the popular idea of him as an utterly stupid creature does not fit in with our experience. The speed with which our men picked up barrack-square movements—taught them by foreigners with the occasional assistance of interpreters and carried out through the medium of foreign words of command —was quite astonishing. There were, of course, a certain number of shirkers and a reasonable smattering of heads containing apparently suet pudding instead of grey matter, but the majority were both quick to learn and keen to become efficient. The physical training games were particularly attractive to them. In his natural haunts, a Russian countryman plays no games, and the result is that he is frightfully clumsy and awkward in his movements—so much so that the simplest and mildest game often brought a crop of minor casualties. But this did not discourage them in the least, and lack of skill was amply compensated for by enthusiasm.

A great asset and at the same time a most formidable danger in the Brigade was the old Russian N.C.O. Of these we had some hundreds. They had all been in the pre-revolution army, and although they were, with few exceptions, superficially loyal, it was inconceivable that they could have gone through the days of mutiny and murder without having an uncomfortably exact knowledge of the helplessness of officers when faced with a hostile combination of men. It was a question whether we should have accepted them at all. Their previous military training was of great assistance in the initial stages, but it was nevertheless a risky experiment to intersperse with the credulous, malleable Russian peasants these veteran warriors who had tasted power themselves in the days of the Soldiers' Committees. It was an awkward feature of the business, too, that we had no notion—or very little—of what was going on in their queer, inscrutable minds. Without a definite system of espionage, we could

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not keep our fingers on the pulse of the barrack-room, and the language barrier effectively prevented any spontaneous confidences toward us. However, we took the risks with our eyes open, and, as will be seen, our subsequent difficulties arose, not so much from the structural weakness of the fabric itself, as from the action of external forces.

I have already mentioned the trouble we encountered in procuring those necessaries of life which we could not provide for ourselves. In the early stages we had very little transport of our own, and, of course, we were forced to rely upon the local people for food, water, hospital accommodation, barracks, and so on. In dealing with all these matters, we were met with steady and persistent passive resistance. But it was not until the experiment had been running for some weeks that acts of real hostility were met with. It then became evident that our experiment was not popular with the Russian officer tribe, and it did not need much searching to discover the cause. There was already a shrewd suspicion abroad that the failure of the Koltchak armies to materialize as an efficient fighting force was due to rotten training, lack of organization, and contemptible leadership. If foreigners succeeded where Russians themselves had failed, suspicion would become a certainty.

The first inkling we received of the existence of active hostility came from the treatment of some of our men in the streets by Russian officers. At first they merely found fault with them for saluting in the British fashion, stopped them on their walks abroad, asked them why they had joined our Brigade, and generally badgered them. But this mild annoyance soon developed into a much more serious affair, and for some weeks there were almost daily cases of men being caught, beaten and generally knocked about by Russian officers. This was particularly infuriating to us, because the avowed reason for it was the British salute, and the men were only carrying out in the street what they had been so diligently taught on the barrack square. It is possible that we should have acted more wisely had we taught them to salute *à la Russe*. But if we had not offered this particular *casus belli*, some other equally good one would undoubtedly have been discovered. Of course, we made every attempt to trace the offenders and bring them to justice, but, generally speaking, our men were so frightened by the treatment they received that they failed to notice, or declined to reveal, sufficient details

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of their attackers for identification purposes. We did actually lay our hands on a couple of offenders at a later stage of the proceedings, but they somehow managed to escape punishment.

Whilst this trouble was at its height, the Officer Commanding the British Forces in Siberia came to Ekaterinburg for a general consultation, and he took the view, probably quite rightly, that it would be murder to send British officers and N.C.Os. into the firing line with the Brigade. However well our men might be trained, and however eager they might be to follow us, we should, once in the fighting areas, be almost entirely dependent upon Russian co-operation for transport, lines of communication, intelligence, rations, and so on. If the difficulties were so great even here, where we had our own lines of communication and a large British Military Staff to look after us, we should be in a hopeless plight when once we got beyond the reach of that protection.

We were very unwilling to throw up the sponge entirely and at once, although perhaps that would have been, in all the circumstances, the most dignified procedure. It is useless to try to help people who refuse to accept your help even though it is offered exactly in the form in which they say they want it, and an immediate departure would probably have left British prestige higher in Ekaterinburg than it was in fact when we left a month later. The procedure decided upon was to continue the work of the Russian Brigade, not taking any fresh recruits, but merely completing the training of those we already had, with the object of eventually handing them over by degrees to Russian officers. The scheme was that first the British Platoon Commanders should be replaced by Russians, then the Company Commanders, then the Battalion Commanders, and lastly the Headquarters Staff and Commanding Officer, so that the change might be effected slowly and, as far as possible, British ideas might have at least some chance of surviving under the new regime.

This was pretty enough in theory, but the decision was in fact equivalent to an admission of failure. The Russian soldier is, at the best, a bundle of contraries. He will fight like a tiger one day and run like a rabbit the next. His behaviour in action depends far more on personal devotion to leaders than on any vague " idea " or patriotic motive. But even this devotion is not to be depended on too implicitly, as was amply proved at the time of the revolution. It was not easy for us to know exactly how far we had secured the

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personal confidence of our men, but we felt pretty certain that it existed to a fairly marked degree, and that by handing them over to strange Russian commanders we should be destroying a large part of whatever fighting value they might possess. Something of what was in our minds undoubtedly found its way into the barrack-rooms, probably through the medium of interpreters—a most unreliable and tricky set of creatures—and the moral effect was undoubtedly bad. Another circumstance which had also a most deleterious influence upon morale was the arrival in our immediate neighbourhood of a lot of horrible animals which were euphemistically called " convalescents." They were evidently the dregs of a dreggy army, dirty and diseased to a loathsome extent, and, worst of all, almost to a man suffering from left-hand wounds. There were hundreds of these creatures, and, much as we tried, it was impossible to keep them from associating with our men. The constant companionship of people of this type, who had deliberately injured themselves in order to escape further service, was, of course, most unsettling and depressing.

One of the results was a marked increase in the number of " crimes." Considering all things, we had not had a great deal of difficulty in the matter of discipline. The overstaying of leave had been a constant source of trouble, but we had found it hard to deal with this very severely, as the culprits seemed to be so genuinely surprised that we should regard a day or two more or less as a matter of any great importance. It appeared that in the Russian Army a soldier only returned from leave on the day appointed if it were thoroughly convenient, if the trains were suitable, and if family arrangements were not thereby unduly disturbed. Then there had been quite a number of desertions, which alarmed us a good deal at first, because the machinery for retrieving a home-sick soldier was hopelessly inadequate, and we began to wonder what was to prevent our little army from melting gently away into the capacious bosom of the Siberian plains. But when we spoke to the authorities about it, they smiled reassuringly and told us not to worry. Most of them would return, they said, in their own good time. And, sure enough, the majority slid back as quietly and unobtrusively as they had disappeared. When taxed with their offence, they either took their punishment without a murmur or asserted with vigour that they had never been

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away at all. Some were even cunning enough to allege that they had " gone to stay with No. 2 Battalion for a few days, as they had some friends there." This kind of statement was most difficult to rebut, because, although many valuable hours were spent in tedious roll-calls, the identification of individuals had to be left largely to the Russian N.C.Os., and no officer could be quite certain for more than half an hour at a time that his flock did not contain a few straying sheep belonging to some other shepherd, or that some of his own who were apparently missing had not wandered for a change of air into a neighbouring pen.

Such minor troubles, though tiring to a degree, gave no evidence of criminal tendencies amongst the troops, and, with the exception of a few drunks and one Bolshevik caught red-handed in the very act of bolshevizing, we had hardly any real difficulties in this direction until the last week or two. But the knowledge that we were deserting them, coupled with the bad influence of the " convalescents," produced such a crop of more serious cases as to make us realize that some of the wilder spirits were trying us, just to see what we would stand, and that a slight slackening of the grip might lead at any moment to a really formidable outbreak.

However, in spite of all discouragements, we pushed steadily on with our training scheme as if all were well. Schools had been set up for Russian N.C.Os., with courses in musketry, bayonet fighting, physical training, drill, and so on, and, right up to the very last moment, we carried on just as though the original plan of action were to be pushed through to the finish. The only big alteration of procedure that we adopted was the complete substitution of Russian words of command for British. This taxed the powers of our N.C.Os. rather severely, and added a touch of humour to the barrack-square work.

It might have been possible, if time had been allowed us, to prevent, by a sufficiently gradual substitution of Russian for British officers, the complete collapse of the scheme. But our plans were again upset, at the beginning of July, this time by the rapid approach of the Bolshevik armies. This naturally brought it home to everyone concerned that Ekaterinburg could not long continue to be a " health resort " for the training of young soldiers. At the same time we began to receive urgent demands from Russian

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Headquarters for the surrender to them of our little army, as the need for troops of every kind was great.

When they had come to us as recruits, our men had, most of them, already been seven or eight weeks in Russian camps or depots. But nothing whatever had been done for them during that time, beyond just giving them enough food to keep them alive. They had not even been washed or clothed or medically attended, and no attempt whatever had been made to give them even the most elementary drill or military training. But after two short months with us they presented at least the external appearance of quite decent soldiers, and they were certainly better than the average Siberian unit after six months' training. The result was that Russian Headquarters were particularly anxious to get hold of them. It did not matter in the least that they had never used their rifles. That was quite a minor detail. I never once saw a rifle range in Siberia, and it was, as a matter of fact, quite usual to take a man into action without his having ever discharged his weapon. Indeed, often enough, in Russian units the rifles were allowed to get into such a condition that it looked as if a bullet would have a tight squeeze to force its way through the rust.

Anyway, the British Staff could hardly refuse to hand over much-needed Russian soldiers to the Russian Army, and all they succeeded in doing was to insist that a fortnight's intensive training should be given them before they were drafted away. We crammed a good deal into those last few days, and managed to include a small amount of work on a rifle range which we had manufactured for ourselves at great labour. The shooting was, on the whole, extraordinarily good, and the proportion of complete "duds" was no higher than it would be in a squad of ordinary British recruits.

It was a pretty pathetic business to hand them over to the Russian regime. We had ample evidence, at the end, that they had become personally attached in their own funny way to their British commanders. Officers who took trouble to see to the personal comforts of their men, who ensured that every grain of food supplied for them actually reached them, and who were prepared to start work at 6 a.m. and to go on into the night, were an astounding phenomenon to the old Russian N.C.Os. Their idea of the officer species was a creature who regarded four or five hours as a good day's

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work, and who was not too proud to " make a bit " out of the food and clothing provided for his men. I do not know that we have any national right to point the finger of righteous scorn in such matters at brother Roosky. But when one sees a country where corruption has become of the very essence of life ; when it is difficult to get anything done at all without the everlasting bribe ; when the highest is as ready as the lowest to feather his nest with the feathers that are not his, and when he does it openly and without shame—then one begins to wonder what the future can have in store for a people that is in such a case.

I well remember during the crisis of the water difficulty asking a Russian officer—an unusually excellent and energetic fellow who worked at our Regimental Headquarters—whether it would be any good to convey some pecuniary encouragement to the people who promised but did not perform.

" Oh, yes," he said, " that would be good. But if you beat them, it is not so expensive and is quite as effective."

But I digress. We were just going to say good-bye to our soldiers. The day of the departure was not altogether pleasant. However much we tried to brazen it out, always there came back the haunting thought, which refused to be stamped on : What sort of a dirty trick was this that we were playing on the simple-minded Siberian peasant ? How could they possibly be expected to understand us ? What was the use of attempting to explain ourselves ? High policy was beyond their reach. They had seen what they had seen. 'Midst crash of drums and blare of trumpets, a thousand British soldiers had marched into Ekaterinburg a few short months ago. Their appearance was magnificent ; their drill was the finest thing ever seen ; their sentries were a sight for the gods ; and their drums beating Tattoo on a summer evening in the main street was a thing worth coming a long way to gaze upon. Everyone had cheered, and the impressionable semi-Oriental soul of the Siberian had felt stimulated and comforted. But now these same splendid soldiers were busy packing their bags. Their talk was only of trains and transportation. Their eyes were turned to the east whence they came. And the simple-minded Russian soldiers were puzzled. " Why are these things so ?" they asked one another. " Can it be because the horrible hosts of Lenin are appearing on the sky-line ? Are these soldiers



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just made to strut about and salute one another? Is all this pomp and circumstance a hollow mockery? Are those shining bayonets to be looked at only and not to be used? It must be so. They are no better than ourselves, after all. They are frightened to death of the Red rabble, just as we are. We thought they were great men. But, after all, their greatness is only in looking fine and talking big. And now they leave us to our fate, and take away even the trains we might have escaped in ourselves."

And so the bubble of British prestige was pricked—that British prestige which had stood so high but a short while before. The reaction was complete and violent. But what was to be done? None of us cared very much what the so-called intelligentsia thought about us. They were the people whose failure to bestir themselves and make any real effort was at the bottom of all the trouble. It was their passive resistance and active opposition that had made our position impossible. To them, self came first, and country afterwards, and they were too stupid to see that the greater includes the less. Their retribution was upon them, and when, a month later, we saw the miles and miles of refugee trains populated almost entirely by this same intelligentsia, it was difficult to feel particularly sympathetic. The man who does not think his home worth fighting for cannot be very much pitied if he loses it.

No, these people did not matter very much. But the "soldier men" were another story. It seemed to us, for some reason, important that we should stand high in their estimation. We had striven so hard to make them not merely soldiers, but happy and contented soldiers. We had asked for their confidence and respect, and had received a large measure of it. Their splendid marching songs were still ringing in our ears. The roar of their morning welcome, which it is the ancient custom for Russian soldiers to give their officer when he appears on parade, still made its keen appeal to us. It was unbearable that they should despise us in their hearts, after all. But, like many unbearable things, it had got to be borne. There was no help for it, and we could only put our tails between our legs and creep quietly away in the dusk of the summer evening, hoping that, though they could not understand, they might at least forget.

Ekaterinburg was taken by the Bolsheviks a short while after our departure. And here, as elsewhere at this period,

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the opposition put up by the "White" Army was by all accounts quite contemptible. We heard that those who took charge of our little army spent a good deal of time teaching them to salute and right-turn *à la Russe*, and then distributed them amongst various different units. There were a few incurable optimists amongst us who wanted to try again under more favourable conditions, but any such ideas were speedily set at rest by the Hampshire Battalion receiving orders to return home.

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# WINGED DEFENCE*

GENERAL MITCHELL, in writing the book under review, had as his main object to impress on the U.S. Government and people the need, in his view, for a great change in the plans for national defence. It can therefore be taken as propaganda, and as such has much extravagance of statement. Not only this ; he has in many instances drawn false deductions and analogies that have little or no relation to the issues involved. There is also much that is prophetical in his book. This is not altogether surprising, for he says that " in the development of Air Power one has to look ahead and not backward and figure out what is going to happen." Foresight is a good thing if kept within limits, but in General Mitchell's case it has led to futuristic ideas. One cannot help feeling that a book written on such lines does more harm than good to the cause it is intended to further.

His main theme is centred in the existing organization of the U.S. Air Services—that of two separate Air Services, Naval and Military—which he considers should be amalgamated into one Air Service on the lines adopted in this country. In support of this contention he puts forward the usual one-sided argument that the First Line of Defence is now in the air. " The evidence," he says, " has showed conclusively that the advent of Air Power has completely changed all former systems of national defence." It has not changed the existing systems of defence, but has necessitated additional measures of defence to meet this new form of attack, which, he states, can only be met by aircraft. This is not quite exact, for it is the combination of aircraft with other defensive measures (such as anti-aircraft guns and searchlights) that success in this direction is achieved.

In support of the contention that aircraft is the First Line of Defence, his arguments would appear to be the following : First, that " Navies nor armies can exist unless the air is controlled over them." Secondly (as all parts of the world are accessible to aircraft), the tedious and expensive processes of wearing down the enemy's land forces by continuous attacks will no longer be resorted to, for it is possible

* " The Development and Possibilities of Modern Air Power " by William Mitchell, former Acting Chief of the U.S.A. Air Force.

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to subjugate a country by means of air attack without interference from sea or land forces. Thirdly, navies have entirely lost their mission of defending a coast, because " aircraft can destroy or sink any seacraft coming within their radius of action. The menace of submarines from below and aircraft from above constitutes such a condition that the surface ship as an element of war is disappearing." Fourthly, that " in the future, campaigns across the seas will be carried on from land base to land base under the protection of aircraft. Expeditions across the sea such as occurred in the World War will be an impossibility. Air Power can hold and organize small islands. These can be supplied by other aircraft or by submarines with everything that is necessary." He adds the somewhat illuminating but none the less significant statement that, " Should it be required to use surface ships, merchantmen may be taken and equipped with flying-off decks for use as airplane transports whenever the necessity arises. Consequently, the power of navies as a keystone in the arch of national defence has been relegated to a secondary position." In view of the arguments put forward in support of this latter conclusion, one is almost inclined to think that it is under-estimating the case, the logical conclusion being that there is no need for any navy, apart perhaps of submarines, that was not capable of flying. The writer, however, has damped our ardour, for he has stated that " neither armies nor navies can ascend and fight twenty thousand feet above the earth's surface." Personally, I did not know that they were capable even of " taking off," but " over there " anything seems possible. Perhaps this is unfair comment, for I see that I am merely concerning myself at the moment with statements in the Preface to the book.

Before proceeding, it would be as well to deal categorically with the points already raised. With regard to the first point—" That navies nor armies can exist unless the air is controlled over them "—it is a sufficient reminder that, as aircraft can only remain in the air for very limited periods at a time, and are dependent upon bases at sea and on land from which to operate, they too cannot exist unless the sea and land is controlled beneath them. This would not appear a sufficient argument to disprove the point, for it is noted that the author not only suggests that aircraft " can hold small islands "—*vide* his fourth theme (being small islands, they might not necessarily detract from proving my point)—

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but " wherever Air Power can operate " (and there appears, in his opinion, nowhere where they cannot), " it can dominate sea areas against navies and land areas against armies." The author himself has, however, saved me much brain fatigue, for he has been kind enough to clear this point up later in his book, when he says, " A person cannot *permanently* live out on the sea " (which I believe is not the case), " nor can a person live up in the air " (which I am thankful to know *is* the case), " so that any decision in war is based on what takes place ultimately on the ground." This statement strikes at the root of the problem, and it is well for us to remember that aircraft are not capable of carrying out the main functions of navies or armies, nor are they ever likely to possess the power of doing so. The relative value of navies and armies remains as heretofore.

The rôle of aircraft is primarily one of combating the enemy's air forces. Their functions in relation to sea and land warfare are to support the naval and military operations and to prevent the enemy's air forces from seriously interfering with such operations. More will be said on this point later. With regard to his assertion that " Navies have entirely lost their mission of defending a coast because aircraft can sink or destroy any seacraft," if they could do so with reliability and precision his statement would not be open to serious controversy. The peace time experiments carried out both in the U.S.A. and this country have proved nothing, but have merely shown that aircraft have been able to hit a vessel with bombs or torpedoes under conditions which would not prevail in war.

In the chapter " Aircraft dominate Seacraft," he gives a very one-sided account of the tests which were undertaken against obsolete warships. The results of these tests are well known, and it is unnecessary for me to go into details here. His description of one of these attacks would leave the lay mind with no doubts as to the precision of bombing. He says : " It had been decided beforehand that a certain number of bombs should be fired at the decks, a few exploded in the water alongside, and some hits made *down the funnels*. The attack," he says, " was beautiful to watch ; practically every bomb went *where it was directed*, and one bomb was put straight down the funnels. Everyone was surprised at the great accuracy of the bombing." As the height from which these bombs were dropped is not mentioned, we are unable, much to our regret, to pay due compliments to this feat.

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The conclusions he comes to on this subject of coast defence are, first, that the land organization of a navy in this form of defence and the land establishments incident to it can be dispensed with and be superseded by an air defence organization. Secondly, the Navy's mission so far as coast defence is concerned has *ceased to exist*, and its mission must be beyond the zone of aircraft activity. It is sufficient, I think, to remind the author that the Navy's function is the control of sea communications. One rather gets the impression that at the back of the author's mind is the assumption that a fleet exists purely and simply for the defence of a coastline. In this connection it may be pointed out that control of sea communications renders a coast secure from serious attack from the sea. That control can only be exercised by Sea Power.

" In a naval war," wrote Admiral Mahan, " coast defence is the defensive factor, *the Navy the offensive*. Coast defence when adequate assures the naval commander-in-chief that his base of operations—the dockyards and depots—is secure. It also relieves him and his Government, by the protection of commercial centres, from the necessity of considering them, *and so leaves the offensive arm perfectly free*." The truth of this statement has not, I think, been materially affected by the advent of aircraft. If anything present-day conditions have rendered it more forcible of application. That aircraft possess certain attributes for various forms of coastal defence is not denied ; in point of fact, their services in this respect will be invaluable to the existing measures, and will render invasion of land forces an even more hazardous enterprise than hitherto. One may say that the defence has scored at the hands of the offence. This is perhaps to some extent offset by the fact that a country can be subjected to an additional form of attack which necessitates a further burden of defence measures being undertaken to meet it. His contention that " Campaigns *across the seas* will be carried on from land base to land base under the protection of aircraft, and that expeditions across the sea such as occurred in the World War will be an impossibility," does not warrant serious criticism, as both these statements are devoid of fact or reasoning. It is noted that one of the conclusions which the author sets out in the last chapter of his book is that " the powers and limitations of aircraft must be thoroughly understood in order to combine its action with the other branches

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to ensure the maximum effect." He does not appear to have grasped the significance of this, for if he had done so many of the statements, if not all, would never have been made, or they would at least have been subject to some modification.

In connection with the term " Air Superiority," it is apparent from the various expressions used by the author that he labours under a complete misconception of the degree of control that can be exercised in the air. To quote but a few of the expressions, he talks of " Air Supremacy," " Control of the Air," and " Complete Domination of the Air." From the experiences of war we know that no such thing as complete control, domination, or supremacy are ever likely to be the good fortune of even the most victorious of air forces. Such conditions may possibly be attained locally. Speaking generally, such phrases are not only misleading, but convey a false impression of what is possible in war. I venture to suggest that the following definition of the term " Air Superiority " may dispel any further doubt as to what exactly we mean by the term. Air superiority may be defined as— " A state of moral, physical and material superiority over the enemy which prevents him from seriously interfering with our air operations, at the same time denying him the successful employment of his own air forces."

It can be seen from this that by " Air Superiority " we do not mean that the enemy can do nothing, but that he cannot interfere seriously with our air, sea or land operations.

The expressions " Air Supremacy " and " Control of the Air " have been used too freely by most writers on this subject, and this has led to much confusion of thought. The author asks the following important question : " How can a hostile air force be forced to fight, if they do not desire to leave the ground ?" The air strategist, he says, answers : " By finding a location of such importance to the enemy that he must defend it against a bombardment attack by aeroplanes." In order to arrive at a correct solution of this problem, the following must be borne firmly in mind. There are two principal types of aircraft, fighters and bombers. The function of the former is to attack and destroy the enemy's air forces in the air, and as a corollary to this to protect our bombers (in so far as their limited radius of action will permit) from the enemy's fighting aircraft. The principal function of the bomber is to attack targets on sea or on land. It mainly relies for its security on the degree of air superiority which is

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attained by the fighting aircraft. It is of itself incapable of gaining any measure of air superiority, and is, one may say, at a serious disadvantage when attacked by the fighter.

Air defence proper is the rôle of the fighter. Therefore a bomb attack on some important enemy objective would only bring a portion of his air force into action—*i.e.*, fighting aircraft, against which the bombers would be at a disadvantage unless accompanied by similar craft. Such action might have the effect of inducing the enemy's bombers to retaliate. Our object in that case would be achieved, but not otherwise. The arguments put forward do not cover the whole ground. Other considerations enter into the question, but those presented may be sufficient to prove the inexactitude of the answer given to the question by the author.

We are in entire agreement with him when he says that " putting an opponent on the defensive in the air is much more valuable comparatively than putting him on the defensive on the ground." It is a pity that he did not proceed with this line of thought and suggest methods by which this could best be effected. He mentions the important fact that *not more than* about one-third (a liberal estimate) of an air force can be kept constantly in the air, a fact which many seem to overlook when dealing with air problems.

His statements in regard to the general organization of the defences of Great Britain are mostly ill-informed. He states, for instance, that " Great Britain's Air Force is designated by Law as ' the First Line of Defence ' of the U.K." If he should mean " the first line of defence against air attack," we can agree, but even from the most cursory glance at the book and the pictures it contains leaves us in no doubt as to the point of view held by General Mitchell.

He proceeds to say : " It is reported that in case of a war in the future, the air officer responsible for the whole defensive of the British Isles will have under his orders not only the Air Force, but also the Army and Navy for the protection of the Islands. This," he concludes, " may be extended to the whole Empire at a later date." We may hope that this report did not emanate from a British subject. The reasons he gives in support of the statement are too humorous for serious controversy. What he says in effect is that the air officer is in a better position to know where an enemy will hit, and what measures should be taken to protect his country.

Continuing, he says : " The British Air Force is composed

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of men who have complete confidence in the future of aviation, and who can visualize what is going to happen and what aviation can do and should do instead of what it cannot do and should not do. The British Air Force has given excellent service to the Army and has greatly improved the aeronautical equipment of the British Navy." It is to be hoped that we in this country will retain a proper perspective and not be imbued with futuristic ideas as to " what aviation can do and should do." May we continue to give that excellent service to the Army and Navy to which he refers. Co-operation is a principle of war which General Mitchell seems to have relegated to the background. An air force exists to strike *in conjunction with* the other armed forces. Success in war can only be won by the whole-hearted co-operation of all arms.

The writer makes one particularly illuminating statement when he says : " If it became necessary to impose our will on an enemy. . . ." Personally, I know of no other method of winning a war, and the surest and quickest manner in which this is attained is in the defeat of the enemy's armed forces. He later says : " . . . because, in Europe, the war had been won on land." This is far from being the case. As far as we are concerned, it was won by the combined action of sea, land and air forces. Neither our own nor the American land forces could have taken part in the operations in France without the aid of sea power. It would be a difficult matter to assess the part played by any one Service in bringing the war to a successful conclusion. All those Services are inter-dependent.

Finally, General Mitchell says : " Victory always comes to that country which has made a proper estimate of the equipment and methods that can be used in modern ways." Whilst not wholly agreeing with this statement, we do agree that a correct appreciation of the capabilities and functions of each arm is necessary to ensure success, the significance of which the author does not appear to have grasped. The functions of aircraft in war are, first, to destroy the opposing enemy air forces ; and, secondly, to aid, not to replace, the sea and land forces. Although the air has definitely modified the question of defence of territory from oversea military invasion, it has in no way altered the principles. Aircraft will undoubtedly play an important part in the future, but it is well to recollect that to every new form of attack an antidote has been invented. General Mitchell's heart is in aviation, and we regret that he should have allowed it to run away with his head.

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# MACHINE GUNS AND TANK ATTACKS

By Capt. C. M. Paton.

As the conditions of modern warfare become more complex owing to fertility of invention and the further application of scientific research to military matters, so arise a crop of minor problems to which solutions have to be discovered and applied early, if an army is not to drop behind its rivals. One of these in the ascendant at the present juncture is the question of the machine gun in defence, in open or semi-open warfare, faced with the menace of a tank attack. This was a matter on which no final decision was reached during the late war, because circumstances did not lend themselves to this end; on the Western Front trench warfare was no criterion, whilst in the other spheres of operations the equipment of the opposing forces was not complete enough in this respect to provide a fair trial.

It is generally admitted that since the late war the tank has made very great strides and is in every way a far more formidable weapon, provided the terrain is favourable for its activities; on the other hand, the machine gun has not altered materially in itself, though it has undergone minor improvements and its organization has changed. The question in point is the policy on which the machine guns of a defending force, in open or semi-open warfare, should base their action when there is a great probability of a tank attack by the enemy.

Field Service Regulations* lays down that the backbone of the defence will be the artillery and the machine guns; therefore, the position taken up must be chosen largely from the point of view of these weapons; having regard to this fact the great importance of the problem under consideration becomes self-evident.

It is the object of the writer to examine the question from various aspects and to form some conclusions in the way of possible action for machine guns under the above-mentioned circumstances.

* "Field Service Regulations," Vol. II, Sec. 89 (5).

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To this end it is proposed to deal with the subject under the four following headings :—

(1) Possible action of tanks against machine guns.
(2) Possible action of machine guns against tanks.
(3) Considerations governing the employment of machine guns in the defence.
(4) Suggested course of action for machine guns in the defence against tank attack.

That the machine gun is regarded by the tanks as their especial prey is made abundantly clear to anyone who reads our Tank Training. We are told that the weapon most destructive to the infantry is the machine gun with which the tank is to cope, while in return the infantry are to undertake the protection of the tank from its arch-enemy, the field or anti-tank gun.* To simplify matters the post-war British tank is taken to provide the general example of its kind with regard to construction, capabilities and limitations.

### 1. Possible Action of Tanks against Machine Guns.

To arrive at the various ways in which a tank can act offensively against machine guns we must consider its general construction and armament. It is a mechanically-propelled vehicle of considerable weight, ranging up to thirty tons, has armour which is proof against ordinary and armour-piercing rifle bullets, also machine-gun and shrapnel fire, and can attain a speed up to fifteen miles an hour in some cases under favourable circumstances. It can cross country which is devoid of tracks or roads, can span trenches and surmount obstacles within certain limits, but thick woods, swamps, deep cuttings, water and rocky mountainous country present serious difficulties and may prevent its use. With regard to armament, without distinguishing between various types of tanks, this consists of 3 or 6-pounder guns and automatic light guns ; in addition, a smoke cloud can be produced either from the exhaust or by means of the smoke rifle grenade equipment provided.

Taken that the ground is favourable for tanks, it can be seen that there are four ways in which they can act offensively against the machine gun.

* " Tank Training," Vol. I, Sec. 46 (2).

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(*a*) *By Gun Fire.*—Tanks armed with these weapons carry some hundred rounds; the gun is sighted to 2,000 yards, and is very accurate even when fired on the move. Either common shell or case shot can be fired and up to eight rounds per minute can be got off under battle conditions. This provides a most formidable means of action against the machine gun in anything but the strongest form of emplacement. It is stated by experts that six well-aimed rounds will put out any ordinary machine-gun " nest "—by which it is presumed, is meant two or three guns grouped in open or semi-open positions.

(*b*) *By Automatic Light Gun Fire.*—All types of tanks carry several of these light guns, which will fire up to 600 rounds per minute, and are sighted up to 600 yards with a fixed battle sight. Their range is limited, compared with infantry Vickers or Lewis guns, but they have the advantage of a commanding position, can fire whilst on the move, and their crews are protected from hostile fire.

(*c*) *By " Shock Action "—Crushing and Passing Over.*—Provided it can reach the position, a tank can completely obliterate a machine gun and team by simply passing over it, and this method of disposal is laid down for general use.*

(*d*) *By " Blinding " by Smoke.*—This can be effected either through the exhaust of the tank or by means of the rifle smoke grenades carried by some types. It may be used to blind enemy machine guns until the tank has leisure to deal with them, or may be done so that infantry can deal with them, but its use is restricted by the circumstances existing at the time and by the orders in force *re* the use of smoke; tanks cannot be allowed to produce smoke clouds at will in any part of the field of battle!

The above methods of action may be employed singly or conjointly, and they were all utilized on the Western Front in the late war, in the Somme fighting and after. Possibly one further method may be utilized in future—gas, either in the form of grenades or projector bombs, lachrymatory or lethal. Thus having exhausted the possibilities of the one side, let us turn to the other and examine what factors the machine gun has to bring forward.

* See " Tank Training," Vol. I, Sec. 22.

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2. POSSIBLE ACTION OF MACHINE GUNS AGAINST TANKS.

Again, on considering the question, it will be seen that there are four possibilities of action for the machine gun, but three of these are more protective than offensive.

(*a*) *Ordinary* ·303 *S.A.A. Fire.*—This will not penetrate the armour of the tank and its only chance of effect is against the loopholes and shutters. It is not a method to be employed unless circumstances are such that there is a fair hope of the bullets obtaining entry in this manner, since on the one hand it is diverting bullets from the proper target of the machine gun—the opposing infantry; and on the other, it is almost certain to bring the tank down on to the gun, as was discovered to their cost by the German machine gunners on the Somme. Human nature will impel a machine gunner to fire on an approaching tank, but it will avail him nothing.

(*b*) *Armour-Piercing Ammunition.*—This is not issued at present and there is little data to go on.

Tank Training tells us that armour-piercing rifle bullets will not penetrate,* but the concentration of a special type of armour-piercing bullets on one small area by a machine gun at a high rate of fire seems to have possibilities. This also would probably be a proceeding fraught with considerable risk of destruction since it seems that a moderate range would be necessary to secure good effect, in which case your tank is not far away, has liberty of manœuvre, and may be able to put out the machine guns by fire when on the move or by shock action.

The question of special machine guns of large calibre is outside the scope of this article, which is dealing only with matters as they stand at the moment.

(*c*) *Blinding by Smoke.*—This alternative is open to the machine gun as well as to the tank, and could be done by means of rifle smoke grenades or smoke candles. Given favourable conditions it might prove very effective and allow the guns the necessary respite to do their duty with regard to the enemy infantry. Again, it might provide the means to allow them to withdraw to another position for their limbers on the move anywhere in open within the view of the tank would present a splendid target that would doubtless be fully appreciated.

* "Tank Training," Vol. I, Sec. 1.

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It must be remembered that the view from inside a tank is necessarily restricted,* and this would be a factor in favour of the use of smoke, but it is also a principle that individual groups of machine guns or other minor bodies of troops must not employ smoke at will unless they have special sanction so to do, while in defence extra discretion must be used as it is essential that the defenders should have a good view of their targets.

(*d*) *Camouflage and Dummy "Nests."*—If machine-gun positions are carefully selected and cleverly hidden and the guns do not disclose their position by opening a premature and ineffective fire, then given the confusion of battle with the accompanying smoke and dust from shell fire, they have a fair chance of escaping the tank's notice. The limited view from within the tank aids in this, and, if in addition dummy machine-gun "nests" are constructed in such places and in such a way as to invite fire, then these may distract attention and entail considerable fruitless expenditure of ammunition.

Owing to the noise the machine guns should be able to fire on their infantry targets without much risk of the tanks detecting them until the latter are near at hand, they will then have to remain silent, trusting to their camouflage until the tanks pass, subsequently reopening on the hostile infantry following the tanks.

### 3. Considerations Governing the Employment of Machine Guns in the Defence.

The great importance of the machine gun in defence is very clearly recognized in our Field Service Regulations and it will be of assistance to the subject dealt with if its chief duties are reviewed.

Its chief function is to deal with the attack of enemy infantry, for which it is well fitted by its characteristics and its power of accurate fire up to long ranges. It is required as an auxiliary to the artillery to build up the framework of the defence, and this gives it four important duties :—

(1) To assist the infantry on the forward zone, to check and disorganize the hostile attack.
(2) To assist in the defence of the main zone should the enemy penetrate to there.

* "Tank Training," Vol. I, Sec. 1 (4).

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(3) To check the enemy's advance forward or laterally, should he penetrate the main zone.
(4) To assist the other arms in the execution of counter-attacks.

These postulates call for disposition in depth, so that the area in which the machine guns are sited will be of considerable extent, but it is also a recognized principle that the scattering of guns in small posts throughout a defensive position is unsound. What is required is an organized scheme of machine-gun defence based on tactical considerations and terrain, making use of the power of the guns to arrest the progress of the enemy infantry by direct fire at medium and close ranges.

Machine-gun fire should be reserved for the more important features or localities and for denying to the enemy the most favourable routes of advance; the guns should be employed in sections or sub-sections, and their action fully co-ordinated with the artillery and infantry.

If a large number of machine guns are locked in the forward zone they may be lost in the first onset before they can justify themselves; therefore only so many as are absolutely necessary to undertake tasks that Lewis guns cannot cope with should be located there. The remainder, after an adequate reserve has been detailed, will be disposed in depth for the immediate defence of the main zone so as to deny the enemy's best lines of advance, to flank infantry posts, and to cover the intervals between them. From examining these principles it is abundantly clear that the chief target of machine guns in the defence is the enemy infantry—their *raison d'être* is to immobilize and crush that infantry and to prevent its entering the main zone.

Here, then, lies the crux of the problem; the machine gun is of the highest value in the defence, it is menaced by a special foe to whom the ordinary barriers of entrenchments and wire, manned by infantry and automatic weapons, are no obstacle—therefore, a course of action has to be evolved to meet these circumstances.

### 4. Suggested Course of Action for Machine Guns.

We have now brought our problem to its concluding stage; the possibilities of action for each of the contestants have been examined, and it is clear that as things are to-day,

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the machine guns in defence—unaided—cannot cope with a tank attack. Since they are an integral part of the defensive framework under all conditions, it therefore follows that they must receive special assistance in this respect. This assistance will have to take the form of the exploitation for their benefit of all possible factors unfavourable to tanks.

Firstly, the chief enemies of the tank are the field-gun and the special anti-tank gun ; therefore, if a force is on the defensive, it must so adjust the relative claims of machine guns and anti-tank weapons that the best possible use is made of each whilst they afford one another the fullest protection.

Secondly, all conditions of ground unfavourable or restrictive to tank action must be made the most of—rough and rocky areas, thick woods, bogs and swamps, deep cuttings, streams and rivers. Even if these types of terrain do not prohibit tank movement they may limit it to certain lines of advance, which will be of very material assistance.

Thirdly, if circumstances permit, specially constructed tank obstacles and traps can be sited to cover machine-gun dispositions ; these would consist of observation or percussion mines, vertical steel or concrete barriers placed in defiles where they cannot be avoided, or deep pits dug on likely lines of advance and then covered over lightly and camouflaged, and if possible, of artifical inundations.

Fourthly, there is the machine gun's own characteristic of easy concealment, if well sited, combined with the use of camouflage and dummy positions. The actual guns would be most carefully hidden and camouflaged, whilst a number of dummy emplacements would be constructed in likely places to attract the tank's notice in not too obvious fashion and to draw fire.

Though the defence should, if possible, be merely a prelude to subsequent offensive action, yet one must be prepared for the worst, and to this end the possibilities of withdrawing the machine guns must be considered, if this is allowable under the plan of action in force. Whilst on the move in their limbers they are defenceless and offer a most vulnerable target ; therefore, it is useless to think of moving them, in the open, within about 1,000 yards of tanks whose view is not restricted by some artificial means. When siting their positions covered lines of retirement must be considered, and, if circumstances permit, a possible scheme for a smoke screen to cover their final withdrawal formulated.



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It must be remembered that the withdrawing of such machine guns depends entirely on the orders issued to them; in default of other instructions it is their duty to hold their ground, but supposing that a falling-back movement is authorized then if the Machine Gun Officer moves too early he is not fulfilling his mission of delaying the enemy to the greatest possible extent, while if he moves too late then he and his guns will not appear in the next " order of battle " for the force.

The suggested plan of action, therefore, is as already stated—a general exploitation for the benefit of the machine gun of all factors unfavourable to the tank.

It will be an ideal defensive position which will allow of the utilization of all four postulates considered above. The general situation, time, space, weather, and a host of other minor considerations will affect the extent to which the plan can be employed, but if machine gun defence is to function in face of a tank attack then, to some degree, employed it must be.

Lastly, if despite such precautions the tanks triumph over all obstacles the only course left is for the machine guns to hold their fire when the tanks are close to them, try to escape detection, and to take heavy toll of the following enemy infantry.

If this is done successfully, they will have carried out their mission and though they may in the end draw down destruction upon themselves, yet the enemy tanks will have failed in their chief duty—the protection of their own infantry.

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# A GOOD MORNING'S WORK.

SCENE: *A Company Office of the 1st Bn. of The Loyal Blankshire Regiment in Sweatipur.*

DATE: *February 25th*, 1926. TIME: 11.15 *a.m.*

CAPTAIN KEENE, *the Company Commander, enters, followed by his two Subalterns, Lieutenant Box and 2nd-Lieutenant Cox, sinking rather wearily into his chair, having just returned from Field Training and having been out since* 7.30 *a.m.*

CAPT. KEENE: The Adjutant wants you, Cox—and you might get the Company pay when you're over there. Remember rifle inspection by platoons at 12.15. Box, you will see that the education class get going at 11.30! and you'll probably have to pay out the company.

(*They depart their several ways.* COMPANY SERGT.-MAJOR *enters.*)

Well, Sergeant-Major, that wasn't a bad morning's work on the whole, was it? I really believe that with a few more mornings like that we shall teach the N.C.Os. something before we have to go up to the hills.

COY. SERGT.-MAJOR: Yes, Sir. We go up about the 1st of April, don't we, Sir? That gives us about five weeks. But there's the garrison duties we'll be findin' next week and the week after, and I don't suppose we'll be able to do much the week we go up, Sir.

CAPT. KEENE: Oh, lord! I forgot those —— guards. That knocks it down to about three weeks, then. Say six or seven mornings with luck and decent weather. Well, I must try and make certain of them, and I'll see the Adjutant to-day. (*Soliloquizing*) And I must make certain of getting the subalterns those days, too. They want it nearly as much as the N.C.Os. Box (just back from leave home) is very rusty, and Cox has a lot to learn yet.

Now, Sergeant-Major, I said I'd see the N.C.Os. and their understudies at 11.45, didn't I, to point out their mistakes and so on? So we must get on with "Office." Are there any men in arrest?

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COY. SERGT.-MAJOR : Only two in the guard-book, Sir.

CAPT. KEENE : Right. Bring 'em in.

(*They are suitably dealt with.*)

COY. SERGT.-MAJOR : There are two men for assessment of character by the C.O. at 12, Sir, and there is that letter about grenades to answer, Sir, and there's them proficiency pay rolls to go in to-day, Sir, and—er—there's that case of Pte. Jones' discharge on compassionate grounds, Sir, and——

CAPT. KEENE : Oh, blast Pte. Jones !

(*Work proceeds, and at* 11.43 *a.m., just as* KEENE *is leaving the Company Office to see the N.C.Os., the* COY. QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT *arrives.*)

C.Q.M.S. : Beg pardon, Sir, the P.R.I. wants to see you urgently. I think it's about the cook orderlies, Sir. He and the Quartermaster came round this morning, and there was a bit of trouble, too, about the dining tables. And you haven't forgotten that the last draft are fitting clothing at 12.30 to-day, Sir ?

CAPT. KEENE : Oh, dammit ! Well, Sergeant-Major, I'll have to see those N.C.Os. after lunch—2 o'clock. No, by Jove ! I can't though. We're playing polo at 2.30 to-day. I'll take them to-morrow at 11.

(*Moves off somewhat heatedly in the direction of the Orderly Room.*)

* * * * *

That night in Battalion Orders Captain Keene reads that he is detailed as a member of a Court of Inquiry to assemble at The Arsenal at 11 o'clock on the next day.

Consequently Captain Keene does not see his N.C.Os. that day, and when he does find time to see them, he is naturally somewhat annoyed to find several absent on various duties, guards, etc., and those who are there have forgotten most of what happened on that " good morning's work."

*Moral*—Peace establishments for a British Infantry Battalion allow for a Captain as Second-in-Command of a company, but all serving officers of British Infantry will know how rarely this " luxury " is to be found at duty.

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# IN THE MIDDLE WATCH

By Commander Charles Gleig, R.N.

THE young lieutenant reached the bridge yawning piteously. The time was two minutes after midnight, and he was still young enough to crave ardently for sleep during eight hours in the twenty-four. That he rarely obtained more than six served to increase the craving.

The lieutenant was of medium height, with a slim figure and a dark complexion. When not yawning, his expression was noticeably serene. He had the air of a man not easily put out of temper, nor easily agitated.

"There's nothing special to tell you," said the officer who had been keeping the first watch. "The course is East by South, and we've been keeping station fairly well at 130 revolutions. But the old *Haystack* ahead seems to be having engine troubles. Twice I've had to run up on her quarter to avoid a holy smash."

"'Ump, thought you said we'd been keeping good station."

"Ah well," said the other, "nothing is perfect, even on the high seas. You'll be all right at 130 revolutions; only keep an eye on the *Haystack*."

"Nothing fresh in the night orders?"

"No, much as usual. The skipper has to be called if there's any playing about at tactics."

"Which I rather hope there won't be," admitted the young lieutenant.

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because my signalman isn't much good at his job, and I've got very rusty myself at the Morse code."

"O well, I must go and turn in," said the other. "Good-night, and keep a sharp eye on the *Haystack*."

The fleet was disposed in the usual cruising formation of two long columns, with a space of a sea mile between them; and since each column comprised twelve battleships or battle cruisers, arranged in Indian file, a distance of three miles separated the two leading ships from the last units of the columns. The young lieutenant's ship was stationed eighth in the line led by the Rear-Admiral, and the *Haystack* (which was merely her nickname) steamed at two cables length ahead.

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One of the duties of the officer of the watch, as delegate of the sleeping captain, was to preserve with accuracy the prescribed distance between his own ship and the next ahead. This task, simple enough if judged by the accurate formation of the columns, involved, nonetheless, incessant care on the part of the four-and-twenty delegates of the four-and-twenty sleeping captains. Also, in every engine room, four-and-twenty engineer officers collaborated with the lieutenants on deck to preserve this distance of just two cables length between the units.

The fleet, which had cost between sixty and seventy millions to build and equip, was steaming, at 12 knots, between Gibraltar and Malta, and well out of sight of land. It was summer time, and a cool, northerly breeze gently stirred the surface of the calm sea. A cloudless sky blazed with myriad stars, but the moon had set.

From the stem of each great ship the parted water gushed in phosphorescent radiance, so that the whole fleet seemed to be traversing a lake of molten silver. The silence of the night was only broken by the steady throb of the fleet's mighty engines. Viewed from a distance—as from the deck of some passing merchant vessel—the fleet, with its blaze of lights, had the appearance of a floating town. The light cruisers and destroyers, disposed ahead and abeam, resembled the suburbs of this town.

The first half of the middle watch passed uneventfully. The lieutenant paced the bridge, thinking mainly about a girl in far away Southsea; a middy, with a sextant, kept watchful eye on the *Haystack*, and longed for sleep and cocoa; helmsman and look-outs were periodically relieved; and a section of sleepy seamen discharged ashes down a shute. The great fleet held on its course, undisturbed by any flashing signals from the masthead of the flagship.

"This is too serene to last," remarked the lieutenant, as four bells tolled. "What about our cocoa?"

"It will be ready in five minutes, sir," replied the middy.

At that moment the flagship began to make the "preparative"—a series of quick flashes denoting a general signal.

The signalman of the lieutenant's watch made haste to acknowledge the "preparative" by winking his own masthead light.

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" Now, don't get flurried," said the lieutenant quietly, " and if in any doubt I'll make them repeat till you're sure of the signal."

" Yes, sir," responded the signalman in a tone that betrayed his nervousness.

" Wish I'd kept up my Morse code," said the lieutenant to his middy. " They've given us the worst of the whole bunch."

" I know," agreed the middy. " He gets flurried, and mixes up longs and shorts through sheer funk."

" In my time," said the young lieutenant, " midshipmen had to be able to read Morse code like print."

" Yes, sir, but we've got so many other horrors to tackle nowadays."

" That's true," sighed the lieutenant, as he watched the bewildering flashes from the distant flagship.

The flurried signalman, provided with a slate and pencil, seemed to be getting the message all right. They could hear him muttering to himself: " Long—short—short—long. Short—short—short—long . . . ." But presently he showed signs of flurry.

" Keep cool," said the lieutenant. We can always ask for a repeat."

It was not a long signal, and soon it concluded with a succession of short flashes.

The lieutenant took the slate and read a message with gaps in it.

" Alter course together . . . points . . . ."

" All right," he said. " Ask for a repeat."

All over again the flagship's light resumed winking at the night, and every ship knew for whose benefit the signal was being repeated. This was humiliating enough, but to guess at the meaning of a tactical order could not be ventured.

" Got it now, sir," said the signalman excitedly. He held up his slate to the lieutenant.

" Alter course together sixteen points to port."

" Are you quite sure of it ?" asked the lieutenant. " I'll ask for another repeat if you have any doubt."

Just for an instant the signalman was silent. " I'm sure I've got it right, sir."

The man was not wilfully lying ; he persuaded himself fully—or almost fully—that he had correctly read the signal. To have asked for a second repeat would have abased him

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in the eyes of all the signalmen of the fleet. Hence, he was predisposed to believe in the accuracy of his brain and sight.

There was no time for the young lieutenant to ponder over the mentality of his signalman ; he had to decide on the instant whether or no to trust him. The man might have got flurried and guessed, but there was no adequate cause to suspect him. In the order itself there was nothing very unusual—nothing actually dangerous in ordering the fleet to turn completely round, even by night. Here, too, the unknown psychology of the Admiral was a factor that could merely be guessed at, for the lieutenant had but recently joined the fleet. He had heard, however, that the Admiral liked to test the professional skill of the lieutenants at unexpected hours.

" Acknowledge the signal," he decided. Then, to the quartermaster : " Stand by to put the helm hard a starboard."

" Aye, aye, sir." The whims of admirals had long ceased to surprise the quartermaster.

During a minute or more the fleet held upon its course. Then—suddenly—" Signal's down, sir."

" Hard a starboard," ordered the lieutenant.

The small brass steering wheel spun round. " Hard a starboard it is, sir."

The battleship began to turn out of the line upon the arc of a circle about one thousand feet in diameter.

It may have been some forty seconds later that the lieutenant realized how gravely the signalman had blundered. By then it was too late to correct the mistake ; he had to allow the turn to be continued, with the result that in less than two minutes the battleship had steamed clear out of the line and was voyaging alone on the opposite course from all the rest of the fleet.

" You see," remarked the lieutenant to the middy, " he made two mistakes. The order wasn't to ' turn together,' and the turn is the other way."

" Shall I call the captain, sir ?"

" Most distinctly not," said the lieutenant. " It will take me an hour and a half to get back into station, and I'd much rather he slept till we're astern of that old *Haystack* again."

" The Rear-Admiral is signalling to us, sir," said the middy anxiously.

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" Let him signal, and let our friend read the message if he can."

" I think I can guess, quite as well as our signalman, what the Rear-Admiral has to say to us now."

" I expect," said the middy, " he could say it more forcibly by semaphore."

" He will do that to-morrow," said the lieutenant. " My liver will be torn to shreds, with the utmost publicity."

" It's jolly hard luck having a signalman who simply guesses, sir."

" I ought to have guessed he was guessing," replied the lieutenant with unruffled calm. He turned to the quartermaster and told him to bring the ship round to her original course. By this time the fleet seemed far, far away.

" All we can do now," explained the lieutenant, " is to wait till they have all finished turning, and then try to get back into our right place behind the *Haystack*. We can do it if they leave a gap for us—not otherwise."

The signalman, now very crestfallen, approached with his slate. " Thank you," said the lieutenant politely and took it.

" I'm very sorry, sir . . ." began the man.

" I'm rather sorry myself," replied the officer mildly—so mildly, indeed, that the guesser of Morse signals was reduced to a bewildered silence.

The lieutenant read aloud the Rear-Admiral's signal.

" Take station in rear of the column."

" Don't you think I'd better tell the captain, sir?" ventured the middy.

" O no, not yet, my boy."

" But if he should wake up and look out of the stern port?"

" We must chance that. He'll be less annoyed if he sleeps until we've picked up our new station."

Just then the captain's orderly appeared on the bridge.

" If you please, sir, will you send the midshipman of the watch to the captain's cabin at once."

" Go, my boy," said the lieutenant, " and explain how this mess-up happened."

Some minutes later the middy returned to the bridge and gave a concise report of what the captain had said. He omitted a few swear words which might have hurt the lieutenant's feelings.

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" The captain says we ought to have called him when we turned out of the line."

" Is he coming on deck ?"

" No, I think he's asleep again by this time."

" Anything else ?"

" I told him what the Rear-Admiral had signalled, and he only grunted, sir."

" Captains do not grunt, my boy ; they make affirmative and dignified sounds, especially if annoyed. Anything else ?"

" To report to him if we ever get into station again, sir."

" Ever ?"

" Yes, I'm sure he said ' ever.' "

" Nothing else."

" Yes, sir. Another signalman is to relieve our blighter at once, and our man is to practise the Morse code by himself until he goes before the captain to-morrow."

The lieutenant walked across the bridge and spoke mildly to the source of all the trouble. " The captain desires very earnestly that you shall practise Morse signalling by yourself until 11 a.m. to-morrow. Where would you suggest doing it ?"

" I could take a hand signalling lamp down to the mess-deck, sir."

" No," said the lieutenant gently, " I fear that might disturb your mess mates, and few of them are really keen on the Morse code. I think you had better take your hand lamp to the weather side of the fore turret, and report progress, say, every hour or so."

In due time the battleship picked up her new station, and at 4 a.m. the lieutenant was relieved and went below to sleep.

The guesser of signals went on practising with the hand lamp until the captain found leisure to have a heart-to-heart talk with him, which talk resulted in stoppage of leave, and in the selection of the guesser for duties of a less technical nature than signalling. He became, in fact, a permanent sweeper of the lower decks.

Precisely what passed between the young lieutenant and his captain, next morning, was not made public, but there was no sort of privacy about the Admiral's semaphored comments on the episode in the middle watch. The signal excited a widespread interest throughout the fleet.

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# "TROOPING" IN THE XVIIIth CENTURY

By "NOMAD."

THERE are still with us a certain number of those whose experience of "trooping" extends from pandemonium on board the *Crocodile* and similar troopships of the latter half of the nineteenth century to the comparative luxury of such familiar friends as the *Braemar Castle* or *Soudan*. And when they no doubt agree that from the one to the other is such a far cry as to make comparison difficult, how are we to envisage the conditions under which the transport of troops was carried out a hundred years before the *Crocodile* was laid down?

Apart from the maintenance of forces on the Continent, which involved only a short sea passage, the transport of troops was confined almost entirely to India, the West Indies, and North America. Steamships were, of course, unknown, and as the Suez Canal had not been thought of, all voyages to the East were via the Cape. To reach Fort St. David, on the Madras coast, which was usually the first Indian port to be touched at, occupied anything from six to ten months, according to the class of ship and weather conditions, the usual ports of call *en route* being St. Helena, which was then in the occupation of the East India Company, or Madagascar, which was, during the eighteenth century, about equally divided into two independent native kingdoms. These were the only opportunities during the voyage of replenishing the ship's stores of fresh meat, vegetables and water, and there were occasions when St. Helena failed in this respect owing to drought on the island. The voyages to the West Indies and North America did not involve such conditions, but the full force of Atlantic storms had to be considered, and a month or six weeks was probably a fair average period in which to reach the respective destinations.

The transport service was maintained both by warships and by merchant vessels chartered for the purpose, and the range of accommodation consequently varied greatly. From about the middle of the seventeenth until the end of the eighteenth century, merchant vessels did not differ greatly in type from warships. Generally speaking, foreign ships

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during this period were ahead of ours in size and the evolution of new types, and it is frequently found that captured foreign ships were taken direct into British service, and that various improvements discovered in them were embodied in the building of new ships of our own.

In connection with warships, tonnage was seldom mentioned, the number of guns and decks being the deciding factor in classification, and the Navy was divided accordingly into six " rates," of which a " first-rate " ship had not less than 100 guns and three decks, others being rated accordingly. Not only were warships of an extremely small size when judged by more modern standards, but the great age to which some of these " wooden walls " kept the sea would surely have satisfied even the most rabid economist. For example, among a squadron which conveyed troops to India in 1754, H.M.S. *Bristol*, which was by no means the smallest, was of only 704 tons burthen, while one of her consorts—H.M.S. *Bridgewater*—was already ninety-nine years old. The ill-fated *Royal George*, which was regarded as a veritable giant among ships, barely exceeded 2,000 tons, and Nelson's *Victory* was only 100 tons bigger, and was forty years old at the date of Trafalgar. When these widely differing conditions are considered, and have added to them those obtaining in hired transports, it will be appreciated that the soldier was faced with the possibility of spending a considerable period on board almost anything capable of remaining afloat, and it is not surprising that many voyages were performed amid the most appalling surroundings. In the case of a three-decker, the lowest deck was used for food, stores, etc.; the second contained quarters for officers and men, while the upper deck remained for the ordinary navigation and other purposes of a ship at sea. Under such circumstances a voyage was probably quite tolerable, but in smaller vessels matters were very different, and, as will be shown later, the insanitary and overcrowded state existing below made it something of a mystery why any troops ever reached their destination alive.

In cases where troops were embarked in warships, arrangements were made direct by the Admiralty; but when transports were hired, recourse was had to agents. In either event, however, the system seems to have been somewhat sketchy.

On February 22nd, 1754, H.M.S. *Kent* sailed from

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Spithead to Plymouth to rendezvous with five other vessels, of which squadron she was the flagship. The squadron was bound for Fort St. David, and the Admiral's extremely vague orders were to proceed first to Cork and there embark " as many of the King's troops as he could conveniently dispose of." Not only did these orders apply to a voyage which, in the event, lasted nearly seven months, but the King's troops referred to consisted of an infantry battalion, which might have expected at least to move as a complete unit. Moreover, the occasion was historic, for the battalion in question was the 39th Regiment*—the first Royal troops to reach India, from which fact it derives its proud motto, " Primus in Indis." The importance of the occasion was fully recognized by the East India Company, for in their Bombay despatches of that time they address to " Our President and Council of Bombay " the following instructions regarding the officer who then commanded the 39th : " Upon Collonel Adlercron's† landing at Bombay or any of our Settlements in the East Indies, he is to be saluted with Thirteen Guns, and you are to show him all the Honours due to his Station as Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's Land Forces in the East Indies."

The occasion was marked in a more popular way among the lower ranks by the grant of extra duty pay for Indian service, captains of companies receiving 2s. per diem, the adjutant, lieutenants and ensigns 1s., and all other ranks 2d. The Admiral, however, does not seem to have been similarly impressed, for on reaching the Irish coast he proceeded to Kinsale, and instructed Colonel Adlercron to embark there after marching his regiment the twenty-four miles from Cork. This was done, and the squadron eventually sailed on March 9th. Bad weather was experienced immediately, and the *Bristol* and *Eagle* came into collision and were badly damaged. In this condition both ships were driven inshore by the gale and actually grounded, but the following day the combined efforts of all the boats from the squadron succeeded in refloating them, and they were sent back to Plymouth for repairs. The troops remained on board and were ordered to follow later in ships belonging to the East India Company,

* Now 1st Bn. The Dorsetshire Regiment.

† Col. John Adlercron was appointed Colonel of the 39th Regiment on March 14th, 1752. He was promoted Major-General on May 16th, 1758, and Lieut.-General on December 18th, 1760. He died in 1766.

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which were not yet ready to sail, so that only about three-quarters of the regiment actually accompanied their head-quarters. The remainder of the squadron, consisting of the *Kent* (flag), *Salisbury* and *Bridgewater*, with the sloop *Kingfisher*, finally set sail on March 24th. The surgeon on board the *Kent* was one Edward Ives, who included an account of the voyage in a volume describing his experiences in the East which was published nearly twenty years later. The squadron reached Madeira after thirteen days, and Ives mentions that the island is famous for its wine ; but apparently the cost of living had even then begun to rise, for he goes on to say that " this refreshing liquor, however, like other things of late years, is greatly increased in price."

Owing to the ships arriving at Madeira at the beginning of Passion Week, nothing could be done in the way of taking in supplies, for in a Portuguese Roman Catholic community the celebrations were naturally extensive, and the entire population took part in them. A wait of thirteen days followed, and the squadron did not again put to sea until April 19th. Shortly afterwards, evidence is forthcoming of the results of the casual way in which the embarkation was carried out.

" About the middle of May," says Ives, " our ship being too much crowded with stores and men, and consequently very hot between decks, the crew became so sickly that in six days we buried seven men and had 160 on the sick list, chiefly with putrid fevers." As the squadron got further into the tropics matters became worse, and the rations seem to have been on a par with the other arrangements. " In the unsettled and hot weather we had during our continuance near the Line, the putrid fever raged among us, owing in a great degree to the stock-fish which we had taken on board as part of our provisions. Two-thirds of the stock-fish which Government supplied the ship with we were obliged to throw overboard."

Conditions were not mitigated until Madagascar was reached on July 18th, when on the following day " we received on board fresh beef for the use of the several ships' companies, who with eagerness and transport fed on this delicious fare."

Steps were now taken to relieve the situation of the sick, all of whom were landed, there being 150 from the *Kent* alone. Little or no provision seems to have been made in those days for dealing with illness on board ship, and an

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interesting sidelight is thrown on the position by an item which appears in the accounts of Admiral Rowley, whose squadron was serving in the Mediterranean in 1745 : " Money advanced to Surgeons to enable to buy necessaries for the use of the Sick and Hurt Seamen." The total amounted to about 1,500 Port Mahon* dollars, or approximately £13 in English money, so that the seamen do not appear to have been treated with undue luxury.

But to return to the sick at Madasgacar. " The greater part were now afflicted with the scurvy, and to so great a degree that they had not strength enough to crawl upon the deck, and scarcely to breathe ; we were obliged, therefore, to carry them out of the ship in their hammocks."

Happily, the fresh food ashore soon had the desired effect, and most of them recovered in about three weeks. This was not always the case, however, and perhaps the worst instance on record is that of the 78th Highlanders,† who in 1781 left England 1,100 strong, and on joining Sir Eyre Coote at Chingleput eleven months later could only stand 390 on parade.

The voyage was resumed on August 8th, and the amenities of ship-board could scarcely have been increased by the fact that " we had completed our stock of water and taken in *as many live cattle as we could store !*" The squadron eventually reached Fort St. David without further adventure on September 10th, six months and nineteen days after the flagship left Spithead, and almost exactly one month less from the date on which the voyage finally began. Allowing for the various delays, this must be accounted a very fast passage, for in the records of the East India Company of about the same date, special mention is made of one of their merchantmen which reached St. Helena from England in 108 days.

If conditions such as those described existed among troops carried in comparatively large naval vessels, the lot of those embarked in small merchant ships must often have baffled description. For the supply of hired transports the Admiralty relied upon a number of agents—some dozen or

* Port Mahon is the capital of Minorca in the Balearic Isles.

† Now 1st Bn. The Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, the Duke of Albany's). The original Seaforth Regiment was numbered the 78th, and renumbered the 72nd in 1786. The 78th, which is now the 2nd Battalion, was raised in 1793.



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fifteen in all—at the principal ports, among which the Thames wharves, such as Deptford and Woolwich, occupied a prominent position. These agents were informed of the Admiralty's requirements, and chartered such vessels as appeared suitable, just as if they were acting as private traders. When the vessels had been so chartered, any alterations necessary to adapt them for their new purpose were carried out by the agents at the expense of the Admiralty, but the owners appear to have been liable for making good any defects discovered after the ships had been taken over. For example, in October, 1754, the Admiralty agents at Deptford report the discovery of certain defects " in caulking the *Anna*, one of those vessels proposed to be employed as a Transport to carry Officers and Soldiers to Virginia," and asking the Admiralty to communicate at once with the owner, a Mr. Hanbury, with a view to getting repairs effected. A note on the report tells us that this was done, and the agents informed. It seems to have been a common practice for ships to be chartered by the agents at one port and prepared by those at another, where circumstances were more convenient, but full information on such occasions does not appear always to have been circulated, as there are quite a number of cases in which agents have reported the progress of work on various transports named in the Admiralty lists, with certain exceptions which " we cannot find " ! The handing over of work from one port to another apparently extended to supplies, for in September, 1757, after what was presumably a very hot summer, the Victualling Office at Deptford writes that " as the great demands of late at this port for the service of His Majesty's Ships and Transports have brought our stores very low in the article of Beer," permission is asked for the transport *Viscount Falmouth* to " take in her proportion of that specie " on reaching Portsmouth, and duly allowed. " Specie " is good !

Indeed, the maintenance of various foreign expeditions during this period was no light financial burden, and a return from the Victualling Office dated January 20th, 1757, shows that " the expenses of victualling His Majesty's Land Forces " during the previous twelve months amounted to £57,541 2s. 4d. Among the many items in this return is one for £3,597 7s. 11d. paid for supplying beef and butter to the army in America, which seems rather like sending coals to Newcastle, especially when it is remembered that in the disastrous expedition to

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Buenos Ayres, fifty years later, the one item which did not have to be sent out from England was fresh meat, although, of course, the operations on that occasion were in the southern half of the continent. Considering that merchant vessels were chartered for transport work when they were presumably in regular use for commercial purposes, the amount and variety of stores which had to be supplied by Admiralty agents is striking. A list of those provided in March, 1756, for the transports *Sarah*, *Fortrose*, *Charlton*, and half a dozen more, all destined for North America, ranged from anchors and canvas hose down to nails, while every ship received " one hogshead of vinegar " and " a cask for ditto " at a cost of £2 and 12s. 6d. respectively. There were occasions when the agents were found wanting, as in February, 1756, when it was reported from Woolwich that they had " no horse halters, hammoccoes nor slings," so that during 1899, in the first weeks of the South African War, history at Southampton was merely repeating itself.

The various progress reports and accounts forwarded to the Admiralty by agents throw an interesting light on the class and extent of accommodation provided in the hired transports of the day. Special ships were allocated to horses, which were accompanied by a small number of men ; forage and supply ships were also dealt with separately, while the majority of vessels were designed to carry infantry only. One is immediately struck by the extremely small size of the vessels employed and the obvious overcrowding to which Surgeon Ives made reference even in a much larger ship.

In June, 1758, the Deptford agents forwarded an account for the fitting of eight hired transports for Jamaica. The accommodation ranged from 4 officers and 120 men to 6 officers and 222 men. These were soldiers only, and in those days of sailing ships the crew was usually large in proportion to the size of the ship. For instance, in the squadron described by Surgeon Ives, the *Bristol*, of 704 tons, carried a crew of 350 men, and the *Eagle*, of 1,130 tons, had a ship's company of 420. It is probable that these figures would be lower in merchant vessels of the same size, but even so the addition of a couple of hundred soldiers must have made a most uncomfortable difference to the space on board.

Yet the sanitary arrangements in the transports for Jamaica were not only almost negligible in extent, but were on a similar scale in every ship, irrespective of the numbers on board.



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Examples of horse ships are found in a list of fifteen transports, dated July, 1758. In this fleet the average number of horses carried per ship was about forty, accompanied by an average of about fifty men, while the ships themselves averaged something in the neighbourhood of 250 tons. The extremes of these fifteen ships are worth quoting. The largest was the *Four Brothers*, of 338 tons, and the smallest the *Nancy*, of 129 tons! The *Four Brothers*, though the biggest ship—and none of them were larger than a Thames steamboat—did not carry the most on board. This distinction fell to the *John and Sarah*, which carried 63 men and 48 horses, while the cockle-shell *Nancy* was allotted 31 men and 28 horses. When the size of these vessels is really appreciated, and it is remembered that the men and horses were in addition to the crew for a voyage of six or seven weeks to America, words entirely fail in any effort to describe life on board. It appears doubtful whether there was any regular method of estimating the number of troops to be allocated to individual ships, and judging by the Admiralty's instructions in the case of the 39th Regiment, already quoted, there was not. But when, in 1758, a fleet of seven transports was being prepared at Deptford for infantry only, accommodation was calculated at the rate of *one man per ton's burthen!* If this method were applied to modern transports, it would mean that a steamer of about the size of the *Soudan* would have to carry approximately the personnel of *two infantry brigades!* However, in the case under notice, it was discovered that the transports could not take the numbers evolved by the scheme, which had to be modified considerably, and resulted in the necessity of chartering a good many additional ships.

The small size of the transports and the consequent large size of the convoys was a serious drawback in time of war. In consequence the difficulties and responsibilities of the escort were enormously increased, as may be imagined when it is realized that one of the many expeditions to the West Indies, consisting of 5,000 troops, involved the use of no fewer than 59 transports, with the not surprising result that several of the latter became separated from the convoy during a spell of bad weather and were captured by the French.

All things considered, an eighteenth century soldier had good reason to agree with Boswell that " being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned."

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# DISEASE AS A WEAPON OF WAR.

By Neville M. Goodman, M.A., M.B., B.Ch., Capt. R.A.M.C., Reserve of Officers.

I DO not propose in this essay to discuss the moral aspects of the employment of disease as a weapon in war. It can hardly be disputed that a nation in arms will probably use any weapon that lies to its hand : experts of every nation, for example, are now engaged in investigating the possibilities of chemical warfare, previously prohibited on moral grounds. It is necessary, therefore, to examine every avenue from which an attack may come, without regard to any moral considerations, however much one may hope that the use of certain weapons may be avoided.

Numerous examples, of course, can be found throughout history of campaigns being decided by an outbreak of sickness among one or other of the combatants, from the destruction of the Assyrians under Sennacherib to the Walcheren expedition, where out of 4,000 dead only 166 were killed in battle, or that most curious outbreak among the Guanche natives of the Canary Isles, in which they died apparently of melancholia by hundreds in isolated caves, thus enabling the Spaniards to overcome their resistance.

It is to be noted, however, that the influence of epidemic disease on the issue of war has become less and less as medical science has advanced, and the change has been most marked in the present century. Whereas in the Crimean War the proportion of battle casualties to sick was one to three, in the Boer War it was one to two, in the Russo-Japanese War three to one, and in the Great War eight to one.

Indeed, at the present time it is unlikely that " natural " disease—if the term may be permitted—will ever be a major influence in deciding campaigns, except where a force is cooped up under bad hygienic conditions and suffering from lack of food, or where troops are campaigning in areas very different from those in their countries of origin, *e.g.*, the Indian troops in Flanders. This improvement has been chiefly due to the discovery of the microbic origin of disease which has made possible the tremendous advances in preventive medicine witnessed in the present century.

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All this, however, is a far cry from the deliberate employment of disease as a weapon. Of such employment I can find no trace whatever in the literature of the past. The gods alone are credited with the power of spreading disease. Man knew far too little of its origins and behaviour to attempt to meddle in the matter. The most that was ever done was to push a plague-stricken body hopefully into the enemy's lines.

It is not until we come to the Great War that reports of attempts to spread disease among the combatants take definite shape. These stories kept cropping up as variations on one of two themes—that an eminent professor had been found in London with a box of test-tubes " full of deadly germs, "or that enemy aircraft had dropped " sweets infected with cholera." As I hope to show later both stories are ridiculous on scientific grounds ; the professor could have done nothing effective with his test-tubes of deadly germs, even if he had them, and with regard to the sweets, I much prefer the version that they were nerve tonic tablets, dropped with the message that " we are coming back to-night." A more plausible story was that infected women from all over Germany had been concentrated in Cologne before our occupation of that city ; at any rate we were solemnly warned of this in orders before we entered Germany. Even if this were true, casualties caused by such means are bound to be few and slow, while recent experiences have shown that venereal epidemics can always be kept in check if firmly and rationally handled.

To sum up, we may say that up to the present disease has never been seriously employed in warfare.

Let us now examine in the first place the possibilities of its employment at the present time. Just as any particular gas had to fulfil certain conditions before it could be used, so any particular disease must fulfil certain conditions before its possibilities as a lethal weapon can be considered. These conditions are (1) such a disease must be disabling in its effects, at any rate temporarily, (2) it must be communicable in the first instance to the enemy, (3) it must spread rapidly, and (4) the side employing it must be protected from it, either by complete isolation, or by some form of preventive or curative agent unknown to the enemy.

If one considers the known epidemic diseases in detail, it will be found that they all fail to fulfil one or the other of the above conditions. Space does not permit me to do

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this, but in a general way it is clear that now that the origins of most epidemic diseases have been traced to a specific germ, they can be exactly controlled, and in many cases prevented by protective inoculation. Thus enteric has been abolished for all practical purposes by the T.A.B. vaccine of Sir Almroth Wright. Small-pox has been completely wiped out in armies where vaccination can be enforced; plague can be controlled partly by sera and partly by dealing with the rats, whose fleas are now known to spread this disease; malaria can be checked by destroying the breeding places of the Anopheles mosquito; that frightful disease tetanus has been abolished by inoculation with an anti-tetanic serum, while in other directions such diseases as scabies can be kept in check by isolation and proper treatment. In a word, the rapid spread of most known epidemic diseases can be prevented by modern medical science.

As regards the primary infection of the enemy, the difficulties are much greater than the lay mind with its visions of spies tipping tubes of deadly germs into our water supply seems to realize. Germs are not like the neighbour's dog, ever waiting to spring on the unwary passer by, but are retiring, delicate creatures—quite literally, indeed, "hot-house plants." We need to swallow them, breathe them, or even cut ourselves and rub them in before they will accept us as their hosts: a culture of bacilli tipped into a cold unfriendly reservoir has about as much chance of infecting the population as a naked negro would have of surviving on an iceberg.

But perhaps the greatest bar to the use of any known epidemic disease in warfare, would be the difficulty of protecting one's own side against its action. Complete isolation is impossible, even in a static trench warfare; deserters, prisoners, and infected material would render it ineffective. As regards a secret protection or cure in the form of inoculation or drugs, it is most improbable that it would not be discovered by the enemy in a very short time. In 1914 Salvarsan was a German secret proprietary product, but in a month or two the Allies had prepared perfectly efficient substitutes. There are so many research workers in every country nowadays, that it would be true to say that if any given advance in medicine had not been made in one country it would have been made in another within a few months.

So much for the present, it only remains to consider briefly the possibilities that may arise in the future. These

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possibilities are along two lines: either that a new disease might arise spontaneously and be made use of by an enemy country, or that a new disease might be created and deliberately elaborated as a weapon and launched at the outbreak of war. The answer to the first is that if we exclude diseases split off from other groups of disease, as the result of more accurate classification, there has arisen, practically speaking, no new disease in recent times except sleeping sickness (Encephalitis Lethargica), and even that is very doubtful. The answer to the second possibility is that no one has ever created a new disease. The bacteriology of earth, air and water is now as well charted as the seas around our coasts, and the creation of a new disease is merely the figment of a novelist's imagination. As regards both possibilities, the conditions described above would still have to be fulfilled before any disease of the future, natural or artificial, could be employed by an unscrupulous enemy.

We have arrived, therefore, at a comforting conclusion. We have seen that the employment of disease as a weapon in war has never been used in the past, could not be used in the present, and is most unlikely to be used in the future; all this, moreover, being quite apart from considerations of morality, which we hope will militate more and more against the employment of such a loathsome weapon.

If I have been able to allay the fears of those who seem to imagine that we may be all wiped out in the next war as the Martians were wiped out in Mr. H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds," this excursion into an unpleasant subject will not have been made in vain.

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# A SHORT CIRCUIT IN WAZIRISTAN

By Major J. T. Gorman.

"WAZIRISTAN in August! Whew! Well, all I can say is, come back as quickly as you d——d well can!"

This was about as much encouragement as I received when I embarked upon what was to be an exceedingly short-circuited tour on the frontier.

It did not tend to make one desirous to leave Poona and all its attractions. The Powers that Were had ordained that a field kitchen was to be especially designed for the first line transport (mules and camels) on the frontier.

For my sins, I had elaborated a portable, crude-oil cooker, self-contained, made up in sections, carrying its own fuel, and which could either be loaded on camels or mules and easily erected by unskilled labour.

It was to demonstrate the uses, abuses, and disuses of this crude oil cooker that my tour was undertaken in August, 1922. But this article is not merely intended to demonstrate good plain cooking or the many vagaries of a crude oil cooker. The expedition presented so many phases of rapid movement, so many little incidents of humour and interest to one's self, that it may be just possible to make it interesting to others.

The exigencies of the Service made it urgently necessary that I should return to Poona as soon as possible, which accounts for the fact that the tour was accomplished at break-neck speed.

My limited staff consisted of a Regimental Sergeant-Major Instructor and an Indian follower. We left Poona, with all its dancing, racing, poodle-faking, and general atmosphere of chota pegs on August 2nd. It was one of those mornings which show India at her loveliest, with a slight bite of cold in the air.

We arrived at Kalyan—an important town as long ago as the second century A.D.—after about four hours' travelling. This station is noted for being one of the largest railway junctions in India, and a fact which interested me was that many of the big engines were driven by crude oil.

Leaving here, we next reached Lanouli. It is here that the Ghats really begin, and three huge engines were attached

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to carry us up and over the steep gradient of the Bor-Ghat, a wonderful bit of engineering. Within fifteen and three-quarter miles there are no less than twenty-five tunnels, and this whole section was as difficult of construction as any stretch of railroad in India.

There followed the wonderful journey across the Ghats—high mountains and lesser hills crouching at their feet, like disciples, valleys and gentle slopes, the silver ribbons of streams uncoiling to fall from rock to rock—truly an unforgettable panorama of scenery.

My route from thence may seem circuitous, but that is a matter over which I had no control. At any rate, it led me into the interior of India, through many places of interest—Bhusaval, Itarsi, Bhopal, Jhansi; through Gwalior, the ancient seat of Jain worship, with its strong fortress, cresting a rock 342 feet high; Agra, a name which brings that of the Taj Mahal simultaneously into one's memory.

The train steamed on through groves of lacy trees, past gold-tipped temples, by fields of sugar-canes, glittering in the sunlight. Night fell, and it whizzed past tiny railway stations, each lit by a solitary oil-lamp. Then it stopped at a huge station, dazzling with electric lights, buzzing with excitement, humming with the voices of hundreds of passengers—semi-docile Europeans, chattering natives, coolies, sweetmeat sellers, and water-carriers.

D E L H I stared out in bold black letters from the name-boards—Delhi, the seat of the Indian Government, as it has been the seat of many another government before, noted, so the gazeteer tells us, for its manufactures of tinsel, muslin, and filigree, but noted still more for certain tragic-heroic days more than half a century ago, when the first flood of the Mutiny broke—and was broken—against the Ridge.

Then on again, through mud and straw villages in which dwell the poor, and through vast cities in which live the rich, on and on through the great land of contrasts.

Umballa, and in the very early morning Jullundur, the original capital city of the old Rajput dynasty.

At eight o'clock in the morning we reached Amritsar, with its huge temple, the holy city founded in 1574 by Guru Ram Das, Apostle of the Sikhs, and built round the sacred tank, the "Pool of Immortality" which gives the town its name—a rather sinister name to British ears.

So, by way of the ancient walled town of Lahore to Lala

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Musa, the end of the three days' journey—a journey which I must say had not seemed over-long, over-monotonous, or over-hot. So far we had been lucky. Rain had fallen all up the line, so that it had really been remarkably cool ; it was reserving itself for the next section of the journey.

At Lala Musa we stayed for about ten hours, in heat which was beginning to be very intense. It is a very tiny wayside station, and it was rather a case of " pigging it." But we were able to get a dinner of sorts—the Indian sort, that is, when you see a chicken running about on arrival which will presently be served up, more or less camouflaged, under six different disguises.

The journey from thence to Mari Indus is only describable in one brief term. which would not be suited for polite eyes or cold print. It was like travelling inside a stove at full blast.

The country through which we passed—although I was not disposed to look at it in the rosiest light—was like the Scind Desert, or worse. More I cannot say.

At Mari Indus we embarked upon the huge river in a steamer which had its own movable dock, and arrived at Kala Bagh, upon the farther side. The Indus at this time was in flood, and a vast expanse of water.

Kala Bagh means the Black Garden, and it was indeed an oasis after that literally infernal train journey. The hills round are not unlike the barren rocks of Aden, a likeness perhaps partly owing to the fact that they are of the same geological and salty formation. A guide-book informs one in glowing language that at Kala Bagh a cliff of pure rock salt towers over the town, and that picturesque salt cliffs fringe the river.

But I am afraid I must confess that I was not so much impressed as no doubt I ought to have been by all this majesty. Possibly some of the salt has melted since the compiler of the guide saw those wondrous cliffs.

The mess-house, which is a little thatched building, is situated in what was once an old cemetery. Dinner was served on the lawn outside to the accompaniment of electric fans. It was a slight respite—that dinner at Kala Bagh—between two periods of heat to which, as I have already said, only one all-sufficient adjective applies. One was rather reminded of Judas Iscariot's legendary annual visit to the ice-floe !

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Next morning we left Kala Bagh for Tank, eighty-six miles away. It took the train nine and a half hours to do this journey—and no wonder, for the rolling stock on this line is a disgrace. The carriages were falling to pieces, the latticed windows broken and warped; the whole line has an air of general neglect—a terrible decline and fall from the comparative luxury of our journey up to now. But we were to become used to these downward steps.

Half the journey is over a sand-covered area, and soldiers are issued with twenty pounds of ice and six bottles of soda-water. But, ice and soda notwithstanding, the heat on this day's journey was terrific and dangerous.

The official title of the railway is the Kalabagh and Banunu, but Tommy has rechristened it the "Kabadar and Baito," which means the "Take Care and Sit Down" railway.

Tank Camp is a typical Indian war base. For, no matter where you transport them—France, Mesopotamia, Gallipoli, they have the same atmosphere, the smell of Indian dung-turf—mules, camels, the Indian soldier off duty, Tommy's boot-boy, the temporarily erected bazaar, plastered with advertisements of Scissors and Woodbine cigarettes. And ever dashing to and fro was the ubiquitous Ford van, driven by a most important and consequential Indian of the Mechanical Transport.

There is a pathetic part of Tank Camp known as Heat-Stroke Post, where men are taken who have been struck down by the sun. More pathetic still is the fact that, at this particular time at any rate, the electric fans in the hospital ceased to be worked from 6 a.m. to 8 a.m. What chance has any poor fellow suffering from heat-stroke and gasping out his breath of recovery in such circumstances?

Leaving Tank at nine in the morning, we started in a small Ford van for Manzai—another downward step in the declension of our transport arrangements, which now went to the tune of those immortal verses, whose nameless author I cannot thank:—

> "There was a little fellow whose name was Ford—
> Had a little rubber and a little bit of board—
> A little drop of petrol and an old tin can—
> So he knocked them altogether—and the damn thing ran!"

But, all the same, the Ford van is really a wonderful invention, seen at its best in such rough surroundings as these. They will proceed with almost tank-like philosophy

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over the most awful roads, ditches, and dykes, or where, as Kipling says, " there is never a road." They climb hills and plough through river-beds, either of the dry and stony variety or over their axles in water.

If some of the old veterans of the Dera Jat column could witness these rapid movements, one fancies that they would turn in their stony graves.

In this fashion we arrived at Sara Rogha, which means " cold ridge," but on this particular occasion we could only wish that it had justified that Elysian name !

Here we deserted our faithful Fords and took to ponies, starting at nine in the morning. A most awful ride along the dry, stony river-bed followed. Matters were made worse by the fact that a storm broke within a few miles of the camp, and it rained heavily. We were also a little handicapped by the fact that the Sergeant-Major was a far from accomplished horseman. When he was not reduced to walking alongside his mount, he was holding on to the saddle, and the horse was being led by the Indian follower.

It was now that we came into the zone of the active operations of the Waziristan Field Force.

My own small circus was absorbed into a convoy of one hundred camels and sixty mules, all laden with provisions for the troops in Ladha, not to mention an extensive flock of sheep who were destined to be provisions in their own persons.

These sheep are wonderfully fine animals, with massive tails, all of which consist of fat. An Irish soldier once accounted for this fact by suggesting that when the sheep climbed the hills the fat in their bodies all ran into their tails !

This particular convoy was quite a small one. Sometimes they will consist of as many as a thousand animals—camels and mules.

The steps taken to protect them, in these conditions, is an interesting lesson in hill warfare. All the surrounding bare heights are piqueted by the troops on road duty, in addition to the permanent piquets.

The Khassadars, or friendly Mahsuds, take over this patrol work one day in every three from the British and Indian troops. One day in every four the road is closed entirely, and no convoys can pass through, since no piquets are on duty, except at the permanent posts.

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These permanent piquets—little mud guard-houses, surrounded each by a quickset hedge of barbed-wire entanglements, were the scene of very desperate fighting in the Waziristan campaign of 1920. It was, indeed, to post and establish them that the operations were mainly undertaken, under difficult conditions and against enemy forces who were far better armed and disciplined than had been usual heretofore in this guerilla warfare of the frontier.

The method of escorting a convoy is in this wise.

" Lias " is first established between headquarters and the piquets on the Khels and the Road Protection parties. After this is complete, and not until then, the long train of heavily-laden beasts passes on in complete confidence through the bare, stony nullahs and valleys.

All this while the piquets " stand to," watching vigilantly from the heights, ready for any sign of enemy movements.

When the last camel or mule, which carries a red flag, is through well and safely, the piquets " stand easy," their task, for the moment, finished.

As a general rule, this method of protection answers admirably. Occasionally the enemy Mahsuds rush a convoy, or there is some desultory sniping, and there are sometimes tragic incidents such as are inseparable from all border warfare.

Just about the time of which I am speaking, for instance, Captain Edmondson, on duty with a convoy, was dragged from his horse by tribesmen, assumed to be khassadars, killed, and his body thrown into the river.

In this fashion we arrived at Ladha, extremely stiff and sore, wet and tired out.

Sleep came that night after a vision of sombre mountains lit at intervals by the flashes of snipers' rifles, whilst the splattering of machine guns made reply.

The post was silent. A decrescent moon, coquetting amongst the clouds, threw a weird, unearthly light upon the open spaces, bringing into bold relief khaki figures and shining rifle barrels, casting ever blacker shadows in twisted nullahs and stony sangars—shadows where anything might lurk, human or superhuman.

To awaken at dawn was a strange contrast—dawn and a vista of ridges and hazy plain, the mountains lying in apparent peace under a virginally blue sky. The young ilex, like holly,

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was sprouting over the hills, and on the distant slopes were pines and deodar trees.

The Mohammedan priest, attached to one of the Indian regiments, was calling the soldiers of his faith to prayer.

" Allah-hu-Akbar !"

The act of adoration and praise echoed through the valley and up to the highest peaks of the hills. An alert Punjabi soldier joined silently, and a yawning Tommy resented the premature " Réveillé."

Then over the silent borderland came the crescendo of the world's awakening. An orchestra of birds trilling; transport mules neighing, the gurgling of indignant camels and the monotone of their bells ; the hard breathing of ponies and donkeys muzzling for grass ; the barking of pariah dogs and the chattering of Sepoys in Pushtu, Punjabi and Gurkhali.

Then the sharp, brisk bugle-call from the lines of the Royal Welch Fusiliers rang out, and the day began.

Ladha is really a delightful station, and, from the point of view of climate and surroundings, would compare with any in the Simla hills. But, of course, there is no cantonment and no civil population.

Up to this point I have not mentioned my efforts to persuade the Waziristan Force that the crude-oil cooker was to come, like the Waverley pen, " as a boon and a blessing to men." But I had already given demonstrations of its powers at Manzai to the 10th Brigade, and at Sara Rogha to the 21st Brigade, and it had required all my available rhetoric to convince the British officers in each Brigade that I was not a commercial traveller, touting for the sale of a patent.

Perhaps I had better briefly describe the cooker here, seeing that it was, in a sense, the inspiration of my lightning tour.

After having been dismounted from the mules who bore it, the sections were put together and placed over a trench, six inches deep by some six feet long.

The cooker for British troops has spaces for camp kettles ; in the Indian pattern there is accommodation for two large " dexchies " for cooking rice and a flat iron sheet for baking chupatties.

A small flash pan is at the opening of the cooker and into this is poured the crude oil ; when it becomes alight, water

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is dropped in, and this contact atomizes the oil and causes the flame to extend up the trench.

There is nothing new in the method of cooking by crude oil; the troops in Iraq, where wood was scarce, used it successfully on a much larger scale.

My difficulty was to persuade the Indian troops in Waziristan that the cooker was a good "bandobast." They have religious scruples about using oil, except in case of necessity. It may have been partly imagination, but I think that they were inclined to use quietly obstructive methods at the demonstrations, because each caste brought a completely different sized chupattie to be cooked, which did not facilitate matters in the least!

Anyway, the demonstrations for British troops were quite successful, and with a little more practice and persuasion the Indians would easily be brought into line.

The reports from headquarters upon the cooker were good, and one day, perhaps, the financial pundits at Simla will find it possible to place this very necessary article in the first line transport.

As the day following that on which the demonstration took place at Ladha was "road-closed" day, and there had been rumours of spates and broken roads, I decided to start for Dera Ismail Khan directly after the demonstration, via Sara Rogha.

So, packing up at full speed, we started on ponies over our friend, the river-bed.

About six miles from camp a young officer accompanying the convoy and myself got far ahead of the rest of the party, and were surprised at meeting seven or eight armed tribesmen —and not very pleasantly.

They marched along, singing, skipping, and dancing, all the way, until we came in sight of Sara Rogha Camp, where they lined up the roadway and saluted as we passed.

It turned out that this was a "Khassadar day," and these men had been detached from the Road Protection parties to escort us. Since the murder of Captain Edmondson they had decided to act as a sort of extemporary bodyguard for officers, who had a habit of riding on in advance of the convoys.

After spending the night at Sara Rogha, we started next morning for Tank, and at Jandola Fort picked up our Ford

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van once more, and arrived at Tank after a very hot and dusty journey.

As a result of this, the young officer who had joined our convoy at Ladha was struck down with heat apoplexy and had to be left at Tank. I am glad to say, however, that he recovered in the end.

We had already had some experience of what Waziristan could offer in the way of heat, and also I had seen some pretty samples myself in Mesopotamia. But that section of our present tour between Tank and Dera Ismail Khan was—as the Irish would say—" as hot as the hobs of hell," and I never wish to experience anything like it again.

There was no shelter except the small cover over the driver's seat on the van, and we had to put towels under our helmets to serve as some protection against the sun.

To add to the hectic joys of the journey, we now and again encountered broken bridges, and were obliged to descend and push the Ford through the water-courses.

Every quarter of a mile or so we came across camels from the convoys lying dead or dying upon the track, and the corpses were a battle-ground for what seemed literally myriads of vultures and pariah dogs.

With regard to these unfortunate " oonts " there is a story told of the G.O.C. Waziristan Force sending an urgent message to an officer commanding a post.

" Twenty camels are said to be lying dead between Manzai and Tank. Smell indicates position."

We arrived at Dera Ismail Khan at about seven o'clock that evening, and, even at that hour, the sun was intensely powerful. In the lotus-tinted light it was a typical military cantonment, with the murmurous singing of the native mothers from the compound, the crooning of the syces grooming their ponies, the crunching see-saw music made by the wheels at the wells.

There was the burnt smell from the distant bazaar—the echoes of " Samson and Delilah " played by the band of an Indian regiment ; Sahib log coming from polo ; Mem log going to tennis ; the club, with its galaxy of ladies, old and young, serious-looking majors and boyish subalterns.

As I had no intention of being detained by any social amenities on this occasion, I did not drop in at the club, but made straight for the Waziristan Force Headquarters, and



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was lucky enough to find a Colonel still hard at work there, with his coat off.

Thinking that I was direct from Simla, he treated me with deference—and played into my hands! He sent hectic messages in all directions to announce that a demonstration would be given at six o'clock the following morning outside his office, and ordering all staff officers to attend.

Having seen those messages dispatched, I resigned myself to my fate, although, had an insurance office been handy, I should have felt inclined to insure myself and my life against the results of my rashness.

As there was not a moment to lose, I now set to work with the Sergeant-Major and the Indian follower, dug the trench, and made everything ready for the early morning demonstration.

However, although my audience, when the time came, looked rather livery and the "morning-after-the-night-before-ish," and there was a general atmosphere of "quai-hai-ism," it all passed off quite well and successfully.

After a great deal of exertion, I persuaded a young staff captain that it was necessary for me to return to Poona forthwith. He was very pessimistic as to my chances, pointing out that the steamer had already gone, that its little brother—a launch called the *Cygnet*, which carried the mail—was suffering from incompatibility of engines, and would probably not be able to take our impedimenta, even if in action.

However, like all the other members of the Waziristan Force staff whom I met, he was very helpful, and, ordering me a Ford van, told me to trust to luck.

I did—and my faith was rewarded. We reached the pierhead, and after a short interval, whilst the engines were being repaired, and with the assistance of a little blarney and baksheesh, I persuaded the Captain to carry us and our cooker across the Indus to Darya Khan.

The river was in flood, and floods are no joke in this neighbourhood. The original town of Dera Ismail Khan was entirely swept away by an inundation in the year 1823, and now, just a century later, one could see that the banks were being undermined, and literally dropping away in lumps. I believe this process was taking place at the rate of about ten yards in thirty days.

We had already, on this little trip of ours, seen a great variety of transport. But I must say that what struck me as

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the most novel of all was the method by which natives were crossing the vast expanse of the Indus, a distance of several miles.

They sat astride " mussacks," or inflated goat-skins, similar to those carried by the Indian " bhisti," and in this manner, by paddling, propelled themselves over the face of the waters.

A hot wait at Darya Khan followed our river journey. We entrained at about two o'clock in the morning, and I really do not believe that I was fully awake until we got to Delhi.

Short-circuiting is strenuous work ; and when I remembered that I had only been ten days on the frontier, all told, it seemed more like a dream than a reality.

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# THE ROMANCE OF THE PACIFIC

By W. T.

EARLY in the sixteenth century a Spaniard of good family, after sowing wild oats at home, left his native land and settled in the West Indian island of San Domingo. He was not successful as a cultivator of the soil, and in order to escape from his creditors he smuggled himself in a cask, which had no doubt once contained Spanish wine, on board a Spanish ship conveying an expedition to explore the Isthmus of Darien and to found a new colony thereon. After an insurrection which occurred three years later he found himself in command of the expedition; and on September 25th, 1513, he saw from the summit of a mountain a vast ocean stretching to the west, the very ocean of whose existence Columbus was certain and had vainly tried to discover. Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the adventurer who had left San Domingo in the cask, was the first European to set his eyes on the Pacific, which had not yet received its name, and which, in his own words, he promptly "claimed with all that it contained for the King of Castile," his sovereign Lord.*

A few years later Magellan, a Portuguese in the service of Spain, following the east coast of South America further south than any previous navigator, sailed on, in spite of terrific storms, until he reached the Straits which now bear his name; and making his way carefully through them, entered in December, 1520, the calm waters of that new sea on which he was the first European to sail, and which, with a sigh of relief after his voyage across the turbulent waters of the Atlantic, he named the *Mar Pacifico*.

During three centuries Spain remained in possession of practically the entire Pacific shore of the American continent. From the Straits of Magellan in the south to the Straits of Juan de Fuca in the north, place-names of Spanish origin appear on the map. The wealth which Spain was believed to derive from Terra Firma did indeed excite envy in Europe,

* Keats, in a well-known passage, credits "Stout Cortes . . . . silent on a peak of Darien" with the discovery of the Pacific, but it would appear that he was mistaken.

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and two attempts at least, each of them unsuccessful, were made to break through the trade monopoly which she possessed. In 1695 Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, promoted in Edinburgh the Darien Scheme, which was sanctioned by an Act of the Scottish Parliament. He proposed to found a colony on the Isthmus of Panama, which was a convenient centre for trade with all parts of the world. Money was raised not only in Scotland and England, but also in Holland and Hamburg; but a considerable proportion of the subscriptions was withdrawn owing to the opposition of William III and the English Parliament, which emphatically condemned the scheme as one that could not be successful without a previous understanding with Spain. A start, however, was made in 1698, when 1,200 men sailed from Leith for Panama, where they formed a settlement which they called New Caledonia.

The prospects of the new colony were not unfavourable at first. They had landed during the cool season without opposition from the Spanish, but the summer heat, so different from what they had been accustomed to in Scotland, tried them sorely. They were unable to support themselves out of the soil which they occupied; their supplies ran short; an appeal for help which they made to the English colonists in North America was refused; a tardy expedition of relief which was sent out from Edinburgh arrived too late and was immediately attacked by a Spanish force. The Darien Scheme had failed miserably.

Paterson was for a time driven out of his mind by its miscarriage, but later on recovered and was elected Member for Dumfries in the first Union Parliament, which passed an Act granting him an indemnity of £18,000 for his losses.

Just as the Straits at the southern extremity of the American Continent are named after a Portuguese in the service of Spain, so also are the Behring Straits, which join the Pacific to the Arctic Ocean at its northern extremity, named after a Dane serving in the Russian Navy in the time of Peter the Great. It is doubtful whether Vitus Behring ever passed through the straits which bear his name, but he spent some years on the Pacific while exploring the coast of Kamchatka, where he founded the town of Petropaulovski, and the Aleutians, a chain of volcanic islands which form, as it were, stepping-stones between the two continents.



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In 1741 he crossed over to the American mainland, and explored a section of the coast of Alaska, where some years later a Russian settlement was formed upon what was supposed to be one of the Aleutian islands, but which the great explorer of the Pacific, Captain Cook, while in search of a passage to the Arctic Ocean, ascertained was a peninsula jutting out from the American Continent. The settlers oozed through the isthmus, and by the end of the century they had occupied, chiefly for fur trading purposes, a considerable area in North America and of the coast which gave access to their settlements.

Thus it happened that at the beginning of the nineteenth century the Pacific coast of North America belonged, at least nominally, to two nations, Russia and Spain, which, though separated by the width of Europe, stood side by side in the New World.

The Spanish American colonies had, no doubt, noted the successful rebellion of the British colonies in North America, and had read with interest the account of those doings in Boston, when the citizens converted their harbour into a huge tea-pot in which they brewed, with the salt water of the Atlantic, the tea which the British Government proposed to tax. The Declaration of Independence in 1776 did indeed open a vista before the eyes of the Spanish Americans, but the Spaniards are a slow-moving race—it is ever *mañana*, *mañana* (to-morrow, to-morrow) with them—and half a century elapsed before the colonists had shaken themselves free from Madrid.

They were united by a common language, common ties, interests and fears; could they not consolidate themselves into a Spanish-American nation occupying the greater part of South America and a considerable area in North America, and dominating the Pacific? This hope, if it ever existed, was impossible of fulfilment; physical geography stood in the way. The only colonies of large and fairly compact area were Mexico in North America and what is now the Argentine Republic, 3,000 miles away, in South America; and the only link between these was the slender thread or corridor of settlements lying along the shore of the Pacific under the shadow of the Andes. A homogeneous nation having no excessive mileage of sea-board and frontier in proportion to its size was impossible, and what had been Spanish America

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for three centuries was split up into a dozen and more republics, only two of which can be called nations. The rest are but self-governing communities, unlikely ever to become nations.

The United States, which within the lifetime of many of their citizens had converted themselves into a nation, naturally looked upon the emancipation of Spanish America with approval and recognized it without delay; and when it was rumoured that the Holy Alliance of Russia, Austria and Prussia was preparing to aid Spain to recover her lost possessions, the Monroe Doctrine, so called from the name of the President then in office, was promulgated. It was a warning to the world at large, for it declared as a fundamental principle of the policy of the United States that "the Powers of the Old World shall not be permitted to interfere with the New, and that any attempt to extend their system to any portion of the American hemisphere would be dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States." The Monroe Doctrine is still in force, and some Americans claim that it is incorporated in the Law of Nations. Great Britain followed the example set her, and recognized the independence of the Spanish colonies on the Pacific coast and elsewhere on the American Continent; Canning, who was Prime Minister at the time, claiming in somewhat obscure and grandiloquent language that he had "called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old."

When Florida was ceded to the United States in 1821, the Spanish King also made over all his rights on the Pacific coast north of the 42nd parallel of North Latitude, and the assignees maintained that the territory thus transferred extended to the Russian possession in Alaska. The British Foreign Office, when in negotiation with the United States, is usually complaisant and accommodating; but a claim which would exclude British North America from the Pacific seaboard was impossible, and it brought about the dispute over the Oregon boundary.

Great Britain proposed that the Columbia River, which rises in the Selkirk Range, flows southward and westward, and falls into the Pacific in Latitude 46° North, should be the dividing line between the United States and British territory. The dispute, after having been carried on for nearly a quarter of a century, was settled by the Treaty of 1846,

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under which Great Britain's claim to Oregon was disallowed, but the Pacific coast from the Straits of San Juan de Fuca northward as far as what was then Russian America was assigned to her.

The loss of Oregon was accepted with unconcern by the official mind, for had not the captain of one of the British men-of-war on the station stated in a letter to his brother in the Foreign Office that the country was not worth having? He had been fishing on the Columbia River, and had found that the salmon would not rise to a fly!

It was not the first time that the question of rights on the Pacific coast had been raised, for a similar claim had already nearly caused a collision between Great Britain and Spain. In 1786 some merchant adventurers of Calcutta dispatched, by authority from the East India Company, two ships across the Pacific to the distant shore of Vancouver Island for the purpose of trading with the natives and procuring furs for the Chinese markets, and a small trading settlement was formed on Nootka Sound. The Spanish Government protested and sent out ships of war to support the claims of Spain to the Pacific shore. In 1789 some British ships were seized, and when the British Ambassador in Madrid complained, he was curtly informed that the Spanish Monarch had the exclusive right of trade and navigation in those waters. Preparations for war made promptly by the British Government brought Spain to her senses. The owners of the ships were indemnified for their losses, and satisfaction was given for the insult to the British Flag.

The loss of Oregon synchronized with the failure to acquire the golden territory of California, which for a brief period seemed to be falling into the hands of Great Britain. It belonged nominally to the Republic of Mexico, but the hold of that Government upon it, like the hold of most governments of Spanish origin upon outlying possessions, was insecure. The province was ripe for insurrection, and *juntas* were in session openly proposing to transfer the allegiance of the State to Great Britain. Moreover, an Irish priest named Macnamara, who was in intimate relations with the British Legation in Mexico, had obtained a considerable grant of land on the Bay of San Francisco, where he proposed, strange as it may seem at the present day, to found an Irish colony under the protection of Great Britain; and he was

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landed at Santa Barbara from the British frigate *Juno* in order to carry out his scheme. A few bold strokes, a little audacity and good fortune, and California might have been added to the list of British Colonies. But suddenly an American explorer, who had already visited the country, swooped down upon the Pacific shore, like an eagle from the Rocky Mountains, and upset the plans of Macnamara and the pro-British party.

The *deus ex machinâ* was an officer named Fremont, in the Corps of Topographical Engineers of the United States Army. He was the son of a Frenchman who had left his country during the Terror, and whose ship had been captured by a British man-of-war while on passage to San Domingo. The exiled Frenchman spent some years in captivity as a prisoner-of-war in one of the West India islands, but at length escaped and landed in Virginia. His son avenged his captivity by becoming the instrument by which California was snatched away from the open hands of Great Britain.

The younger Fremont had already made a name as an explorer. In 1843 he had been in command of an expedition sent to explore the country lying beyond the then existing and indeterminate frontier of the United States, and he had succeeded in crossing the Rockies into Oregon and California. No sooner had he set out on this expedition when orders of recall were sent to him from Washington, on the red-tape pretext that he had without authority taken away with him a military equipment for his party which the peaceful nature of the geographical enterprise did not warrant—he had requisitioned a small mountain howitzer in addition to his rifles.

The orders of recall were sent to St. Louis, where his wife was residing. She did not—perhaps could not—forward them, and to this omission of hers the United States are, in all probability, indebted for the possession of, and Great Britain for the loss of, California ; for if Fremont had returned he would not have had an opportunity of displaying those qualities as an explorer which led to his being sent in the year 1845 on another expedition to California.

This expedition also was wholly of a scientific character, but it was destined to leave its mark on history. When he reached California he left his party at a spot two hundred miles from the sea, in order to avoid giving offence to the

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Mexican authorities at a time when the Texas question was straining the relations between the United States and Mexico, and proceeded alone to Monterey, the headquarters of the Mexican commandant, General Castro; from whom he requested and obtained permission to put his expedition into winter quarters in the San Joaquin valley, between the Sierra Nevada and the coastal range, and to continue his explorations further south. However, while he was on the march in the Buenaventura Valley, he received a message from General Castro ordering him to retire at once from the country, and he was informed that troops were being brought up to enforce the order. The Mexican Government, not unnaturally, was suspicious of the presence of an American officer in a portion of its territory which was ripe for revolt.

Fremont thereupon retired to Pico del Gabellan, or Hawk's Peak, a mountain in the Sierra, overlooking the plain of Monterey, where he saw Castro making preparations to attack him. He hastily fortified Hawk's Peak and raised the flag of the United States. On the fourth day the flagstaff fell. He accepted the omen, broke up his camp, and retired, being unwilling to do anything that might embarrass his country.

A letter from Castro, offering a cessation of hostilities and basely proposing that they should jointly declare the country independent of Mexico and assume the dictatorship of it, reached Hawk's Peak a few hours after Fremont had quitted it, and while the ashes of his camp fire were still glowing. Hitherto he had done nothing likely to further the annexation of California to the United States, or to prevent its absorption into the British Empire. His visits to the country had been solely in the character of an explorer and surveyor accompanying a civilian expedition. The final impulse had yet to be given to him. He was still a non-combatant Topographical Engineer.

In March, 1846, he quitted Monterey, compelled by the unfriendly attitude of the Mexicans to abandon his scheme of exploration in the south, and trekked northwards with the intention of returning to the United States by way of Oregon. He had reached Lake Klamath, when his further progress was delayed by the mountainous nature of the country and by the hostility of the Indians.

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One morning early in May he was astonished to see two white men approaching his camp on the lake shore. They had been saved from the tomahawks of the Red men by the fleetness of their horses; and they proved to be part of the escort of a United States officer of Marines, who had been sent from Washington with a despatch and some private letters for Fremont, and who was now encamped within reach of him. A ride of sixty miles brought Fremont to the Marine officer, whose name was Gillespie.

The despatch was apparently only an ordinary official communication introducing Gillespie to Fremont, and signed by Buchanan, at that time Secretary of State, and afterwards President of the United States. It was couched in terms which would not excite suspicion if it should fall into hostile hands when the bearer was in Mexican territory; but very much was written between the lines. Nearly a year had passed by since Fremont had received any private letters, and in those which now reached him from his father-in-law, Senator Benton, there were obscure and enigmatical passages. Gillespie, moreover, was charged to impress upon him the necessity of watching and counteracting the schemes of foreign interlopers, and of doing his best to secure for the United States the goodwill of the people of the country.

The chance meeting of Fremont and Gillespie in the wilderness, on the shore of a lake in an almost unknown land infested by Indians, who that very night killed three of his men, diverted the current of Fremont's life, and the explorer and surveyor became a soldier on active service.

He hurried back into California and reached the valley of the Sacramento early in May. The country was in a state of anarchy. A powerful faction was agitating for annexation to Great Britain; large portions of the public lands were being transferred to British subjects; a British fleet was expected off the coast; and a massacre of Americans was very probable. The situation was saved by the energy and fearlessness of Fremont. He placed himself at the head of the American settlers, who eagerly took service with him, and in a month all the country north of the Bay of San Francisco had shaken off the yoke of Mexico. An independent government was establishment under the Bear flag—an emblem chosen on account of the fighting qualities of the white bear of the Sierra Nevada, which never flies from its

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foes, however numerous, and is noted for its courage when brought to bay.

Meanwhile a powerful British fleet was preparing to pounce down upon the prize from its anchorage in the Mexican harbour of Mazatlan, but the American Commodore Sloat, at the same place, easily outwitted the British Admiral. He weighed and put to sea, shaping a course which seemed to indicate that his destination was the Sandwich Islands, and he was quickly followed by the British fleet under Sir George Seymour. By changing direction during the night, he shook off and eluded the British Admiral, who was left to continue his voyage to Honolulu. When, some weeks later, Sir George Seymour anchored in Monterey Bay, he was astonished to find the town in the possession of General Sloat, and the Stars and Stripes floating over it.

Fremont, in the meantime, was marching towards the coast, and as he approached Monterey he heard that it was in the hands of Commodore Sloat, and that the Texas dispute had brought about war between Mexico and the United States. He hauled down the White Bear flag, hoisted the Stars and Stripes, and reported himself to Sloat, who, it seems, was not aware, when he arrived off Monterey, that war had broken out, for he offered to salute the Mexican flag; a courtesy which was declined on the plea that there was no powder to return it, in reality because the people were daily expecting the British fleet. It was not until he heard of the approach of Fremont that he ventured to seize the town. He appears to have had misgivings—which were not allayed when he found that Fremont had no positive orders to commence hostilities—as to whether he was justified in taking offensive action without permission from the Navy Department. On the plea of ill-health, he handed over the command of the fleet to Captain Stockton and returned home. He had succeeded in outmanœuvring the British fleet, but after that *coup* he seems to have lacked the courage to act on his own initiative. Fortunately for the United States, his hesitation did not entail the loss of California, which at the conclusion of the war with Mexico was incorporated in the Great Republic, whose western frontier, no longer an indeterminate line vaguely traced on desert and mountain range, was now clearly defined along the shore of the Pacific.

The year 1846 is a notable date in the history of the

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United States. While Zachary Taylor, under whom were serving Jefferson Davis and Robert Lee, each of whom fifteen years later figured conspicuously in the Civil War, was reducing Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, Fremont and Stockton were taking hold of California; whereto, in a short time, flocked the restless and the covetous of many lands, attracted by the chance discovery of gold by a Swiss emigrant.

The nation, which but sixty years previously was formed of thirteen States, all within the sound of the Atlantic waves, thus acquired a commanding position on the Pacific, while the peaceful transfer of Oregon extended that position northwards as far as Cape Flattery. Until the year 1846 the only undisputed possession of the United States on the Pacific was the coastline and hinterland between the 42nd parallel and the mouth of the Columbia River, and was separated from the Eastern and Central States by two ranges of mountains and a wide expanse of country known only to the Indians; now four trunk railroads traversing settled states and territories link the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in less than five days rush the globe-trotter across the continent from the Depot in New York to the Golden Gate. The wonderful prosperity and progress of those original thirteen States and of the nation which grew out of them should have long ago discredited the superstition that the number is unlucky.

The life of Fremont, who virtually discovered California, was active, stirring and picturesque. His mother had been married at the age of seventeen to a man of middle age, from whom, after many years of unhappiness, she was divorced by a special Act of the Legislature of Virginia. His father was her second husband, the French exile. At the age of nineteen he was expelled from Charleston College on account of an honourable but unfortunate love affair. He spent two years and a half as naval instructor on board the United States sloop *Natchez*, and subsequently was employed as an assistant engineer in a party prospecting for a railroad, and as a Government surveyor in the region of the Upper Mississippi. His aptitude for exploration and technical work obtained for him—although he had never graduated at West Point—a commission in the Corps of Topographical Engineers.

During the next few years he was engaged in exploring

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the little-known country lying on either side of the Rocky Mountains. Now he was following the devout example of the Spanish and Portuguese pioneers of the sixteenth century and marking the granite face of some cliff with the figure of the Cross ; now he was planting the flag of his country upon the highest peak of the Mountains, which still bears his name. At one moment he was fighting for his life and his scalp ; at another he was sitting down at a lodge of friendly Indians to a banquet of stewed dog ; and once, in Utah, he and his party were in such danger of perishing by starvation that each man took an oath that he would never resort to cannibalism.

While engaged in the settlement of California he was a victim of the diarchy which then existed in the newly-annexed territory. Commodore Stockton and General Kearney each claimed to be the supreme authority ; and Fremont, who adhered to the former, under whom he had placed himself after the departure of Commodore Sloat, became involved in a charge of mutinous conduct towards General Kearney. A duel between him and a certain Colonel Mason, arising out of the charge, was postponed because his antagonist had chosen double-barrel fowling-pieces as the weapons of the combat, and but one double-barrelled fowling-piece could be found in the country ; and again by the peremptory orders of General Kearney. Fremont was sent under arrest to Washington, where he was tried by court-martial for mutiny and disobedience. The feeling of military men was against him for his adherence to a naval rather than to a military commander. He was found guilty on all the charges and sentenced to be dismissed the service, with a recommendation to the clemency of the President on account of the ambiguous position in California. Popular sentiment was strongly in his favour. President Polk confirmed the finding, but remitted the sentence on account of Fremont's public services. The episode stung him ; he promptly resigned his commission and resumed for a time his work of exploration. When California in 1849 became a State, he was fittingly chosen to be her representative in the Senate. A few years later he was nominated for the Presidency on the anti-slavery ticket, but was defeated by Buchanan. He received the medal of the Royal Geographical Society of London, and also a medal from the King of Prussia, great-uncle of the internee of Doorn.

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It might have been thought that a public servant to whom his country owed a large area of territory, the reversion of all the vanished gold of the Sacramento Valley, and a strong position on the Pacific coast, could not have outlived the gratitude of his fellow-citizens. Nations, however, are often no less forgetful of their benefactors than individuals, and shortly before Fremont's death in 1890 it was announced in a telegram from Washington which appeared in the London newspapers that " the Treasury officials have discovered that the United States have, since the year 1850, owed General John C. Fremont the sum of 21,000 dollars, and a warrant for that amount has been sent to him. His surprise was so great at this unexpected windfall that he fell fainting on the floor. General Fremont had been living almost in poverty for many years past."

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# THE BOOKSHELF

"1944." THE EARL OF HALSBURY. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

Six thousand years before the birth of Christ a man sat watching the Euphrates rising year by year in flood time higher and higher up the dykes until . . . ? The man's name was Noë. Though mocked by his neighbours, he builds him a boat that, when the day of wrath will come, shall bear him and his to safety, and to the preservation of the race.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-five years after the birth of Christ another man sat watching the rising tide of aerial armaments, each year more deadly and nearer perfection until . . . ? His name is Sir John Rundell, M.P., and he buys him a boat, provisions it, and moors it in a small West Country port against that day of the last and most terrible of all wars ("anything between ten and twenty . . . certainly not more than twenty years" ahead), when will come "the total obliteration of civilization . . . *phutt*—like a candle." Then for nineteen of those twenty years Sir John warns, speechifies, and, like a prudent man, prepares. But 'tis all to no purpose. The country is blind to his warnings and deaf to his speeches: his is the *vox in deserto clamantis*. We no longer stone our prophets: we laugh them to scorn, which, perhaps, shows that we have gained in a sense of humour what we have lost in vitality. But, as is generally the case, the laugh is on the side of the prophet, albeit the jest is grim. Comes at length *der Tag*, and Sir John, one peaceful summer afternoon, telling a post-prandial House of Commons that a Russo-German aerial armada of 20,000 aeroplanes, replete with bombs of the most deadly gases, is about to leave West Prussia *en route* for London (and, incidentally, for Paris, Brussels, and Rome). By 1944 it appears that the ridiculous old-fashioned diplomatic convention of a twenty-four hours' ultimatum has been relegated to Limbo, along with the Secret Service and the whole system of espionage. Ruthless surprise is Kernin's diplomatic rule of three. The sinister figure of this man, the Dictator *à la Napoleonien* of a resurrected and inexhaustible Russia, is well drawn. His diplomacy is no less witty than it is effective. At 2.30 he is mouthing pacific platitudes at a Mansion House luncheon; at 7.30 he enters his aeroplane; at 8.0 his Armada flies; at 1.0 a.m. the population of London has been annihilated.

So far so good. At this point the book falls to pieces, and only partially succeeds in integrating itself at the very end. An utterly unnecessary and common-place love story obtrudes itself upon and takes precedence over the main theme. In a book of 302 pages of large print it is not possible to combine the realities of war with the romance of love: one or both must suffer. Tolstoy succeeded, but he took three massive volumes to do so. It is a pity, because the author has got hold of an excellent and by no means improbable idea, and—what is rarer—he writes well. His account of the attack of London is particularly vivid and realistic.

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But it is just this realism which we want more of and do not get. The reader grows impatient at the romance and side-shows of the second half of the book, and at the end is left unsatisfied and full of queries. Nevertheless, for the sake of the first half of the tale and for the message that lies within it, "1944" is well worth reading. If like "The Riddle of the Sands," "1944" will give people furiously to think; it will not have been written, or read, in vain.

A Short History of the British Army. Captain E. W. Sheppard. Constable. 14s.

To write a history of the British Army within the compass of 300 pages is an achievement in itself. But brevity *per se* is a degree to which even the schoolboy can attain, whereas brevity, combined with interest, is an accomplishment as difficult as it is rare. There was a distinct need for a non-technical history of this character for those who have neither the time nor the purse for Fortescue's classical work. Captain Sheppard is to be congratulated for the rare manner in which he has fulfilled this need.

True to his principle that "the main rôle of the British Army has been the acquisition and maintenance of the British Empire," the author wisely passes over, save in the cases of Marlborough and Wellington, the interminable and uninteresting campaigns that bestrew the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and lie heavily upon the student's digestion. In these continental campaigns the British Army has never played an exclusive and independent part. Sometimes led by their own countrymen, sometimes by foreigners, they fought magnificently, but they formed only a section, and that often a small section, of the Allied forces. If, on the contrary, we would see a really British Army engaged upon a campaign for exclusive British ends we must go to India, to Canada, to Africa. To concentrate in the manner of old-fashioned text-books upon the campaigns in the Low Countries or upon the Rhine is as misleading to the reader as it is unfair to Clive, Wolfe, Eyre Coote, and their gallant little armies.

In the history of the British Army no two figures stand out more prodigiously and magnificently than the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington—the one the second greatest General since Cæsar, the other one of the finest fighters of all times. Captain Sheppard does these incomparable leaders full justice: he goes even further, and tries, but without great success, to whitewash their personal character. One was as sordid in his finances as the other was in his amours, but their generalship was of the first class. Nothing more should count.

Captain Sheppard relates at once clearly and convincingly the evolution of the British Army by that process which cannot otherwise be described than that of "trial and error." A campaign is gloriously won, the Army rests upon its laurels, the War Office sinks into a contented sleep. Comes another war, and finds the Army ill-prepared as a consequence, equipped as in the previous war, and manœuvring on traditional lines. The enemy meanwhile having

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taken their defeats to heart, the ensuing campaign is anything but glorious for Britain. A period of wholesale reform and activity follows with magnificent results when the next and third struggle comes. Then a period of sleep, and so on. What other conclusion can we draw from this ding-dong progress than that of the greatness of the British soldier and the littleness of the War Office?

NAVAL MEMORIES AND TRADITIONS. ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT KING-HALL, K.C.B. Hutchinson & Co. 21s.

Joining the Navy in December, 1874, being then, he tells us, "something under thirteen years of age, 4 feet 3 inches in height, and 5 stone in weight," Admiral Sir Herbert King-Hall struck his flag for the last time in March, 1919, at the age of fifty-eight (height and weight not being given; they must be presumed). During these forty-five years the author, having visited most spots on the globe, has accumulated an immense number of amusing experiences and entertaining anecdotes, which he relates in such a naïvely, discursive fashion that it is hard to put down the book when once taken up. But beside the merely reminiscent part of naval memories and traditions, the book is of extreme interest as giving an excellent account of the transition of a navy from wooden walls to modern conditions within a space of half a century, and, above all, in paying just and full tribute to the work of Sir John Fisher. He was fond of coining phrases, we are told. "Thus for waging war, the three R's—Ruthless, Relentless, Remorseless . . . for naval shipbuilding 'Build few, build fast, each better than the last'." Pacifists might shudder at the first, and Little Englanders blench at the second, but the majority will to-day agree with Sir Herbert that "the sweeping changes made by Sir John Fisher were on sound principles, even though carried to an extreme, and they enabled him to reorganize the distribution of the whole Navy in such a way that when the day of trial came, ten years later, we were ready to meet it."

The Editor acknowledges the receipt of the following with thanks:—

*The Canadian Defence Quarterly.*
*The Military Engineer (U.S.A.).*
*The Cavalry Journal.*
*The St. George's Gazette.*
*The Journal of the Royal Artillery.*
*War and Peace, a Study in Citizenship.* By Innes Logan. Bowes & Bowes. 1s.
*La Cooperazione delle Armi.*
*On the Western Front.* 1/3rd Battalion Monmouthshire Regt.
*An Escaper's Log.* By Duncan Grinnell-Milne, M.C., D.F.C., late Captain R.A.F. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

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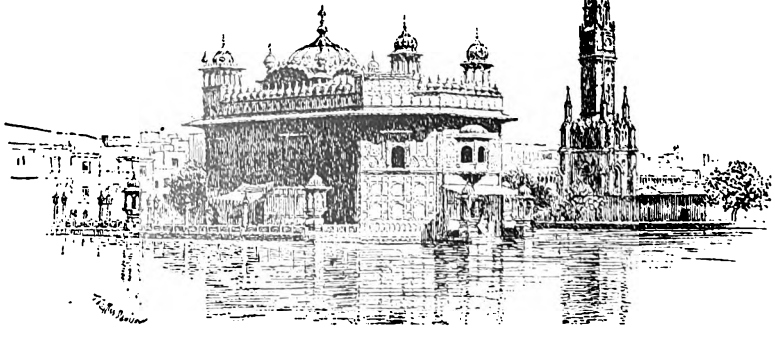




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## CO-OPERATION.

Only by effective co-operation can the component parts of any force develop fully their inherent power. —"Field Service Regulations," Chap. I, Sec. 2, viii.

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# *The* FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. III OCTOBER, 1926 No. 3


## EDITORIAL

RECENT events in the Yangtze valley have once more riveted the attention of this country in particular and of the world in general on the unhappy Republic of China. The full story of the Wanhsien incident, in which our Yangtze patrol suffered such unfortunate losses in officers and men, has yet to be told; when it is, we feel sure that our Navy will be found to have nobly upheld the great reputation it has won for itself on the troubled waters of the Yangtze. The "playful" Chinese habit of firing on international shipping on the great river is no new one, and in recent years it has become almost an annual event; at any rate, it can be truthfully said that whenever any of China's war-lords come to loggerheads on the Yangtze's banks, their hordes of armed coolies, when not firing on each other, cannot resist the temptation of bombarding the unarmed merchant ships of the hated foreigner. So serious has this "interference" become that ships of all nations in these waters now carry as part of their fittings bullet-proof shields and mantlets for the protection of their passengers and crews, and it is frequently impossible for them to proceed at all except as a convoy under the protection of one or more foreign gunboats. Not many of us realize the manifold difficulties and hardships with which our few but very gallant river gunboats on China's great water-way have to contend. Only those who have experienced it can realize the tremendous strain of navigating a small and shallow-draft vessel through the Yangtze's treacherous shoals

**Recent Happenings in China.**



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and shallows and through the whirlpools and rapids of her stupendous gorges—perhaps the most awe-inspiring and dangerous waters in the world.

Many of us who grumble at the want of space and lack of comfort in our cabin on some luxurious liner would for ever hold our peace could we but experience the "joys" of existence in a Commander's cabin on a river gunboat, below deck and in a Turkish-bath atmosphere of frequently over 100 degrees.

But it is not only the physical discomforts and dangers which our Naval Officers on China's inland waters have to face; they bear in addition the heavy burden of a great responsibility. Many are the tasks they may be, and frequently are, called upon to undertake, whether it be to rescue some unfortunate missionaries who are threatened with almost instant death, or to overawe rebellious Chinese soldiers, or to safeguard the foreign population of some distant Chinese city, or to help some merchant vessel in distress (as at Wanhsien). These and many similar ones are the everyday responsibilities which a gunboat Commander has to shoulder. Let it be remembered, too, that once she has left port the river gunboat is frequently on her own, and no communication with higher authority is possible in the event of complications arising—for wireless on the Yangtze is a most uncertain friend in need—and many a difficult and delicate situation, which if wrongly handled might lead to serious international complications, has to be tackled by the man on the spot, who very often has to make a decision which may make or mar his future career.

Two years ago one such situation did arise in this self-same town of Wanhsien, which is an important river trading-centre some 500 miles west of Hankow. The town is, and has been for many years, one of the plague spots of the river for foreigners, for it is one of the great centres of the junk trade.

Now the junk-owners and their crews depend on the river for their living, and, somewhat naturally, it must be confessed, they view with extreme disfavour the modern merchant vessel which deprives so many of them of the fat cargoes which once were theirs. On this occasion they went too far, for as the result of an anti-foreign riot an American employee of the Asiatic Petroleum Company, an English Company, was brutally murdered. But Nemesis was on

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their track, in the shape of one of our gunboats. Anchoring opposite the seething town, its Commander delivered his ultimatum—the murderers, who were well known, were at once to be arrested, tried, and executed if found guilty, otherwise he would bombard the town. His demands were scoffed at at first, but a few heavy shells dropped in close vicinity to the town brought the Chinese authorities to their senses. The murderers were arrested, were condemned and were executed, and when he had seen this done away sailed our gallant Commander, his job done, and well done too. A dangerous situation had been ably handled, justice had been done, and British prestige soared still higher not only in the eyes of the Chinese but in those of all the Great Powers.

All honour, then, to our gallant Yangtze gunboats. We feel confident they will receive the well-merited recognition and award they so thoroughly deserve for their arduous and exacting services on one of the greatest inland water-ways of the world.

* * *

**Internal Situation in China.**

We feel that some few words should be devoted to the internal situation of China at the present time. We do not propose to refer to the many, and kaleidoscopic, changes which have occurred during the past four or five years. To attempt to recount, however tersely, the various internal upheavals that have so rapidly followed one another would be a Herculean task, and one that fortunately is not necessary to enable our readers to grasp the situation as it now exists.

At the present time China is divided into two camps, the pro-Bolshevik and the anti-Bolshevik. The former has as its leaders Feng Yu-hsiang, the well-known Christian General, and Chiang Kai-shek, who commands the Southern or Cantonese Forces ; the latter is dominated by China's two most prominent militarists, Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian war-lord, and Wu Pei-fu, the bearer of, perhaps, the best-known name in all China. Strangely assorted allies these last two, for during the last five years they have been at each other's throats, and it is only the Bolshevik threat which has brought them together. For how long they will or can combine remains to be seen.

So far each side has one big success to its credit. In the north the anti-Bolsheviks have cleared Peking, the famous Nankow Pass and Kalgan Districts of Feng Yu-hsiang's



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troops and driven them towards the borders of the distant province of Kansu. On the other hand, we have the recent successes of the Cantonese General, who has overrun the province of Hunan and captured the great commercial city of Hankow, in Hupei.

This latter success has struck a shrewd blow at Wu Pei-fu, for with Hankow goes Hanyang with its great arsenal.

We have recently had an opportunity of discussing things Chinese with an Englishman not long returned from the Far East, who during a residence of several years in China had exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted with China's armed forces and with her most prominent military leaders. Asked his views regarding the present situation, this authority expressed his surprise at the Cantonese success and at the fall of Hankow, but held the opinion that, should Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu prove capable of working together as loyal allies, the "Red" success would be only a temporary one, and that before many months were past we might expect to hear of the recapture of Hankow and the retreat of the Cantonese. He added, however: "No one with any knowledge of China would be rash enough to attempt to foretell the outcome of any of the unending internecine struggles which plague that unhappy land. Bribery, corruption and acts of the blackest treachery amongst allied Commanders have on many previous occasions turned a winning cause into a lost one, and such a contingency must always be reckoned with. The Chinese as a nation, to use a mild term, dislike all foreigners, but I do not think that nowadays there is much likelihood of an organized attack on them; although it happened twenty-six years ago, the Chinese have not forgotten the invasion of their country and all the ills which overtook them as a result of the Boxer Rebellion."

* * *

**The Imperial Defence College.**

The Imperial Defence College has been officially sanctioned, and the first course will start in January, 1927. The object of the College is to train a selected body of officers and civilians in the widest aspects of Imperial strategy. The College will be situated in London, and the duration of the course will be one year.

The Commandant of the College will be selected in turn from the Navy, Army and Air Force, in that order, and the instructional staff will consist of one instructor from

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each of the three Fighting Services and one from the Civil Service. The students will be made up of five from each of the three Fighting Services, together with a certain number from the Civil Service, India and the Dominions.

This formation of an Imperial Defence College marks a tremendous advance, and we can only deplore that its inauguration has been accompanied by a parsimony which cannot but have an adverse effect on its success. For officers attending the course will only be on regimental rates of pay and will not be seconded. In other words, they will have all the expense of living in London without any financial compensation. The authorities realize they may suffer pecuniary loss, but point out their compensation will be an enhancement of their professional merit, surely a hole-and-corner way of doing things, and which has already resulted in the whole proposition being somewhat coldly received in the Services.

* * *

**Serving Officers and the Press.**

We have always contended that the views of serving officers on all Service problems are of infinitely greater importance than those of anybody else. As regards economy, for example, we are perfectly convinced there are many unexplored avenues which only serving officers can bring to light. The trouble is that their views so rarely see the light of day. No doubt many officers, reading the regulations, may easily come to the conclusion that writing to the Press is little short of a crime, but we do not think the authorities wish to emphasize this view, or, in fact, to do anything more than reserve to themselves the right of approving or otherwise any article an officer may wish to send forward for publication. For ourselves we shall always welcome articles from serving officers, and are fully prepared to receive articles in manuscript and to do the necessary typing in duplicate and send forward for sanction to the Admiralty, War Office or Air Ministry, as the case may be.

* * *

**When the Harness is Unbuckled.**

It has been the policy of this Magazine to attach special importance to what happens to the individual sailor, soldier or airman after he leaves the service, whether he be officer or man. As regards officers, we hope our series of articles, "When the Harness is Unbuckled," has been and will continue to be of real assistance. No. 9 of the series, in our next number,

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will deal with that important subject, " Going into Business at Home."

As regards the men, so far we have only been able to make suggestions of a general nature, in the hope that the authorities might take the matter up in real earnest. In the future, however, we shall be prepared to receive and answer in our columns correspondence on this subject, and to accept advertisements at purely nominal rates from those desirous of obtaining or giving employment. The demand for a good ex-service man and his wife for domestic service is universal and insistent, and yet meets with scarcely any response. We know for a fact there are many suitable couples in the Services. We trust the advertisement pages in THE FIGHTING FORCES may be the means of helping the married retired officer to find that longed-for ideal, the perfect couple.

* * *

**Sketch Estimates.**

About this time of year the various departments of the Admiralty are busy with the outlines of their requirements for the next financial year, known as " Sketch Estimates." As regards new construction there should be no great controversy, for the big fight over that one-time thorny subject has ended in a clear-cut programme for the next few years which the present Government is not likely to upset.

The Disarmament Conference at Geneva has already talked itself into such a tangle of conflicting views and standards that nothing seems likely to come out of it which will affect the building programmes of the principal Naval Powers in the near future.

There are other matters connected with our next Naval Estimates, however, which it is to be hoped will receive their full measure of attention. If report be true, the Civil branch of the Admiralty, which has come in for considerable criticism of late on account of its inordinate size and cost, is actually asking for an increased share of the Navy's vote next year, presumably to meet automatic increases of salaries.

We cannot believe that the Sea Lords will continue to tolerate a state of affairs whereby the Fleet is starved in ways which seriously affect its fighting efficiency while a host of unnecessary Deputy, Principal and Assistant Secretaries and lesser Civil Service officials duplicate and obstruct the work of the Naval Staff and absorb an undue amount of the nation's premium for sea security.

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**The Fuel Shortage.**

One of the most important commodities of which the Fleet is stinted to-day is oil fuel. Year after year we read in the First Lord's annual apologia when asking Parliament for money for the Navy, "The allowance of fuel for the steaming of the Fleet has been cut down to the lowest possible limit"; or, as last year, "Economy in the expenditure of fuel has of necessity imposed much restriction upon the tactical training of the Fleet. . . ."

These statements seem to be generally regarded in Parliament as indicating a commendable effort to economize. In point of fact, the sea training of naval personnel is *the one* direction in which there should be the least possible restriction. Already that personnel spends far too much of its time ashore. The Admiralty office, the schools, colleges, barracks and training establishments are full of officers and men administrating, studying, teaching or learning the theory of naval affairs, sea warfare and seamanship. If the Fleet itself is to continue to spend the greater proportion of its time in harbour, we shall soon breed a generation of pen-and-ink Admirals and harbour-bar sailors.

There is another side to the question, scarcely less serious. The shortage of fuel compels Commanders-in-Chief to cram into the short time they can keep their ships at sea such intensive training that Captains, officers and ships' companies get bewildered and exhausted, and "sea-going," instead of being a normal occurrence, is tending to become a nightmare interlude.

"Restriction on the tactical training of the Fleet" means that Admirals and Captains are deprived of experience which may be vital to the Empire in the day of battle.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that in next year's Estimates the First Lord may be able to announce, proudly and not apologetically, that "as a result of drastic reductions in expenditure on the Civil staff of the Admiralty, it has been found possible to increase materially the fuel allowance for the steaming of the Fleet."

* * *

**A Congested Flag List.**

Now that the number of ships in the Navy has been reduced to a shadow of its pre-war strength, employment, promotion and sea-time are very serious problems in the more senior ranks. Except a favoured few, Commanders, Captains and

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Admirals have to do an increasing amount of time on half-pay as they rise through these successive ranks.

The congestion has become such that only by forcibly retiring numbers of Captains as they reach the top of the list can room be made to promote Commanders to the bottom of it. This naturally causes the Service at large to cast a critical eye down the Flag List. Again and again fingers are pointed to certain names congesting that List, and the question is asked, " What is he staying on for ? He won't be employed again "—which nine times out of ten is a true prophecy.

Whether it is due to the fact that every Board of Admiralty has numerous friends (and, perhaps, powerful enemies !) on the Flag List, or because a retired Admiral costs more than a half-pay one, it is hard to say, but the result is that, under the existing regulations, a large number of Flag Officers are able to " hang on " and block the promotion of younger men, while the Admiralty has so far failed to wield the axe, as it ought to be wielded—vigorously—at the top.

Selection needs to be far more rigid amongst Admirals than amongst junior ranks because, no matter how distinguished the early record of an officer may be, deterioration, mental and physical, overtakes some men more rapidly than others. The number of Flag appointments to-day is very limited, yet the Flag List is overcrowded with names which long since should have been transferred to honourable retirement to " make room " for the younger officer ! Here, again, the Sea Lords should *take action*.

* * *

**The Old " Implacable."**

It is most satisfactory to see that the old Trafalgar ship *Implacable* has been saved from disintegration. In her home port—Devonport—whither she came first as the *Duguay Trouin*, one of Sir Richard Strachan's hard-won prizes, she has been well tended, and the Dockyard authorities have sent her back to Falmouth with a sound hull.

So far Lord Beatty's appeal to " save the old *Implacable* " has succeeded admirably. Now it remains to complete the scheme, which he announced, to use this noble vessel to imbue boys of all classes with " sea sense " by giving them opportunities to spend a summer holiday on board. Those charged with raising the £25,000 asked for are to be congratulated on the successful completion of their task, but we understand

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that that sum will do little more than cover the cost of restoring the ship externally.

We confess to considerable anxiety as to the future of this splendid project. Mr. Wheatly Cobb, to whom the *Implacable* has been returned, has been godfather to her for many years; but the responsibility and cost to a single patriotic individual of fitting out a bare hulk (and she is little more) to accommodate 250 holiday boys, the upkeep throughout the year, and the staffing of the establishment during the busy months, are burdens which obviously ought not to be entered upon lightly; moreover, a mission of this national importance ought not to depend on a single life.

Lord Beatty's appeal will not have justified unless the *Implacable* is now properly equipped and endowed so that her real mission can be started on a firm basis and carried on in perpetuity.

* * *

**Autumn Training.**

Despite the General Strike and despite, or because of, the absence of Army Manœuvres, the autumn training of Regular Brigades and Divisions has shown a really marked advance in the practical co-operation of all, including the most modern, arms of the Service, though much remains to be done before we can get away from that "closed compartment" spirit which is still so rife. When one thinks of the immense amount of money spent on the Army Manœuvres last year and of the very indifferent results obtained; when one thinks of the crying need for expenditure on modern, up-to-date armament and material; and, finally, when one thinks of the really valuable work done by the Divisions on their own—the question naturally arises, "Are Army Manœuvres worth it?" The answer seems to be that a real working partnership between Air Force, Artillery, Tanks, Infantry, Engineers, Cavalry and the Signal and Transport Services should be achieved before Army Manœuvres are attempted again, and that is far from being the case at present.

* * *

**Territorial Training Camps.**

To turn to the Territorials, the work done at the various camps was generally good, sound and eminently common sense; the standard reached by some of the units was amazingly high, a standard reached only by the ruthless elimination of *unessential*

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work. The Regulars might easily take a leaf out of their book in this respect, especially at Aldershot, where one sometimes has the breathless feeling that comes from attempting too much and incidentally taking everything too seriously. The Depot Training Cadres were of especial value at the various camps, and though the Territorials came in for many well-deserved eulogies at the hands of the Press, the Cadres did not receive their fair share of recognition. There is room for the further attachment of Regular officers and N.C.Os. during the camp period. Territorial Battalions, for example, are only allowed twenty officers, a number obviously inadequate for full training purposes, much less for the provision of umpires. Although umpires were generally provided locally, we should prefer to see a quota of Regular officers, as far as possible from sister units, attached for the whole period of the training. The fact remains, which we shall continue to emphasize, that Regulars and Territorials do not know enough about each other, and if in the process of mutual knowledge Regular formations have to lose a few officers at a very important time of the year—well, the nation as a whole is reaping the benefit, and all other considerations must go by the board.

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**"The Foundations of the Science of War" and its Critics.**

We must all be grateful to the *Army Quarterly* for bringing the glare of publicity upon the two opposing schools of thought which are to be found in the Army of to-day. These two schools consist, on the one hand of the diminishing but still powerful party who, although keen and conscientious, look on the Great War as an unpleasant interlude but not "real soldiering," who are apparently quite unmoved by the monstrous and appalling Infantry casualties during that war, and who seem unable or at any rate unwilling to visualize the war of the future. The other school consists of the growing band of younger soldiers who demand a general scrapping of our ultra-conservative military ideas and insist that the method of waging warfare must be in accordance with the revolutionary changes which the Great War disclosed.

In the *Army Quarterly* for April, 1926, Colonel Fuller's book, "The Foundations of the Science of War," was reviewed by a writer, anonymous but self-confessed of mature age, and easily identified by many a familiar phrase

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with the hide-bound partisans of the first school. The critique, if one can dignify it with the name, was one long venomous outburst in which the writer, obviously enraged that he was unable to put Colonel Fuller under arrest, showed that at any rate he was determined, so to speak, to put the damned tank-merchant in his place and let him know what the Army thinks of him and his fantastic ideas.

The reply to this tirade appeared in the July number of the *Army Quarterly* in the form of an article entitled " The Value and Originality of ' The Foundations of the Science of War.' " The writer, an equally obvious apostle of the second school of thought, dealt faithfully with the personal bias shown in the previous article, and then showed with a refreshing breadth and clearness of outlook the value of Colonel Fuller's contribution to military thought. The article is instinct with common sense, and should be read by every officer, more especially those who aspire to high command.

We have already reviewed Colonel Fuller's book, and need only say here that one sentence alone would have established its right to be read and studied by every thinking soldier. That sentence reads : " I intend . . . not to thrust my opinions down the throats of my readers, but to appeal to their imaginations so that, by understanding the value of their art, war may be rendered more effective in the future and, perhaps, less and less a dreadful and impassioned drama and more and more a just and righteous force."

* * *

**The Senior Officers' School.**

In our last issue we expressed a doubt whether the Senior Officers' School was as highly thought of by the authorities as it deserved to be, and now comes the ominous announcement that the S.O.S. is only regarded as a temporary expedient and cannot be expected to continue very much longer. Its abolition would, in our opinion, be nothing less than a calamity for the Army. Apart from the great instructional value of the course, there is the immense benefit which officers derive from rubbing shoulders and swapping views with officers of other branches of the Service and other units for a whole three months on end. A senior officer with a unit is always having his attention distracted by some unimportant detail or other. At the Senior Officers' School he has nothing to distract him except getting the most he can out of the course,

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discussing the various Service problems of the day in a congenial atmosphere, and broadening his mind and improving his outlook generally.

Unfortunately, the decision to retain the S.O.S. or otherwise will probably rest with highly-placed officers who have never been there as students. Certainly nobody who has been there would ever dream of doing away with it. We hope some Service M.Ps. will take the matter up before it is too late.

* * *

**Commanding Officers and their Responsibilities.**

It is the popular idea of the man in the street that a Commanding Officer in the Regular Army is a very big noise indeed, and there is not the slightest doubt from every point of view that he ought to be. In actual fact he is often a much-harried individual who, unless he is particularly strong-minded or possessed of a large private income, finds it very difficult not to "worry." This is due to the tendency of over-stressing his direct responsibility for all the various happenings in his unit. Now Commanding Officers have no wish to evade responsibility, but they do feel they should not be expected to do the impossible and that they should be helped by a more common-sense and a more businesslike organization of their units. Regular battalions, etc., are largely schools of instruction, and as the idea of a national army develops will tend to become more and more so. Every school of instruction has its Commandant and its Chief Instructor. Seconds-in-Command should unquestionably be Chief Instructors and nothing else. There is a tremendous amount of spadework in connection with individual and collective training, and also in connection with N.C.Os'. promotion examinations and in preparing officers for their promotion examinations. To assist the Commanding Officer in all these matters should be the Second-in-Command's *sole* job, and the present system, which involves a large part of his time being taken up in entering up account books, checking the stock-in-hand in the Sergeants' Mess, and seeing whether the tablecloths in the dining-halls are clean, is lamentably idiotic. Not that the interior economy questions are unimportant; in fact, any dereliction of these, more especially in relation to financial matters, will involve reprimands of the most drastic nature being heaped on the head of the unfortunate C.O.; but the management of the Officers'

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Mess, Sergeants' Mess and Regimental Institutes should be in the hands of a Captain, and again this should be his *sole* job during his period of office. The present Army system which tries to make everybody, especially a C.O., a Jack-of-all-trades and involves senior officers being constantly pestered about a lot of unnecessary details would bring any ordinary business into liquidation in a month. Could anything be more hopelessly inefficient than the average Officers' Mess of the present day ?

* * *

**Steel Helmets.**

The Army has, we believe, to thank the Chief of the Imperial General Staff for the eminently sound decision that steel helmets need only be worn on comparatively rare occasions—in fact, only just sufficiently often to allow of the men getting accustomed to the feel of them. It is appalling to think of the unnecessary discomfort that everybody has had to endure during the past training seasons owing to the constant wearing of this incubus. During all-night operations, for example, the iron entered into one's soul in every sense of the word.

Another excellent innovation has been the much more general use of trousers without putties during the summer months.

Another innovation we hope for is an issue of pyjamas to the men. Thomas Atkins at present has no night attire at all, and in fact, of course, sleeps in the shirt which he has been wearing all day, a very unhealthy proceeding.

And, finally, we hope for the long-deferred blue serge walking-out dress, which would be an immense boon.

* * *

**Discipline in the Territorials.**

The maintenance of discipline in an unprofessional army has always presented problems difficult of solution ; discipline has, in fact, to be maintained in such cases partly through the goodwill of the private soldier himself and partly through the careful selection of N.C.Os. While Territorial Battalions differ very greatly in tradition, in the general standard of education, and in the influences of environment, the standard of discipline aimed at must, in the end, be the same, however widely the methods of attainment may vary.

The lecture by a Territorial Commanding Officer to his N.C.Os. which appears in the present issue is an attempt to

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tackle the problem as it presents itself to a typical County Battalion. It is hoped that its publication may serve, in a small way, to answer some of the frequently asked questions as to how the Territorial Army attempts to deal with the difficulties of maintaining good discipline.

* * *

**Air Force Accidents.**

The Press has been calling attention to the large number of fatal accidents in the R.A.F. during the last few weeks. To be exact, the number has been 18 crashes in six weeks. It is impossible to attribute these accidents solely to defects in either the aeroplane or engines. Even where engine failure does occur, pilots to-day should be able to bring off a forced landing successfully, at least in the majority of cases. From the evidence available, it appears that the majority of these crashes have been due to " an error in judgment."

A point that attracts attention is that the crashes during August and September outnumber those occurring between October and July considerably ; in fact, the former are out of all proportion, and this notwithstanding the fact that August and September are the best " flying months " in the year in England. These months, however, cover the culmination of the Combined Training period. It may be held that the accidents are commensurate with the increased flying, but this does not appear to be sufficient or adequate explanation to cover the facts of the case.

The Combined Training period follows immediately upon the completion of Individual, Flight and Squadron Training, and it is possible that the period of continuous flying is just too long. It is not always realized that mental fatigue, particularly in flying a war machine, sets in some time before physical fatigue becomes apparent. During this period, unconscious mental disorganization may set in to a degree sufficient to upset clear judgment.

Errors in judgment would therefore be more liable to occur during the time when a pilot should be at his best. A definite leave period between the time of Squadron Training and Combined Training might possibly make a big difference in the number of fatal accidents.

* * *

The experiment in moving six tanks 700 miles in seven days, which has been carried out successfully in India,

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**Mobility.**

sheds a new light on the mobility of an Army as compared with that of an Air Force. One of the main divergences in opinion between the Army and Air Force appears to have been based on the assertion that aircraft had rendered slow-moving armies obsolete. To a certain extent this was true after the war, but it is rapidly becoming untrue as the Army is being rejuvenated by the tracked vehicles.

The true mobility of an air force advancing or retiring may be given as fifty miles a day. An army's mobility, on the other hand, may be given as from fifteen to twenty miles per day. But with tracked vehicles the army's mobility is increasing to nearly a hundred miles per day, and is therefore more than keeping pace with its air force. In fact, the situation has been almost reversed, and serious thought will have to be devoted to increasing the mobility of the Air Force.

* * *

**Co-operation.**

The recent issue by the Air Ministry of four new Army Co-operation machines for type trial marks an interesting step in the progress of "Co-operation." A machine more suited for Army Co-operation work than the Bristol Fighter was badly needed, and that invaluable machine can soon retire on its well-earned laurels.

A distinct advance has been made in Air Force co-operation with the Army since the war. The important contributing factor has probably been the free exchange of ideas between Camberley and Andover. A great many of the prejudices which existed have been killed and the path considerably smoothed. The interdependence of the two services is undoubtedly being realized more and more, though real co-operation will not be effected until Company Commanders, Battery Commanders, and Squadron Leaders can get together, talk together, work together, and in fact see something more of each other than an occasional meeting at a Brigade or Divisional Conference.

The same advance does not appear to have taken place regarding the technical side of co-operation. Leaving radio telephony out of consideration, very little progress appears to have been made. One is left with the impression that the ideas put forward are based far more on what the Air Force can do than what the Army wants. This is possibly due

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to the fact that the ideas largely emanate from Air Force sources. A general clearing house for Army Co-operation ideas seems a definite need, where practical ideas can be sifted after the opinion of all the Commands has been obtained. With this, and an Army Co-operation Squadron detailed during the winter and during the *earlier* stages of the Collective Training period in the Army, to try out various ideas, a definite decision could be arrived at and a definite advance made.

* * *

**Umpiring.**

Umpiring during combined manœuvres is receiving special attention at the moment, and recent experiments in umpiring between artillery and aircraft have proved a distinct success. Where aircraft are concerned, rules have to be devised which will compensate for the absence of effective fire. As far as air fighting is concerned, the simplest method appears to be the one adopted in India—the weaker formation breaking away after combat is joined and firing a Verey light before returning to their aerodrome. The method is simple as it is effective. The factor to be borne in mind *is* simplicity, and the present use of coloured Verey lights does not help to any extent. The difficulty of distinguishing between green and yellow lights is very real, as has been proved in co-operation work.

The whole subject is still in a state of flux, and unless care is exercised both umpires and airmen can rapidly be overburdened with such a mass of elaborate rules as to rob umpiring of any real value. Umpiring in the Army, too, despite the attention that has been given to it during the past two years, is on a far from satisfactory basis. Here again there appears to be need for a small committee, formed from Army and Air Force, under the presidency of some well-known authority on umpiring, such as Colonel Winston Dugan, who can sift various opinions, simplify them and issue them to all concerned.

* * *

**The Cairo-Karachi Air Service.**

*The Times* has recently described the inauguration, next January, of a regular air service between Cairo and Karachi. It will be an event marking the completion of the first important link in Imperial air communications. Nothing has been said, however, regarding any continuation of the line.

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A glance at the map will show that Karachi is 500 miles from Bombay by sea and double that distance by rail. Further, there is no fast direct rail service between Karachi, Delhi and Calcutta.

If the present link is to be of real service, Karachi must be linked by air with the towns referred to. Only if this is done will a real advantage be gained by a three days' air service between Egypt and India's air terminus.



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# THE BALANCE OF POWER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

By Charles Petrie.

THE pre-eminence of the Mediterranean among the seas and oceans of the world is one of the outstanding facts of history. Others may for a time usurp its place, as, for example, the Baltic in the heyday of Swedish power and the North Sea during the decade immediately preceding the Great War, but the Mediterranean always resumes its old importance in the end. Two of the great offensives of East against West were beaten back in its waters at Salamis and Lepanto; at Actium the fate of the world during four of the most momentous centuries in its history was settled; at Navarino the first nail was driven into the coffin of the Ottoman Empire; and at its mouth Great Britain finally won the mastery of the seas at Trafalgar. It is, in truth, a wonderful record.

The immediate future of the Mediterranean seems likely to be as important as its past has been, for the, at any rate temporary, elimination of Germany from the number of great naval Powers has made the North Sea definitely a secondary theatre; while the disappearance of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and the collapse of Russia have had the same result in respect of the Black Sea, the Baltic, and the Adriatic. The renaissance of Italy and Spain, so remarkable a feature of the last few years, has also given an added importance to the great inland sea which washes so large a part of their coasts, and the present naval activity in Mediterranean waters gives the lie to those who only a few years ago were asserting that sea warfare had definitely passed from the thalassic to the oceanic stage.

Before considering, however, the most recent developments in these respects, it is as well to examine the more permanent interests which the various European Powers have in these waters, and the nations most immediately concerned are, of course, Great Britain, France, Italy and Spain.

For Great Britain the importance of the Mediterranean lies in the fact that since the opening of the Suez Canal it has constituted the road to India and the East. For this reason it is vital to British interests that it should at all times be open to her shipping, and the Foreign Office has kept this

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end steadily in view ever since Lord Beaconsfield bought the controlling shares in the Suez Canal from the Khedive of Egypt in 1875. So long, therefore, as the British fleet in the Mediterranean is superior to any combination which can be brought against it, the actual distribution of its littoral provinces, all questions of sentiment apart, matters very little. Malta commands the narrow passage between Sicily and Tunis, while Gibraltar dominates, or is supposed to dominate, the Straits of that name. Under these circumstances, British diplomacy has always made an exception to its policy of non-interference in the matter of the riparian authorities in respect of the African coast facing Gibraltar. For many years she has strenuously opposed the occupation of Tangier, once part of the dowry of the unhappy Catherine of Braganza, and abandoned in 1684 largely on the advice of Mr. Pepys, by any one Power, and it is for this reason that General Primo de Rivera's sudden claim to the port has aroused so many misgivings in official quarters. Recent changes in the art of war have given this question an increased importance, for Gibraltar is useless as a base for aeroplanes, while the hinterland of Tangier is ideally suited to such craft. Any alteration, therefore, in the status of the Moorish port which may threaten British control of the Straits will always meet with the determined opposition of the Foreign Office, backed by the Admiralty.

The position of France is very different, for her interests are far more complicated than those of Great Britain, and she is, in addition, a Power definitely in possession, whose only wish is to preserve the *status quo* as long as possible. The provinces of her African Empire stretch along the shore of the Mediterranean, and form a tempting prey to a young and vigorous Italy, urgently in need of colonies for her expanding population. France must, therefore, be in a position not only to protect her overseas possessions, including Syria, from attack, but owing to her dwindling birth-rate she must be able in time of war to bring her coloured troops across the sea to the defence of France itself. When the elaborate precautions are remembered which were necessary to ensure the safe transit of the British forces across the Channel during the Great War, it will be realized that in the face of a hostile Italy or Spain the movement of any considerable body of men from North Africa to Marseilles or Toulon would be almost an impossibility. The Bonapartes have



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much to answer for at the bar of French history, but in nothing has their legacy been so fatal as in the creation of a united Italy.

At Rome, again, the Mediterranean is naturally regarded from a different angle to that from which it is viewed in London or Paris. In the first place, the coasts of Italy are all washed either by its waters or by those of its tributary the Adriatic; while in the second, the Italian overseas possessions are limited in this part of the world to Tripoli and the Sporades. Thus the Mediterranean is for Italy neither the road to the East nor a vital line of communication with a large and indispensable recruiting area, but rather a tempting field for future expansion. Foreign critics of Signor Mussolini are a little apt to ignore the great strength of the Roman tradition among the people whose destiny he controls. It is only natural that this feeling should obtain, for nations, like individuals, feel themselves honoured by the virtues of their ancestors, and with Italy the tendency is unquestionably to hark back to the days of Imperial Rome. In those times the Mediterranean was a Roman lake, and from this grows the ambition that what it once was it may become again; the history of Venice and Genoa points in the same direction, and all these factors, combined with a population which increases at the rate of half a million a year, are strengthening the hands of the Italian colonial party.

The interests of Spain are different from those of the other Mediterranean Powers, and are by no means as extensive as they were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the great inland sea, or at any rate the western portion of it, was a close Spanish preserve. At the present time she is chiefly concerned in preserving ready access to the Balearic Islands and to her zone in Morocco, though in connection with the latter it is to be noted that the port of which the development is being most carefully fostered by the Madrid Government is neither Melilla nor Ceuta, on the Mediterranean, but Larache, which is on the Atlantic coast. At the same time the use of the harbours both of the Spanish mainland and of the Balearic Islands would be invaluable in the event of a war in which the Mediterranean was the principal theatre, and Spain has, therefore, a second and vicarious interest, if one may so term it, in these waters. Her policy is, in effect, twofold: she has to preserve her lines of communication with her overseas possessions, and she must, if she wishes to

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play any important part in the affairs of the world, maintain sufficient armaments to make an alliance with her, based upon her geographical position, of considerable value to any other Power. Both these facts have been grasped by General Primo de Rivera, and full allowance has been made for them in the measures adopted since he assumed the reins of government.

Having thus taken into consideration the interests of the four great Mediterranean Powers, it is possible to estimate the importance of the various events which have taken place in this field during recent years.

The change which is likely to be most far-reaching in its consequence has been the decline of France from the position which she occupied immediately after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, when M. Clemenceau regained for her the hegemony of Europe which she had known for a brief period in the days of Louis XIV and Napoleon. The rise of Italy and the revival of Germany have both contributed not a little to the obscuration of France, but the chief cause has undoubtedly been the inability of her own statesmen to deal with the problems of the post-war period. The large Italian population of Tunis is undoubtedly hoping for the day when it will be ruled from Rome and not from Paris, and it is not too much to say that the problem of defending the huge French African Empire is being more than usually carefully considered in naval and military circles in France. There can be no shadow of doubt that France is not so strong in Mediterranean waters as she was before the advent of Signor Mussolini to power.

If French statesmen have proved unable to wield the thunderbolts which M. Clemenceau left ready to their hand, Signor Mussolini has put his country's ambitions into practice with an energy which even his enemies cannot fail to acknowledge. The naturally strong position of Italy, lying as it does athwart the route from the Atlantic to the Suez Canal, has been rendered even more formidable by the creation of a big naval base at Cagliari in Sardinia, while Elba has been converted into a second Heligoland; by this means the Italian fleet, in the event of war with France, would be in a position to stop the enemy from passing into the Tyrrhenian Sea, for the Strait of Bonifacio could easily be closed with mines. In the East, Rhodes has been similarly fortified, and could be used as a *place d'armes* in any operations in that

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part of the Mediterranean. Italy is thus in a position to fight on interior lines, and that without fear of any attack in the Adriatic, for the Yugo-Slav navy is negligible. If France were her foe, the Italian fleet would either have to be annihilated or bottled up in her own ports, both impossible events in view of the present relative strength of the two navies, as otherwise French communications with North Africa would be perilous in the extreme, while Syria would be quite inaccessible. Paris, indeed, appears to have forgotten the lesson of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt.

The Spanish Government, too, as has already been mentioned, has shown itself by no means blind to the advantages of its position, and without taking too seriously the various armament contracts for which tenders are said to have been invited, there can be no doubt that important developments may be expected in the near future, apart altogether from the question of Tangier. The Ministers of War and Marine, the Duque de Tetuan and Contraalmirante Cornejo, have recently carried out an extensive tour of the Balearic Islands, and it is an open secret that as a result of their report it has been decided to create a naval base in Minorca. The value of this position in the event of war in the Western Mediterranean was conclusively demonstrated in the eighteenth century, and its importance has certainly not decreased since the advent of steam and aeroplanes. Both in the last phases of the Moroccan campaign and in the flights to Buenos Aires and Manila, the armed forces of Spain have proved themselves to be no unworthy successors of the great *tercios* of the past, and if the projected plans for Minorca are put into execution that island will become a second Malta. A glance at the map will show the effect which such an event would have upon the strategic position of France and Italy.

In view of the relative strength of the three Latin Powers in Mediterranean waters, it is by no means surprising that the recent Treaty of Madrid between Spain and Italy should be viewed with a considerable amount of misgiving in certain quarters in Paris, for under present circumstances, always assuming that Great Britain remains neutral, Spain holds the balance in the event of war ; upon whichever side she throws her weight, fortune will probably smile, at sea at any rate. If she were to side with Italy, an allied fleet based upon a line Cagliari—Minorca—Cartagena would stop all communication between the ports of the South of France and those

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of North Africa ; while in the event of an alliance between Paris and Madrid, the line Toulon—Minorca—Algiers would enable the French transports to pass up the Spanish coast in comparative safety, even if the African Legions were not sent by rail through the Peninsula itself. Furthermore, Spain possesses a number of harbours on the Atlantic which if used by Italian submarines could make communication with the French colonies in West Africa perilous in the extreme ; the Canary Islands, Larache, Ifni, Rio de Oro, and Fernando Po are all potential bases, at any rate for seaplanes and underwater craft. It is true that the Treaty of Madrid makes no mention of such an eventuality, and merely provides for the neutrality of one nation if the other is attacked, but in spite of the repeated official denials of the existence of any secret clauses, French opinion is undoubtedly very nervous.

The situation at the present moment in the Mediterranean in the event of a war between Italy and France in which no third party intervened would be that the former would be able to prevent, or seriously inconvenience, the transport of hostile troops by sea ; while, although French submarines would in theory be able to retaliate, in practice Italian communications with Tripoli would be relatively unimportant. If Spain were in alliance with France, the sphere of activity of Italian submarines would be severely curtailed ; while if Rome and Madrid were allies, the Paris Government would not only have to rely upon whatever troops there might be in France at the moment, for none could be obtained from the colonies, but it would also have to face the strategists' nightmare of a war upon two fronts in Europe.

Any examination of the situation in the Mediterranean as it exists to-day can but lead to the conclusion that British interests are not vitally concerned even if Italy should gradually supplant France as the predominant Power in North Africa. The British fleet in Mediterranean waters must be strong enough, as cannot be too often repeated, to ensure that the line of communication with the East remains open, to repel the attack of any and every combination which it may be called upon to face, its bases must be secure, and it must command the Straits of Gibraltar. Once these requirements are fulfilled, the balance of power among the other nations becomes a matter of little more than academic interest to us, and one which we can only hope they will be able to arrange peaceably among themselves.

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But there are ominous portents abroad. The relations existing between France and Italy are more than a little reminiscent of those which subsisted between Great Britain and Germany in the decade immediately preceding the outbreak of the Great War. There is the same competition in armaments, the same professions of friendship made with tongue in cheek, and the same straining of every nerve to gain allies in the event of the question coming to the arbitrament of the sword. It is, of course, true that in history and politics like situations by no means always produce like results, and it is quite possible that some new question may arise which will remove the friction existing to-day between a France which has many colonies and a diminishing population and an Italy which has a rapidly increasing population and very few colonies. Some peaceful solution may be found, but at the moment there is no sign of it, and the clouds over the Mediterranean are hanging very low.

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# NATIONAL DEFENCE:

## A PLEA FOR A SINGLE SERVICE.

By "SABREUR."

"Here is such controversy between the Sailors and the gentlemen, and such stomaching between the gentlemen and sailors, that it doth even make me mad to hear it. But, my masters, I must have it left. For I must have the gentleman to haul and draw with the mariner, and the mariner with the gentleman."—*Sir Francis Drake, to the Soldiers and Sailors who accompanied him on the circumnavigating voyage.*

EVERYBODY is, of course, familiar with El Draque's famous pronunciamento; everybody knows, of course, that it gave birth to the spirit that defeated the Spaniards scores of times between 1585 and 1604; and everybody nowadays sedulously avoids following Drake's admirable precept. Such is the logic of the human being.

Considerable attention has centred lately round the question of a Ministry of Defence. It is true that economy and not efficiency is the chief motive in its promotion; nevertheless, it is something that a tiny step has been taken down the road El Draque pointed out 350 years ago.

But are we to be satisfied with one step? Even if, breathless at our audacity, we actually combine the three Staff Colleges of the Navy, the Army and the Air Force, shall we halt there? Or shall we follow out Drake's plan and make our soldiers, our sailors and our airmen "haul and draw" together?

It is the object of this paper to urge the adoption of the latter alternative, so that we should have one service, consisting of one rank and file, and commanded by one man.

### COLONEL FULLER'S PROPOSED ARMY REFORMS.

Everyone who is familiar with Colonel Fuller's writings is aware of his reform proposals. In essence they are that the Army has out-worn its organization. In the days of the Duke of Wellington the division of the Army into cavalry, infantry, and artillery was sound and logical. To-day it is absurd.

Consider, for instance, one phase of an operation on land—the collection and transmission of information, known

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as reconnaissance. In the Peninsular War reconnaissance was done by the cavalry, because there was nobody else who was equipped to do this duty as efficiently. When information was wanted a regiment of cavalry, commanded by one man, led by officers who habitually lived together, and consisting of men who had done their training knee to knee, was sent out to get it. Having obtained this information, it was sent back to the commander-in-chief by a despatch rider taken from the ranks of one of the troops. This method was employed because speed was of the utmost importance, and in those days a man on a horse was the swiftest conveyance known. It will therefore be seen that a cavalry regiment contained *all* the necessary concomitants to procure and distribute information at the time of the Peninsular War.

What is the position to-day? Information may be obtained by an aeroplane, by cavalry, by armoured cars, or by cyclists; it may be distributed by wireless, by cable, by visual, by motor cyclist, or by horsemen. In other words, a commander to-day has to rely for his information on two services—the Army and the Royal Air Force—and upon three branches of the Army, the Cavalry, the Royal Tank Corps, and the Royal Corps of Signals. I leave it to the reader's imagination to decide the degree of success this agglomeration is likely to have.

The answer is, of course, that the descendant of the cavalry regiment in the Peninsula is entirely different from his progenitor. The reconnoitring unit of to-day must comprise aeroplanes, cavalry (perhaps!), armoured cars, motor cyclists and signals. They must be commanded, both in peace and war, by one man. The officers must all wear the same uniform, and must live in the same mess; and the men must be trained at the same time on the same ground. No other solution, even if it involves that popular catchword "co-operation," is, in my opinion, of the slightest use.

I have made this digression because I want to make it clear that the day of tinkering is over. We have tinkered and patched at our Army to-day until it is almost unrecognizable. The old infantry battalion that fought under the Iron Duke with two weapons—the bullet and the bayonet—is now bulging with lumps and excrescences. There are machine guns, there are Lewis guns, there are telegraphists, there are bombers, there are typists (an important weapon this!).

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And, not content with this, a battalion commander is being threatened with an anti-tank gun.

Now, we cannot get rid of these excrescences, they have all come to stay; but we must simplify the organization, and this simplification can only be achieved by redistribution. I have suggested a possible method of redistribution in the case of the reconnoitring services of the Army, and I want now to consider a possible redistribution in the services employed in National Defence.

### The National Defence Services.

One has to tread very warily if he tries to put in epigrammatic form the functions of the three Services. But I think it is fair to say that they have three duties :—

(*a*) To prevent enemies from invading or interfering with our country;
(*b*) To be ready to invade any country on which we wish to impose our will.
(*c*) To keep open our sea communications, without which we will very rapidly be brought to the brink of starvation.

Let it, then, be agreed that this is what the Army, the Navy and the Air Force are kept to do. Let us now consider how this is being done to-day.

The ships of the Fleet, the single-seater fighters of the Air Force, and the anti-aircraft artillery of the Army are all actively concerned in the prevention of invasion or attack on our shores. Their task is identical; their orders are issued from three water-tight compartments—the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry.

So much for the prevention of invasion. What then of the second duty, the invasion of an enemy?

Normally this will involve what is commonly called a combined operation, the only exception being the case when an Air Force alone is used to attack an enemy. Now, a combined operation is an exceedingly tricky proceeding, and yet when we undertake this notoriously difficult operation we appoint three commanders-in-chief (shades of St. Athanasius!), and lump together a medley of men, animals and machines that have been trained, some at Scapa Flow, some on Laffan's Plain, and some at Cranwell; the vast majority of whom have only met each other in drawing-

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rooms and cinemas. Surely this is an execrable arrangement, comparable only in inefficiency to the means at the disposal of an Army commander for obtaining his information.

Lastly, we come to the protection of our overseas trade. This is, naturally, the task of the Navy. But in so far as it is charged with the defence of the Navy's bases, the Army also is called on to help in safeguarding our communications. And so, once more, we find division of command with all its evils.

### The Proposed Redistribution.

The proposal I make is that instead of dividing the three Services into land, water and air, we should organize them according to function. The functions, as we have seen, are :—

(*a*) To prevent invasion.
(*b*) To invade an enemy.
(*c*) To protect our tradeways.

Let us then divide our own National Defence Services into three branches, viz. :—

(*a*) Defence against invasion.
(*b*) A striking force.
(*c*) A trade protection force.

There is nothing original in this organization according to function. In 1914 the Army in India was organized geographically. The Commands—Northern and Southern—were created simply according to the latitude and longitude of the various barracks. But recently a big reform has been instituted. This is the replacement of this geographical organization by a functional one. The Army in India is now divided into :—

(*a*) A covering force.
(*b*) A striking force.
(*c*) Internal security troops.

The analogy between the reforms instituted in India and the reforms I have advocated will, I think, be apparent. But there is one big difference. In India the reformers only had to deal with officers and men of one Service—the Army—whereas my proposals embrace all three services. But this difference is more apparent than real. All we have to do is to accustom ourselves to think of the fighting services according to their function of attack or defence, instead of putting them

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into the purely geographical water-tight compartments of land, air and water.

It is outside the scope of this paper to touch on the details of this proposal. A host of difficulties will, no doubt, at once present itself to the reader's mind, but there is one claim I make for this scheme which would seem to outweigh all difficulties. I claim that this is the only way to organize the fighting Services on a basis that is fundamentally sound; and, further, that until some such scheme is adopted, so long will the Navy, the Army and Air Force grope blindly along, trying to remedy the defects in their organization by the oft repeated parrot cry " Co-operation."

In his autobiography, page 16, Sir William Robertson deplores the way the various arms—cavalry, infantry and artillery—are kept apart. " Combined training of the different arms," he writes, " without which it is nonsense to expect intelligent co-operation in war was therefore impossible." Substitute " Services " for " arms " and you have the position of our National Defences to-day.

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# THE RECONNAISSANCE

By George Coulehan.

"SWITCH off, sir?"

"Switch off—suck in!"

"Suck in, sir."

"Contact!"

"Contact, sir."

John Ross, in the observer's seat, listened to the ritual of precaution between the air mechanic and the pilot, but he was conscious only of the pilot's voice. For the inevitable, which he had feared for months, had happened—he was taking the air with Bickerstone! That fact was in complete possession of the remotest corners of John Ross's mind. He knew nothing else.

Bickerstone, the pilot, was Ross's *bête noir*. He was tall and elegant—Ross would have said foppish—with a supercilious manner and a cutting tongue. From their first meeting he had adopted an attitude towards Ross which could only be called contemptuous. It was the attitude which he invariably adopted towards those who were not of his own breed, and he recognized them instinctively. Ross, for his part, had nothing but contempt for the attitude and the state of mind behind it. His aversion was further sharpened by the fact that, although he was intellectually superior to Bickerstone, he was much slower in wit; so that in any verbal passage of arms he always thought of the crushing rejoinder a moment too late.

Ross himself was short, almost insignificant. Official reports on him always contained the word conscientious in the first sentence.

As he sat there, in the cockpit of the "Vulture" just about to "take-off," he was still smarting under a jibe from Bickerstone about the clever sort of fellow, Ross's sort, who was too clever to risk stopping bullets. He had immediately thought of the coat with a bullet through the back, in Francois Coppée's story—it would fit Bickerstone's type well; but of the crushing rejoinder he did not think until it was too late to utter it.

The spluttering of the engine as she warmed up to her work brought Ross's wandering mind back to his map and the job on hand. The engine roared up to her full revolutions

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and died down again. Bickerstone, satisfied with the test, waved to the waiting mechanics to pull the blocks from under the wheels, and the bus crept away, accelerating swiftly. As she rushed across the sand of the aerodrome, her tail lifted gently. In a moment she gripped the air with a firm quiver, and the earth dropped slowly away.

The wide stretch of the desert, divided by the silver strip of the river and merged through a haze of amethyst on the horizon into the opal sky of the eastern morning, had thrilled Ross with a new delight each time he had set out on the early reconnaissance. To-day he was hardly conscious of it. His usual habit was to turn and grin to his grinning pilot-comrade, but now he could not stir. Some annoyance, perhaps some hate, and some curious feeling which he would not endeavour to define, kept him rigid and deeply engrossed in his map, although he knew every yard of the trip by heart.

But as the bus headed towards the east and the line of the mule track which wound its way into the precipitous hills, the spell of the flight became too strong for him. He scanned the sweep of plain between the river and the mountains. He watched the various odd specks moving round the well in a small oasis and he became calmer. He began to feel somewhat foolish for letting his feelings get the better of him. It was not as if they were likely to have an air scrap, where intimate co-operation and perfect understanding between pilot and observer are a matter of life and death. The enemy, half-savage tribesmen, were not equipped with aircraft, though it had been rumoured that some enterprising and fire-eating ex-pilots of a certain foreign power were going to fly and fight for them, in defiance of home authorities. But that was an old rumour.

These thoughts were still lingering in his mind when the machine took on that curious " rise and fall " motion by which pilots usually attract the attention of their observers. The apparently unnecessary violence of the " wobble " caused Ross to look round swiftly—not a little irritated—only to face Bickerstone's look of contemptuous annoyance and his shaking fist. In a flash Ross once again became so much at the mercy of his feelings that he very nearly forgot that a clenched fist is the sign for " enemy in sight." He realized it quickly enough, however, as his eyes followed the direction of Bickerstone's now unclenched hand pointing towards the horizon, and he saw two wide level-planed

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machines, whose type he had fought a few years before, bearing towards him.

He instinctively grasped his Lewis gun and tried the ammunition drum. Training the gun towards the oncoming craft, he suddenly caught sight of two smaller machines above them, which he recognized with alarm as the famous " Q9 " scouts—devils for climbing and nearly double the speed of his old " Vulture." A fight against such odds would be perfectly hopeless. He excitedly pointed out the " Q9's " to Bickerstone, who at once saw the hopelessness of their position and banked steeply on a turn towards the river. His job was not to fight, but to get information safely back, and it would be sheer madness to risk the machine in a fight like this. He opened up the throttle and put the nose of the machine slightly down to make all the speed he could. If they were forced to fight, the nearer home the better for them and the worse for the enemy.

Meanwhile John Ross, with his eyes fixed on the enemy craft, was suffering great torture of soul. He, as observer, should have spotted them first, and he had been caught napping—by Bickerstone! He began to wonder vaguely what capital Bickerstone would make out of this affair on their return, when his train of thought was changed violently. For it became evident to him that the " Q9's " were gaining, and gaining rapidly.

The cockpit of the " Vulture " was right out in front of the planes so that the observer by turning round could look over the top plane. As he did so now he was facing his pilot, who was watching every movement of his eyes as they followed the " Q9's." Bickerstone saw Ross's eyes looking higher, and realized that one of the " Q9's " must be climbing to dive on the tail of the " Vulture." He held grimly on to the bee-line for his aerodrome, the hangars of which were now clearly distinguishable across the strip of water.

Suddenly " rat-at-at-at " spoke Ross's gun, and the fun commenced. " Rat-at-at, rat-at-at," spoke two more guns from behind. Ross made an excited movement upwards with his hand, and Bickertone responded instantly by throwing the bus right up as steeply as she would go and then following Ross's motion to turn quickly. As her nose came round, the " Q9," which had been diving on her tail shot downwards on her left front, and Ross, who by this time was facing forward again, let his gun speak with deadly effect.

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Bickerstone saw the pilot of the " Q9 " fall forward on his controls and dive almost vertically to earth. He wanted to pat Ross on the back, and was leaning forward to do so when he saw one of the larger machines heading towards him from the right. What on earth was Ross doing ? . . . Why didn't he strafe it ? . . .

Whilst Bickerstone's eyes were fixed on the enemy and his mind on the inattention of Ross, Ross had turned round once more to look behind over the top plane, and was motioning to Bickerstone for a repetition of the former manœuvre, growing every moment more incensed with anger at the lack of response. For the second " Q9 " was diving on his tail. But the pilot is in command, and although Bickerstone saw Ross's motion, he tried furiously but in vain to draw his attention to the other bus, now dangerously close. They looked like ramming in a second or two.

To avoid the crash, Bickerstone dived his bus and just missed a burst of fire. The instant he dived, Ross opened fire over the top plane on the second " Q9," which was diving steeply straight for him. Bickerstone's sudden movement of the controls caused his observer to lose his balance slightly and deflect his aim. Just a fraction of a second too late, he elevated his gun again, but a burst of bullets had already gone through his own top plane and through the small emergency petrol tank carried in the centre section. A spurt of flame shooting backwards from the tank filled Ross with terror. He leant over towards Bickerstone, trying to make him turn so that he would see the fire, but Bickerstone angrily pushed him away and pointed agitatedly to the gun and the " Q9 " turning for another attack.

Ross knew that he was in the wrong and that he should obey Bickerstone, who was in command, but that only made matters worse. Anger surged in both of them until their endeavours to distract each other from one danger to another became almost a fight, and then " rat-at-at " cracked another gun from the enemy, and Ross fell heavily into the bottom of his cockpit.

Bickerstone glanced round and saw the flames. Turning again and looking downwards, he saw a " red, white and blue " ring on a plane climbing rapidly below him, and then another—squadron buses coming up. Instinctively he closed his throttle and jammed the joystick forward to dive all he could. He saw the pointer of the air-speed indicator creep up and



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pass the red mark of the danger speed limit. But he took no notice. It would be no worse to break under the strain of the dive than to burn out up there, and there was just a hope that she would not break.

Every wire shrieked as the earth flew up to meet the roaring machine. At last Bickerstone let the joystick ease back and flattened out his flight to skip over some telegraph wires which ran alongside the aerodrome. Back came the throttle and the roar of the engine ceased as the bus skimmed over the ground a few feet up, her pilot easing her nose into the wind and hoping desperately that she would lose speed quickly enough to touch the ground before she reached the sheds looming large in front. But just as she was touching the ground there was a sudden cracking and splitting above and behind his head as the centre section, now burnt through, collapsed. Instantly there was a sickening crash, and the old " Vulture " had fought her last fight.

* * * * *

John Ross became vaguely conscious that the loud banging in his head was growing louder and the beats more frequent. If the beating continued, he thought, his head would burst; it was terrible—unbearable. But slowly and dimly he realized that he was looking at something—he was becoming conscious of something beyond the nightmare of the incessant throbbing. The beats in his head became fainter and fainter until they died away and he found himself looking at a mass of parallel lines. Gradually the lines grew more definite, and as his eyes began to wander they lighted on a small round object from which rose a black bar—it was a castor at the bottom of the leg of a bed! The lines were now clearly the lines of floor-boards.

With his growing consciousness, Ross looked along the lines until they ended against a wide skirting-board. Raising his eyes, he saw that the wall rising from the skirting-board had a curious ribbed appearance, and it was curved in a strange manner as it rose. What was the matter? . . . Was this another nightmare? . . . The oppressive thought weighed hideously on Ross's mind for a moment and then faded as the light of full consciousness dawned in his fevered brain. He must be in a Nissen hut—a hospital hut—lying in bed *face downwards*. He tried to move slightly, and a twinge of pain told him the whole truth, the terrible, relentless truth—*he was shot in the back!*

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With diabolical insistence there came before his eyes once more the picture of the coat in a shop window in Paris, and then his thought of the time when he had stood before Bickerstone framing the retort he never uttered, and in his ears Bickerstone's voice echoed with a strange reality.

He turned a little in his bed and looked across to the next bed, of which he had so far seen only the castor and leg. A faint smile spread across the pale features of its occupant, a smile which John Ross had never before thought possible on the features of Tom Bickerstone. His first thought was that it must be the old smile of supercilious triumph—now, at any rate, he knew it was justified—but that first impression died past hope of recall as a white hand stretched from the opposite bed and he found himself gripping it firmly.



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# WAR ON TWO FRONTS

## A STUDY OF THE GERMAN STRATEGY IN 1914.

By Major-General Sir W. E. Ironside,
K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE Germans have always been adepts at coining words, and their strategists were no exceptions to the rule The word *Einkreisungspolitik* denoted the policy they imputed to their neighbours of plotting to shut them in by a ring of steel. *Zweifrontenkrieg* was used to express the situation which would face Germany in the event of a great European struggle. Allied or not with other Powers, she would find herself opposed to France and Russia, with the whole width of her 600 miles of territory separating the two fronts upon which she would have to fight. *Vernichtungschlacht* expressed the idea of complete victory on the field of battle, a Cannæ, an Ulm or a Sedan. Only the capture or annihilation of the enemy's forces would suffice to save Germany in the situation in which they pictured themselves.

It is interesting to examine the development of these three ideas. After the defeat of France in 1870-71 and the creation of the German Empire, the elder Moltke, as Chief of the General Staff, laid down that the worst military conditions which could arise for the new Reich would be to find itself involved in a war with France and Russia combined. Up to 1877, for such an eventuality, he considered that Germany could wage offensive campaigns in both east and west. The rapid military recovery of France, however, made him change his plan to an offensive in the west, against the most formidable enemy first, and a defensive against the more slowly-developing enemy in the east. By 1880 he had once more altered his scheme. The formidable system of fortification which had been constructed by the French on their eastern frontier seemed unassailable, and Moltke's plan was now to take the offensive in the east, whilst acting on the defensive in the west. Thus the plan remained at Moltke's resignation in 1888, and through the short period of office of his successor, Waldersee.

Germany's leaders had been taught to be proud of their difficult situation in Europe, and they gloried in their military strength. Bismarck had expressed their sentiments in the

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Reichstag when he said : " For Germany, therefore, as it used to be for the old Kingdom of Prussia, a strong well-trained army and readiness for war on both sides is a life's necessity."

In 1891 Schlieffen became Chief of the General Staff, and in 1892 France and Russia concluded a Military Convention. From having been a possible situation which might arise, a war on two fronts for Germany now appeared inevitable to the General Staff. All their efforts were directed to meeting this particular situation. The words *Zweifrontenkrieg* and *Vernichtungschlacht* became their slogan. The *Einkreisungspolitik* of their neighbours was put forward as justification of every act which did not conform to the ordinary rules of civilization. They hypnotized themselves with these ideas until the younger men in the country looked forward with eagerness to a trial of strength.

France had become so formidable that Schlieffen considered it impossible to act on the defensive against her. A traditional retreat on the part of Russia might make it impossible to secure a reasonably quick decision in the East, and Germany could not allow France to invade her territory in the West. The German plan thus returned to an offensive in the West and a defensive in the East.

From the moment that it became apparent that her resources were insufficient to crush both France and Russia simultaneously, the question of a successful war on two fronts for Germany became a matter of timing and speed. Speedy victory must be obtained on one front followed by a quick transfer of force to the other. Schlieffen proceeded to reduce mobilization and deployment to a science. The General Staff under his direction swelled in numbers from 50 to 160, one of the most important sections being the Railway Section. The Germans were soon capable of deploying in very few days their forces against France, at the points selected on the Franco-German frontier. Thus, with their excellent machine, and by choosing their own time for the attack, the Germans might indeed hope to gain a march upon their opponents in the matter of deployment, every increase in the efficiency of France being met by a further speeding-up of the German railway programme. Schlieffen was, however, not satisfied with this alone. Equal speed in tactics was also necessary if Germany was to be sure of success. He had taken part in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870, and had studied them in the light of past history. In his search for speed he became

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impressed with the fact that frontal attacks, though they might succeed, were expensive in lives and time, and seldom led to decisive results. The enemy was always given sufficient time to readjust his line after the attacker's intentions had become evident, and finally he was able to break off the battle and retire without fear of being cut off from his communications. After a series of such offensives the attacker became exhausted, and was either defeated by counter-attack or at the best compelled to remain stationary for lack of energy to continue the advance. Schlieffen took the Battle of Cannæ as a starting point for his investigations. Here Hannibal, with an army of 50,000, had annihilated a Roman army of 70,000 under Varro. Cannæ was the simplest form of *Vernichtungschlacht* imaginable. Hannibal had moved forward from the outset of his approach march in such a formation that he could envelop both wings of the enemy the moment contact was gained. (Sketch 1.)

Schlieffen proposed to modernize this method, and to employ it in future. He reasoned that though armaments had changed considerably since the days of Cannæ, 2,000 years before, yet man's heart had remained the same, and the moral effect of a flank-attack would be as great as ever. Armies no longer fought in solid masses with clubs and spears. The increased range of weapons now enabled separated columns to support one another from a distance. They therefore advanced in extended order, so that advantage might be taken of all available roads. But the principles remained the same. Envelopment of the enemy on the battlefield must be sought from the commencement of the manœuvre by a suitable disposition of the separated columns. It was useless to gain contact with the enemy first and then to commence to assume the formation by which he could be enveloped. "March separated, fight united," had been one of the great Moltke's sayings. Modern armies, said Schlieffen, should advance in the form of a pair of pincers, ready to snap together as soon as the enemy had been located within the angle of its arms. If the geographical position of the enemy's frontier did not admit of a suitable concentration in the homeland, then the preliminary movements in the enemy's country must be made with a view to gaining such a position as soon as possible. The area in which the enemy is most likely to be found must be foreseen by accurate calculation, and the pincers directed to envelop this area.

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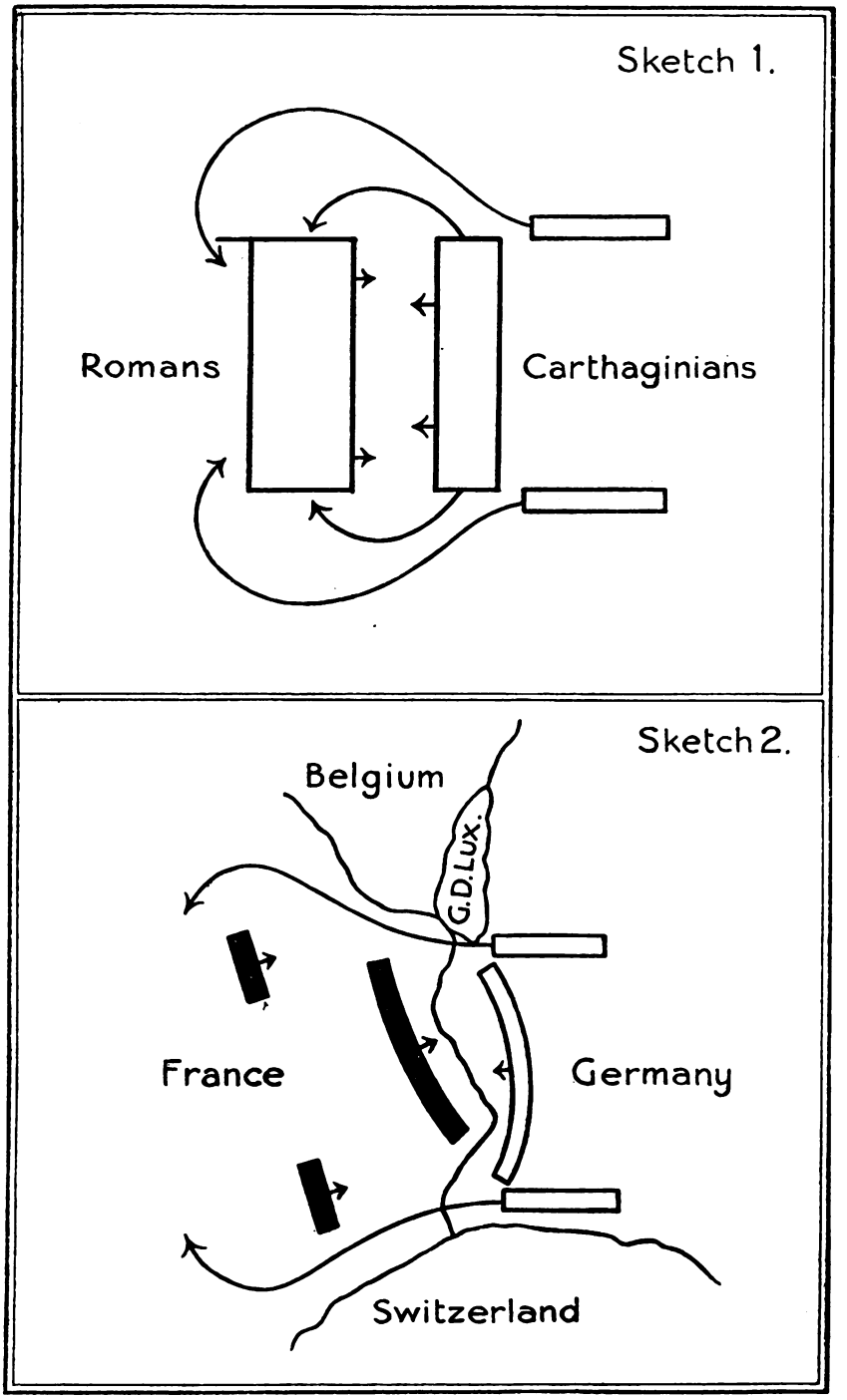


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Schlieffen built up a regular system of war in his sayings and writings. He used the elder Moltke as a lay figure upon which to drape his ideas, imputing to him intentions which had never entered his head in actual fact. The German histories of the campaigns of 1866 and 1870 were compiled under his direction to exemplify the principles upon which the German General Staff intended to wage the next war against France and Russia.

With the advent of national wars, the size of armies entering the field had swollen out of all proportion. Schlieffen suspected that good leaders for the " million armies " would not be procured in the future so easily as they had been in the past for the smaller armies then operating. Every year operations were becoming more complicated. From being directed personally by one man over a restricted battlefield, they had come to be carried out under the direction of a commander with a large staff from a position far behind the actual firing line. Improvisation, either in attack or defence, was therefore out of place, despite the improvements in signal communications and transportation generally which had taken place. It was beyond the power of a commander to achieve improvisation upon the scale now required. All that could be done was to work out in peace-time every move for a concentration, ensuring that the columns could be launched in a proper direction to secure envelopment, and that the strengths of the pincers were sufficient to overcome all difficulties. The rest lay in the determination and marching of the troops. The first encounter would be the decisive battle of the campaign. The greatest possible force must therefore be deployed at once, so that there should be no delay and no chance for the enemy to readjust his dispositions. Reserves must take their places in the advance according to calculations as to where they were most likely to be required, or they would not be available at the right moment. There could be no place in such a system for reserves kept closely under the hand of the commander to meet the unforeseen. There must be no unforeseen. The initiative must be seized at the outset, and never relinquished for a moment. So reasoned the German General Staff, and such reasoning was well suited to the slow-thinking, careful organizing brains of the German people.

Schlieffen had decided that France was too efficient to be dealt with defensively in a European war. Germany's

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coal and iron resources lay too close to the territory, which might have to be given up in the face of a strong French offensive. France must be crushed first. How was a *Vernichtungschlacht* to be achieved against her in the shortest possible time, so that front might be made to Russia in the East? The Franco-German frontier is only 160 miles in length as the crow flies, and France had constructed a system of fortification blocking this frontier. Although these fortifications were no longer as formidable in 1892 as they had been when completed some twelve years before, still, they were real obstacles to a war of movement such as Schlieffen intended to wage. If we apply a simple Cannæ manœuvre to the Franco-German frontier from a German offensive point of view, the unsuitability of the geographical position as regards envelopment is apparent. (Sketch 2.) The French would certainly deploy behind their system of fortification, and probably close up to it. The pincers of the German advance would thus have to penetrate the line of fortification and then move outwards in their search for envelopment. They would then be advancing with their outer flanks close to neutral territory, and with little power of manœuvre. There would be grave danger of counter-attack from a centrally situated French Army against one or both of the widely separated pincers, which would be steadily increasing the distance between each other instead of converging for mutual support. The northern pincer would also be in danger of attack in flank from the British and Belgian Armies, should they have joined in the struggle. Obviously, such strategy was unsuitable for the obtaining of a quick decision. In the plan for 1895-96 Schlieffen therefore decided to secure the necessary liberty of action by violating neutral territory. As regards the south there were two main objections to such violation. Firstly, the geographical situation of Germany with reference to the frontier and her system of railways did not favour a quick concentration in South Germany. Secondly, the country to be traversed was exceedingly difficult, and inhabited by a population ready to make full use of the defensive advantages of their land. As regards the north, two countries were involved, Belgium and Holland. Germany's quickest concentration towards the west could be made in this direction, and the country to be traversed was not so difficult as in the south. The local population was, moreover, not so likely to give such a good account of itself.

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Envelopment of the French Army by the north, therefore, became the main idea of the German offensive in the West. Thus the plan remained, with variations as to the amount of neutral territory to be invaded and as to the strengths of the wings of the advance, until it was actually put into operation in 1914.

In the absence of the necessary German documents, which in all probability will never be given to us, it is difficult to criticize the great plan of 1914 in detail. We know the opening moves in West and East as they were carried out in actual fact, but we can only conjecture as to the calculations upon which they were based. That the German plan so nearly succeeded is perhaps justification for its having been put into execution. Risks must be taken in war and success can only be achieved by bold action after consideration of all the factors bearing on the situation. It is not proposed to enter into the heated controversy as to whether Schlieffen's plan was ruined by the weak execution of the younger Moltke. It is generally admitted that Moltke only altered the plan in detail, and that the circumstances, as regards comparative numbers, under which he had to act were much more difficult than those with which Schlieffen had to compete. Both France and Russia had improved their forces very considerably since the days of Schlieffen. After a study of the plan, however, one is left wondering whether the German General Staff ran a legitimate risk and whether their calculations left a sufficient margin of safety. That they thought they could win must be taken as a fact, for they were gamblers neither by nature nor training. The German General Staff allowed the German statesmen to give an unqualified promise of support to Austria when the latter was contemplating the military execution of Serbia. They were quite satisfied that their chances in a European war, which more than probably would follow Austrian action, were excellent and wanted to put matters to the test of war.

The German plan's greatest weakness lay in its political side. The General Staff had its life and being remote from the rest of the nation. Thinking and dreaming of war in a kind of monastic seclusion they had discovered, as they thought, this *Einkreisungspolitik* directed against Germany, which the world wished to destroy at the first favourable moment. They infected the statesmen with this view and little by little they succeeded in drawing in the Intelligentsia

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of the country also, until the idea became a creed throughout Germany, being preached by professors, schoolmasters, and even clergymen. But, having produced in the nation the state of mind favourable to their plans, they ceased thereafter to take anybody into their confidence. They had become so accustomed to having a suitable political situation created for them by a Bismarck that they ignored its importance to the strategist. In their seclusion they had long ago grown so familiar with Schlieffen's plan of violating neutral territory that they could not imagine anyone in Germany raising serious objections to it. Military action would be so quick that the plan could not be affected by any action on the part of the civilians. In any case, as they intended to be successful, what did it matter what the rest of the world said? It would then be too late to call Germany to account. Thus it came about that many important persons were not informed of the proposed violation or of the rigid nature of the German mobilization arrangements, including, for instance, the Chief of the Admiralty Staff, Tirpitz. This political weakness soon exerted its influence upon military affairs. On the day before mobilization, the Kaiser, hoping at least to keep England out of the struggle, wished to alter the deployment of the army to one against Russia alone. Moltke was so taken aback by this proposal, which bid fair to upset his whole plan, that he tells us he never again regained his self-confidence. He was aghast when the Chancellor refused to sanction the violation of the territory of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg on the first day of mobilization, as had been arranged, on the plea that such action would do away with all hope of an unopposed passage for German troops through Belgium. Finally, it was only with difficulty that Austria was prevailed upon to declare war at once upon Russia, so that Germany's military action against France, the ally of Russia, might have some apparent justification. With the falling away of Italy from the Triple Alliance it can be said that, as far as Germany was concerned, the war was commenced under the worst possible political conditions. And yet, the German General Staff appeared to be completely confident in their chances.

Another weakness lay in the numbers which the German General Staff intended to employ. They must have been well aware of the forces which France could put in the field. The table below gives the comparative strengths of the

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German and French forces as they entered the field in the West in 1914 :—

| | *Germany.* | *France.* |
|---|---|---|
| Active Divisions ... ... ... | 46 | 43 |
| Reserve Divisions ... ... ... | 22 | 14 |
| Cavalry Divisions ... ... ... | 10 | 10 |
| Landwehr Brigades ... ... ... | 17½ | 0 |

Offensive warfare undoubtedly requires greater effectives than defensive warfare, and even without opposition in Belgium, the Germans would have been compelled to make large detachments from the force they were leading into the interior of France for the decisive battle. It is true that there were misgivings as to comparative numbers, for Ludendorff, when a Colonel in the Great General Staff in Berlin, had demanded an increase of three Corps in the German Army in 1911-12, owing to the growing efficiency of France and Russia. This fact is now brought up *after* their failure as a reason for their defeat and as a whip with which to beat the statesmen to whom they had practically guaranteed victory. The co-operation of Italy with Germany against France had always been treated by Schlieffen as an illusion, but the younger Moltke seems to have counted upon Italian military support with some certainty. She was to deploy five Corps on the Franco-Italian frontier and two Corps alongside the German troops in South Germany. Even Moltke did not propose to take Italian troops into account in the initial deployment, but intended to make certain modifications when they had arrived on the scene. The advent of Italy would, however, be neutralized by the forces of Belgium and Great Britain, should they be ranged against the Central Powers, an event equally as certain as the participation of Italy. The numbers with which Germany was commencing the campaign were certainly not sufficient to ensure success. It should be noted that Germany was expecting a short war and no account should therefore be taken of the size of her population, of which she had made less use militarily than France, before the year 1914.

The timing of the German plan is also open to criticism. The essence of successful strategy in this *Zweifrontenkrieg* was a quick return against Russia. We have definite evidence of the younger Moltke's promise to the Austrian Chief of Staff that he would be finished, or at least so far forward with his campaign against France in six weeks, that he could transfer the main body of his forces to the East. As far as

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we know, Schlieffen only intended to be on the line Amiens—Verdun on the thirty-first day of mobilization, which meant that another fortnight's marching at the same rate would be required for the right wing to reach a position south of Paris, from which envelopment might be achieved. In the actual advance of 1914 the Germans had reached the level of Paris on the thirty-sixth day of mobilization. In either case, having achieved a successful envelopment, there would have been weeks of marching to the rear to reach entraining stations for the week's train journey to the East. The German timing was impossible of achievement unless France collapsed at once. It is possible that the German General Staff had hardened their hearts to a Russian invasion of East Prussia as a necessary evil and were deliberately deceiving the Austrians for what they thought the good of the whole.

Lastly, the geographical position of Germany, even with the violation of neutral territory, was most unsuitable for envelopment of the French Army. Putting aside all other difficulties of terrain—the Maastricht Peninsula, the Belgian Ardennes, and the northern fortresses—the weeks of marching of men called up from civil life, within a few hours of rejoining the colours, must have meant large casualties in the way of sick. The strain of marching, day in, day out, without meeting any enemy and with no halts, is most trying to troops. The feeding arrangements of the German right wing broke down under the effort, with the result that the men went hungry and tired into the Battle of the Marne. To gain a position of envelopment under the conditions envisaged by the German General Staff was not a practical administrative proposition. The successful envelopments achieved at Tannenberg, the Masurian Lakes, and the Polish Battle of Warsaw were gained by wings which were already in a favourable geographical position.

As regards the future, it is an interesting exercise to analyse the chances of the German plan of 1914, if undertaken under modern conditions of masses of mechanical transport for quick movement and masses of aircraft for reconnaissance on both sides. It is true that the tank destroyed the impasse in the West in the late war, thereby leading many people to prophesy that position warfare is now at an end. But, have we considered sufficiently the defensive properties of demolitions against wheeled motor traffic and gas against human beings, with whom war must still be waged, if it is to be waged ?

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# SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S REFORMS IN ADMINISTRATION AND COMMAND AT THE ADMIRALTY*

By "ANCORA IMPARO."

THE subject of the constitution of the Board of Admiralty before the changes made by Sir James Graham in 1832 is revived by some sentences in Sir Gerald Ellison's recently published book, "The Perils of Amateur Strategy." "The Navy," he writes, "had its Board of Admiralty consisting of executive officers, who, as a commission under the Crown, exercised the powers of the dormant office of Lord High Admiral. Its administration was vested in a separate Navy Board, the Board of Ordnance, and other similar boards which functioned under powers derived solely from Parliament. Thus, in former times the Board of Admiralty itself had no actual part in Administration, and its members were free to apply their minds and their time to the consideration of war problems and to the conduct of war. The Board constituted what to-day is known as a General Staff, and it had full executive powers over the fleets."

This description of the Board is not strictly accurate. The inaccuracies do not affect the subsequent arguments in the book; on the contrary, the fact lends strength to those arguments and deserve recognition.

The Board of Admiralty before 1832 did not consist of "Executive Officers," if by that term is meant—as the reference at the end of the quotation to a General Staff implies—to officers of the fighting branch of the Navy. It consisted at all times of a proportion, generally a large one, of what Lord Ellenborough called "gentlemen of parliamentary influence," and it is not without some interest to notice the varying fortunes of the war at sea at different times as the proportion between civilians and seamen varied.

If we should try to select two of the most unsuccessful periods of the conduct of our wars at sea, we should probably choose those of the War of the Austrian Succession, before

* "The Perils of Amateur Strategy," by Lieut.-General Sir Gerald Ellison, K.C.B. Longmans, Green & Co., 1926.

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Anson came to the helm, and the War of the American Revolution; and as successful periods we might take the years after 1758, and those between 1803 and 1805. The Boards during these several periods were (with slight changes of personnel but not of proportion) as follows :—

1744.

Lord Winchilsea.
J. Cokburne, Esq.
Admiral Lord Archd. Hamilton
Lord Baltimore
George Lee, Esq., LL.D.
Admiral Sir Charles Hardy*
John Philipson, Esq.
*Seven Members; two Seamen.*

1759.

Admiral Lord Anson
Vice-Admiral Hon. E. Boscawen
George Hay, Esq.
Thomas Hunter, Esq.
Gilbert Elliott, Esq.
Vice-Admiral Hon. John Forbes
Hans Stanley, Esq.
*Seven Members; three Seamen, with a sea officer at the head of the Board.*

1775.

John, Earl of Sandwich
John Buller, Esq.
Lord Palmerston
Lord Charles Spencer
Lord Lisburne
H. Penton, Esq.
Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser
*Seven Members, one Seaman.*

1805.

Admiral Lord Barham
Sir Philip Stephens, Bart.†
Vice-Admiral James Gambier
Vice-Admiral Philip Patton
Wm. Dickenson, Esq.
Sir Evan Nepean, Bart.
Captain Viscount Garlies, R.N.
*Seven Members; four Seamen and a sea officer at the head.*

The period of which the Board of 1744 is representative was one of gross mismanagement of the campaigns at sea. Trade suffered most severe losses. The Mediterranean squadron was starved for cruisers; its requirements in stores and facilities of repairs were unattended to. Forces were dissipated, the representations of experienced seamen were put aside almost with contempt. A Flag Officer of the time remarked that the First Commissioner, Lord Winchilsea, paid no attention to the advice of any one experienced in sea affairs, and that "the only method left him (the speaker) of showing his dislike to the absurd and ridiculous orders which were issued from that Board was to refuse signing them."

* For a short time only.

† Sir Philip Stephens had been Secretary of the Admiralty throughout the War of the American Revolution, and had a long and extensive acquaintance with the great seamen with whom he had been in touch, and with their methods.

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The period 1775-1782 was that in which Naval strategy was the most misdirected of almost any of our history. The most fundamental principle in war—concentration of force—was consistently violated in favour of dissipation over wide expanses. Of that phase of our Naval operations Mahan wrote, " It can scarcely be said the military conceptions of her councils or the correct management of her sea forces were worthy of the skill and devotion of her seamen."* The Board in which command was vested during those unfortunate years, 1775-82, was composed of seven persons, of whom one only was a seaman; and, to judge by Sir Charles Middleton's remonstrances to the First Lord, was far from diligent in its attention to business. " Unless a new plan is adopted, and your Lordship gives your whole time to the business of the Admiralty, the misapplication of the fleet will bring ruin upon this country."† Well justified, indeed, was Raleigh, when he wrote :—

" It is to be wished that the chiefe officers under the Lord Admiral should be men of experience in sea service, as well as of judgment and practice in the utensils and necessaries belonging to shipping, even from the batt's end to the very kelson of the ship; and that no kind of people should be preferred to any of these officers, but such as have been thoroughly practiced and be very judiciall in either kind of the above named services; but we oftentimes see it to fall out otherwise."

It " fell out otherwise " during the 17th century, when a custom seems to have begun by which the Secretaries of State assumed an important part of the direction of naval affairs. A writer, apparently of about 1692, remarked that " The authority of the Lord High Admiral is very much diminished by the mode the Secretaries of State have fallen into of giving instructions from the King, and signifying his commands to Admirals sent on foreign expeditions without communicating them by the way of the Admiralty, through which, regularly, they ought to pass. This makes the Admiralty less valued by its own officers, who, by that means, act in a kind of independence of them and give them no account of their proceedings; so that often the Admiralty is ignorant of what foreign squadrons are doing, and admirals

* " Influence of Sea Power on History," p. 412. The criticism that follows on pp. 413-417 illustrates the errors in principle.

† " Letter of Lord Barham," Vol. II.

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make their court to the Secretaries of State, and keep up regular correspondence with them, and take more delight in receiving orders from them than from their own officer." The practice thus alluded to continued during the 18th century, as late as the end of the war of the American Revolution. The Commanders-in-Chief in the East Indies throughout that war, and during the years preceding it, had their instructions from the King by the hands of the Secretary of State, and each was definitely directed " to follow such orders as he shall receive from the King by one of His Majesty's Secretaries of State," and to correspond with him. The same occurred in the Mediterranean and the Channel commands, but not regularly. The precise circumstances in which the Secretary of State or the Admiralty issued instructions are not clear; nor, apparently, was it always certain even in those days, for when Sir Peter Denis, in June, 1774, was to be relieved by Rear-Admiral Man in command of the Mediterranean squadron, the Admiralty asked Lord Rochford whether the new Commander-in-Chief was to be directed to correspond with the Principal Secretary as his predecessor had been, and was informed in reply that " as the object of the former instructions is now ceased, you should order Sir Peter Denis as well as Rear-Admiral Man to correspond for the future with your Lordships only." It would seem that the Secretary of State assumed the power of giving orders when particular services or important campaigns were in progress. We find the orders, for example, for the Commander-in-Chief in the Channel issued by the King on the occasion of the attempted invasion in 1744; also the orders for the Mediterranean squadron in the opening of the great campaign in the same year, while those in the western squadron were drafted and issued by the Admiralty. As late as 1807, when Lord Gambier was sent to Copenhagen, his *instructions* broadly outlining the objects of the expedition—co-operation with the King of Sweden, protection of reinforcements going to Pomerania, and protection of British trade and supplies of naval stores in the Baltic were issued by the Admiralty—he was directed " to obey all such orders and instructions as you may from time to time receive from His Majesty through his principal Secretary of State for the War Department for the direction of your conduct in the service on which you are employed." This service was the attack upon Copenhagen, and this attack that was to be made was unknown to the



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Board of Admiralty—a most singular inversion of order. For one might not unreasonably expect what may be called the broad aims of the squadron, political in nature, to be expressed by the Secretary of State, and the naval measures by which those ends were to be attained—an attack upon an enemy fleet—to be ordered by the Board of Admiralty. The only one of the Board, in fact, who knew that this military attack was intended was the First Lord, Lord Mulgrave, in his capacity as a member of the Cabinet. This was done to ensure secrecy, so many plans having miscarried through leakage.

It is certainly true that on broad issues of naval policy an experienced statesman's views will be valuable. Lord Hardwicke and Lord Spencer furnish prominent instances. But it is possible for men to over-estimate the value of second-hand knowledge. Lord Baltimore, a member of the Board of 1744, did not consider sea experience necessary for a knowledge of naval affairs. "Gentlemen," he said, "have hitherto been considered strangers to it, not that it requires any intense application or excellent abilities, but because the circumstances of their lives have offered them no opportunity of conversing with seamen and obtaining any information of maritime affairs; and perhaps, as in every other profession, the folly of some who could not and of others who would not explain them have raised a mist before this easy past of knowledge, and made what is plain and obvious in itself appear difficult and intricate and unattainable without long personal practice and experience."

Lord Baltimore's self-sufficiency is, however, best commented upon by the peculiarly unfortunate results of the operations at sea conducted by the Board of which he was a member.

Nevertheless, some support may be found for his opinion in a powerful quarter. Lord St. Vincent, writing in 1800, said it was incomprehensible to him why Lord Spencer, then First Lord, kept more than one seaman at the Board, as the only use of a seaman was to survey men for Greenwich Hospital. "The fact is, Lord Spencer is now a better officer than any one of the three ever was." But this explosion of the veteran Admiral can hardly be considered expressive of his real opinion, for when he himself took office as First Lord he brought two sea officers with him, making a total of three seamen on the Board; and it is not difficult to trace

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the real reason for his words in his dislike, and indeed contempt, for the individuals concerned and the Scottish nationality of two of them.*

Thus, the Admiralty Board of the 18th century by no means consisted exclusively of Executive Officers. The subordinate Boards consisted of naval officers and of civilians experienced in management, with a seaman often, if not always, at the head of the Navy Board.† These subordinate bodies were the Navy, Victualling, and Sick and Hurt Boards. Their powers were created by letters patent, not derived direct from Parliament; nor did they take the whole work of Administration off the hands of the Board of Admiralty, for the supply of seamen, and "administrative" function, always remained in the hands of the superior Board, in the same way as the analogous one of recruiting was vested in the Commander-in-Chief of the Army at the Horse Guards. Indeed, a criticism was made in the year 1795 by Sir John Sinclair to the effect that even then the Admiralty Board was too much engaged in administrative work to enable it to give adequate attention to the conduct of war.§ "The business of the Board of Admiralty," he wrote, "may be divided into five separate branches. The first relates to the building and equipping of His Majesty's ships; the second to procuring seamen; the third to the providing a sufficient supply of wholesome provisions; the fourth to the arrangement and promotion both of superior and inferior officers; and the last to the proper destination of the fleet when prepared for service, and the obtaining authentic intelligence of the naval plans and operations of the enemy."

"On account of the great variety and multiplicity of the business above stated, it has been found necessary to establish

* Spencer Papers, Vol. IV.

† The Commissioners of the Navy Board in 1780 were :—

| | |
|---|---|
| Charles Middleton‡ ... ... ... | Comptroller. |
| Sir John Willians and Ed. Hunt ... | Surveyors. |
| Geo. Marsh ... ... ... ... | Clerk of the Admiralty. |
| Timy. Brett, Wm. Palmer, Hon. W. Bateman, Sir Richd. Temple, E. le Cras,‡ Saml. Wallis.‡ | Commissioners and Principal Officers. |
| Paul Curry,‡ Hy. Martin,‡ Chas. Proby,‡ Sir Andrew Hammond,‡ John Laforey‡ | Commissioners in Naval Yards. |

‡ Naval Officers.

§ "Thoughts on the Strength of the British Empire."



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two separate Boards for the first and third branches (known as the Navy and Victualling Boards), and perhaps it is the greatest defect in the present mode of conducting the naval business of the country that there is not a subordinate Board also for the second branch, namely, that of procuring seamen, which is not the least important or difficult of the whole. Were subordinate Boards established in the three first branches it is evident that the controlling Board of Admiralty itself might conduct the two remaining ones without having more business upon its hands than it is possible for it to execute."

For that purpose Sir John proposed the formation of a Board, to be called the Marine Board, consisting of five commissioners, a secretary, and clerks.

Lord Barham, in the same year, considered a further subordinate Board needed to study new inventions, " to digest and prepare the numberless propositions which naturally arise in a service which is in constant course of change and improvement."* He proposed two scientific persons and one experienced flag officer. The Navy Board, he said, was so fully occupied with its daily duties as to exclude the possibility of giving attention to new discoveries ; and, further, if it had the leisure, the persons of whom it was composed were not qualified to judge of the subjects. This view received corroboration at a later date from Lord Napier, who pointed out that when chain cables were first proposed in place of hempen, the Navy Board rejected the idea as impracticable, and it was only through the efforts of Captain Samuel Brown, R.N., that they were introduced. When they were adopted it was found that they broke the anchors, and the Navy Board proved unable to design a suitable anchor, which was later done by another Naval officer. " It was the reproach of the Navy Board," said Lord Napier, " that inventors were not encouraged."†

Thus, even in the 18th century the Admiralty was proving over-burdened with work of an administrative character which diverted its attention from the higher questions concerning preparation for and conduct of the operations of war ; and the need for a Board of Inventions of Research, which was found necessary during the late war, was already being felt. Decentralization, in fact, was in the air, yet all of these matters were thrown in 1832 upon the shoulders of the Board

* " Thoughts on an Intermediate Board."

† Hansard, Vol. XII, p. 1369.

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of Admiralty, whose responsibility for all administrative questions is collective and cannot be transferred to individual shoulders.

"Efficiency" and "economy" were the twin fond catchwords used for breaking down this decentralization and the important demarcation between administration and command. Efficiency, it was said by Sir James Graham, suffered under the old system because the subordinate Boards divided the power and thwarted the views of the Admiralty Board. Sir James claimed that economy would result from the better supervision of expenditure, which would be brought about by amalgamation and from a decrease in numbers in the offices. To achieve these results the business of the whole Naval service was to be divided into five departments; that of the Surveyor General for all matters of building and equipment of ships and for dockyards; the Accountant General for payments and supervision of the accounts of the Surveyors and Victualling Departments; the Storekeeper General for matters connected with stores; and the Victualling and Medical Departments for the duties indicated by their titles. In this list one notable omission from the business described by Sir John Sinclair is obvious—the duties connected with personnel and the operations of war. These, as we have seen, had hitherto been the duty of the Board of Admiralty, and they were still to form a part of the duties of the new Board in addition to the departmental duties described. As an independent superior Board, concerned primarily with the function of command, undisturbed by details of management, the Admiralty Board, as constituted through our long series of wars at sea, disappeared. Each department was now to have at its head a Lord of the Admiralty, and it was apparently supposed—if, indeed, the matter was given any thought, of which there is no positive evidence—that the work of planning and conducting war could be performed simultaneously with these departmental duties. That supreme function of the planning and direction of war, indeed, was not referred to once throughout Sir James Graham's long explanatory speeches of his scheme of reorganization.

The fact, however, that it would prove impossible for the Board to attend properly to the duties of what may be called "command" did not wholly escape notice. Croker, who had been Secretary of the Admiralty for twenty-two

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years, stated during the debate in 1832, that we should have five Lords of the Admiralty so worn down by the fatigue of details as to be unable to look after the higher duties of their station. " If they made this alteration, he could tell them that on the first rumour of war the whole would break down."—a prophecy, the complete justice of which may be measured by the steps that were considered necessary in August, 1914, and the events which followed.

Admiral Sir George Cockburn, strongly opposing the change on administrative grounds, said the same thing, " Allowing that the Lords of the Admiralty were most anxious to attend to all the details, it would be impossible for them to do so and properly to discharge their other duties, particularly in war time, when the movements of the fleet would necessarily occupy so much of their attention." Even from the administrative point of view, on which, mainly, the change was based, the scheme was, in Admiral Cockburn's opinion, bad. A Lord would be at the head of each department, but no Lords could possibly be held—as Lord Grey and the Cabinet of 1832 intended they should be—responsible personally. In any Board responsibility must be collective. Real, individual responsibility could not, in practice, be enforced. What Admiral Cockburn foresaw as probable was that the permanent heads of departments would have the real management, for, since changes in the personnel of the Sea Lords were necessarily frequent, and tenure of office comparatively short, they could not acquire the detailed knowledge which the permanent officials would possess, nor therefore the *real* power to control the business of the departments. The public would consider the Board responsible, but the real hands which moved the machinery would be the permanent officials.

Sir Byam Martin, looking at the question from the administrative point of view, considered it " the most insane project that had lately been broached." " The very first beginning of war (I wish Sir James Graham may be the First Lord of the Admiralty when it takes place)," wrote Martin, " will convince the Admiralty that they are utterly helpless without the assistance of an inferior department to attend to all the detail and drudgery of the duties of the civil branch of the Service. The Admiralty will have quite enough to do to give a sort of general supervision over the inferior department and to attend to the general directing

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duties which belong to them with reference to the fleets in all quarters of the globe." Sir James was First Lord at the outbreak of the Russian War; and the justice of Martin's remark can be judged both by our experience then and at a later date. Other speakers condemned the making of a change by men whose experience at the Admiralty was limited to a short period of peace, and which was opposed by those who had experience of war; and most sensibly Mr. Pelham remarked that if defects existed in the conduct of the Administrative departments, as Sir James and other supporters of the measure averred, the best thing to do would be to find out what defects really existed and correct them, rather than interfere in an organization which had stood the test of long experience of war. The scheme was indeed a part of a general scheme of what was called "economy," put into force by men ignorant of the work of the offices or of the conduct of affairs in war. Its protagonists included many who, wholly unacquainted with the functions of the Navy in war, supported their assertions (which it would be improper to call arguments) by such statements as "we have more ships than we know what to do with," and "time enough to build when we want ships." Simultaneously, the annual sums for replacement of stores were cut down, and the Government lived upon the stock in hand, thus procuring a reputation for economy. The suppression of the two Boards and their merger into the Admiralty was, as we have said before, supported also on the grounds of "efficiency." The sincerity of this claim is not inaptly illustrated by the appointment of the son of Lord Melville—one of Sir James Graham's political supporters—fresh from Harrow, to the Deputy Comptrollership of Navy; an office hitherto held by an experienced naval officer.

That those, like Martin and Croker, who foresaw that the Lords would have an undue amount of work thrown on them, had good reason for their belief is further shown by the evidence given thirty-nine years later by Captain John Elliott, R.N., then Secretary of the Admiralty. The Lords, he said, in 1861, worked at least ten hours a day. When asked whether in order to relieve the departmental Lords the First Lord would not give orders himself in case of their absence, Elliott replied categorically that he could not. The First Lord had no power vested in him personally. The power of Lord High Admiral was vested in the Board, and

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to give the First Lord power thus to act would be to vest in a single individual the power of Lord High Admiral. It would be most dangerous, he said, in time of war, for a civilian to act without taking the advice of his naval colleagues.

It is not supposed that there were not both members and officers who supported the Bill, and had answers to these objections, administrative in particular. There was a strong feeling that the Navy Board exceeded its powers, and that decisions were made by clerks which required the knowledge and experience of seamen; and this attitude of the Board unquestionably rankled, as many incidents show. In Captain Elliott's and other speeches an echo is recognizable of a remark by a Commander-in-Chief of ninety years earlier. This Admiral, whose request for transporting anchors and moorings for warping out of Port Mahon had been refused by the Navy Board, had then written: "To be sure their officers though bred from their infancy to a quill are much abler judges of what is wanting for the good of the service than Admirals and sea officers, who have experienced the want of them." The naval officer at sea undoubtedly disliked the Navy Board, and many were glad to see it disappear and merge into the Admiralty, where, it was felt, decisions on naval matters were more likely to be made by naval men—though it is not easy to see why a naval officer as Controller, with a seat on the Admiralty Board, should make decisions differing from those made by a Barham or a Byam Martin as Controller at the head of the Navy Board. Corruption, as we know, had flourished. St. Vincent tried to stamp it out in the dockyards in 1802, and found an Augean stable very hard to cleanse. But that such corruption existed was rather a reason for reform in the departments than for overturning a system which, as many speakers in the Debates in the House said, had made the naval service of the country the greatest and the most efficient that had ever existed. One factor, at least, in its efficiency as a machine for war lay in the sound distinction that was made between Command and Administration, with the consequent possibility that they whose business it was to command were free to give attention, untrammelled by daily management of current business of a different nature, to the preparing plans for and conducting the operations of war. The extent to which the function of actual command was recognized as integral to the Admiralty Board in the early

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years of the 18th century is illustrated by the fact of the First Lord even serving at sea in command of the principal fleet. As First Lords, Lord Berkeley commanded a squadron in the channel, and George Byng and Edward Russell the squadron in the Mediterranean; and Sir John Norris, in 1742, volunteered to take the Mediterranean command if he were made First Commissioner.

Whether the Navy Board had been so great a failure as its destroyers, to support their proposals for economy, argued is open to question. That it had been corrupt and full of abuses there is no doubt, but many of them were due to political jobbery and were unrelated to the principle of a separate Board.* That it was anathema to many a serving officer is equally true. But, as Admiral Bowles pointed out before the Committee on the Admiralty in 1861, the Navy Board had shown itself competent to fit out fleets with dispatch. At the time of the Spanish armament of 1790 the Press Warrants were issued on May 5th. By mid-June twenty sail of the line were ready in Torbay; and in mid-August Lord Howe put to sea with thirty-one sail of the line, nine frigates and several sloops—a fitting out so rapid (slow though it may appear to us of to-day) as to deter France from joining Spain. Again, in 1793, when a very low peace armament was maintained, a fleet of seventy sail of the line had been got to sea between March and December, and the force of seamen raised from 16,000 to 80,000. To these examples Admiral Bowles might have added that of the rapid preparation of a fleet in 1770 at the time of the Falkland Islands dispute. The comparison between these and our conditions at later dates, after the Graham "reforms," certainly gives no grounds for the claim made for the reforms on the score of efficiency. When the Syrian question arose, in 1840, we were only able to send a force of ten sail of the line to the Mediterranean, and that so ill-manned that the French Commander-in-Chief, who had a similar number of ships, but all fully manned, asked permission to attack it, certain as he was that he could defeat it. Nor after twenty years had the new organization made great improvements in efficiency. In 1853 war with Russia was clearly not far off. Yet in April, 1854, we could only send seventeen sail of the line to the Baltic where the Russians had thirty; and to the Black Sea, where they had ten, we could only send eight.

* *Cf.* "Letters of Lord Barham," Vol. II.

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As to the force sent to the Baltic, Sir Charles Napier described it as the worst fleet ever sent to sea from this country at any time in its naval history. It was manned by raw men,* it was "without mortar vessels, or gun-vessels, or any of those appliances which a fleet sent to the Baltic should always have, and which it always had before." Something clearly had happened in administration to produce this decline in efficiency, since the armaments of 1790 or 1793. Either it was, as some suggested, the absence of a Naval Board whose duty it was to represent to the Admiralty the state of the ships, and the absence of such vessels as mortar boats and other essentials for war, or it was the fact that the Admiralty had become a purely Administrative Board, and its members so absorbed in the business of studying material and supplies as to have no time left for consideration of the question of the problems of the use of the fleet in war. According to Sir Charles Wood, it was the duty of the Controller to bring to the notice of the First Lord the disappearance, through decay, of such vessels as those referred to. The fact remains that it was not done, and the question still arises as to whose duty it was to study the requirements of a war in the Baltic or the Mediterranean on the only sound basis—that of *function*. The Controller was certainly capable of saying that we had more or less ships of any class than other powers and in what condition. He could furnish information on the material side, as he had been able to when head of the old Navy Board. But neither his position nor his employments would authorize him to say what the proper establishment should be, an establishment which must be based upon what those ships were required to do in war. The Duke of Somerset excused the shortage of small craft, which were needed in the Baltic for coastal operations, and in the Sea of Azov to interrupt the communications of the Russian Army in the Crimea, on the naive grounds that "the Admiralty had been building ships of another class," and that the warfare in shallow waters was "unexpected." Yet Hyde Parker had known in 1801 that light draft vessels were needed in the Baltic; and the plea of unexpectedness is merely a confirmation of the charge of lack of

* Even administratively, for which such sacrifice in efficiency in command had been made, the record was bad in 1857. The *Renown* was detained for 172 days, when commissioned, for want of men. (Evidence of Admiral Berkeley, 1861.)

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foresight, due to the fact that preparation for war was no one's business.*

This absorption in Administrative business not only took the Board's attention away from the problems of strategy, but also from those of tactics, which, with the new steam navy then coming into existence, called for the closest study. Admiral Bowles stated in 1861 that he had not heard of a single exercise under steam in the Channel or Mediterranean. " I have never heard," he said, " that they have been assembled for the purpose of exercise and of going through the new system of fighting with the sails furled and under steam." Rear-Admiral Elliott was even more critical. " I have never found any officer," he replied, when asked if plans existed for attacking an enemy fleet, " who could tell me what opinions he had arrived at on that subject ; and I have heard nothing but the usual opinion that the subject requires ventilation, and that it cannot be ventilated without experimentalising on the subject. I think that the initiative should be taken at the Board of Admiralty, and I think that if you had a Lord there whose department it was solely to look after the fleet, and who was responsible for that fleet, and to whom the country would look, you would have found that this matter would have been brought to an issue long ago. But when it is not any particular person's duty, the whole Board is responsible."† But the Board unfortunately had its hands full, working its ten hours a day on the problems of material, manning and supply. There was assuredly ground in Lord Grey's charge in 1855 that " the whole subject (of preparation for war in its fighting aspect) has not been considered together. A general scheme of the manner in which the war (1854) was to be conducted was not framed in the first instance, and there was a lack of foresight that produced at every phase the cry " too late ! "

The Board, in fact, as many officers of the day and later considered, became absorbed in detail, and at the same time with the introduction of the telegraph, this detail increased.

* Yet Sir Charles Napier had reminded them *five years* earlier " that there are such seas as the North Sea and Baltic, where small ships of two or three decks, with a light draft of water, are indispensable."

† " Naval officers in general should have *some sort of knowledge as to what* will be required in a naval war." (Rear-Admiral Sir Geo. Elliott, 1861). The Board had done nothing to ensure such knowledge being developed.

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Centralization grew apace. "The Admiralty," said Sir Thomas Cochrane, in 1861,* "centralized too much. They appoint an officer with the fine-sounding name of Commander-in-Chief, and leave him no authority whatever. They enter into detail in a way they used not to do. . . . A vast deal more might be left (to the Commanders-in-Chief and heads of Dockyards), and it would ease the Admiralty very much if they would confide more to the Commander-in-Chief and tell him what they wish to have done, and allow him to carry on the service in the way which he thought best." Admiral Sir George Seymour expressed the same view; detail should be left to the heads of the various dockyards, and more power rest with the Commander-in-Chief. This may appear a side-issue. In reality it is closely connected with the whole question. The pressure of the business of management was steadily growing, and, in consequence of the change effected by the destruction and the demarcation between command and supply, so much fell upon those responsible for supply that command only received Cinderella's portion. In the absence of a defined principle the Controller's position varied. He, who was responsible for economical expenditure, was made, in 1869, subordinate to the First Naval Lord, the member most interested in a large expenditure. Two years afterwards he was removed from the Board. Shortly afterwards he returned to it again, while the manner in which material—the Administrative side of the Admiralty—absorbed attention is shown by the appointment of an additional Lord, "possessed of special *mechanical and engineering knowledge* as well as experience in the management of large private establishments"—an office abolished in 1885.

Some insight as to the necessity felt for professional guidance in matters of operations, and as to the very subordinate place "command" held in the estimate of the reformers of 1832, is furnished by an answer given by Sir James Graham. The question of the supremacy of the First Lord and the need for his consulting the Board in relation to operations had been raised, and Sir James had been asked whether it might not happen that if the naval officers of the Board were not consulted concerning a proposed expedition, the force sent might be inadequate. To this he replied that the danger was "completely guarded against" by the First Lord being a member of the Cabinet. The fate of the

* Select Committee on the Admiralty, 1861, p. 248.

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Administration of which he was a member, their character, and even their safety against impeachment, depended upon proper precautions being taken by the Government, as an executive body ; and this risk to the Government was sufficient to ensure that no accident would be allowed to happen. The mentality exemplified in this answer would be ludicrous if it were not so serious. Not the fact that the lives of thousands of men might be lost was the governing consideration, but that the existence of the Government of the day might be endangered ; and it is amusing to observe the belief that this danger to their own political skins would promote so active a sentiment of self-defence as to render it unnecessary to call upon professional men for their advice upon a purely professional subject. The whole episode illustrates with surprising clearness the belief entertained by many otherwise sagacious persons that the operations of war demand no particular study or apprenticeship, but may be undertaken by any " intelligent " person or that strange creature who, calling himself a " practical man " prides himself on his ignorance of what he pleases to denote as " theory." The failures in the Baltic and Crimea showed the hollowness of the theory.

The need for differentiation between command and supply was felt immediately war broke out in 1914. The Admiralty War Group at the beginning of the struggle consisted of the First Lord, the First Sea Lord, the Chief of the Staff and the Secretary. To these were added, when the First Sea Lord wished, and on particular occasions, the Second Sea Lord, and certain special advisers ; and this developed later by the addition of Admiral Wilson and the Naval Secretary. Practically this amounted to an inner Board of Admiralty of the First Lord, four sea officers, with the Secretary ; but of these, only the First Lord and the First Sea Lord were members of the Board of Admiralty. The Departmental Lords—the second, third and fourth Sea Lords—though they were not relieved from their responsibility were not called into council. Their duty was confined to the administrative work of manning, building and repairs of ships, and supplies. What had taken place was not what the many critics of the reforms of 1832 had foreseen. They had anticipated that the burden of looking after the operations would draw the Lords away from the business of supply. What occurred was that the burden of supply absorbed the Lords so fully that they could not conduct operations, and,

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as Admiral Sir Sydney Dacres had anticipated in 1871, additional officers had to be added to those responsible for that supreme work of direction. These additional officers were initially merely an unofficial reinforcement of the Board under the title of a War Staff Group, but without the responsibility of members of the Board. Later in the war a definite addition to the Board of two flag officers was made for the specific business of the conduct of the war, and the whole Board was divided into the two main branches of operations and administration; the latter forming, to all intents and purposes, subordinate Boards, though not so called, presided over by Lords of the Admiralty. Thus, only towards the end of the war we had returned in principle to the demarcation between Command and Administration which had existed prior to those 1832 " reforms " made in the names of economy and efficiency. The claim for efficiency unquestionably falls to the ground, and in the light of the present National Debt, swelled as it is by our inability to bring the war of 1914-1918 more quickly to a successful conclusion, it is not improbable that the claim for economy has proved equally unjustified.

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# BOAR AND PANTHER

By " SYRINX."

" RIDE !" The word is given to four eager spearmen who have waited patiently, amidst the flies and heat, for the advent of a boar, and now have their reward.

There is Jones of the Indian Civil Service, not old in years, but the doyen of the party as regards pig-sticking. He rides a slow-but-sure Gulf Arab who has no looks to commend him, but a good, honest hunting-record behind him.

Next comes Brown, a Dragoon—a novice, and riding a novice, a slashing seventeen-hand blood Australian mare—" Bumptious." Brown has his hands full and will have them fuller.

The third man is Robinson, a Horse Gunner, riding, I fear, what looks like one of His Majesty's horses. But Robinson has a sympathetic major who, though he doesn't hunt himself, sees that his officers do and takes church parades and Sunday stables for them.

Last is Smith, of a light infantry regiment ; a subaltern who makes a little go a long way. He is now out on a little nondescript pony—" Persimmon"—and intends making him go a long way. But " Persimmon " has done this before at polo, and in gymkhanas, and in carrying Smith about his duties and pleasures, so he doesn't mind and only shows a good deal of white in both eyes.

This party has drawn a good place. A breaking boar always comes that way, *en route* for Nari Bagh, and Jones says that if they can't catch a boar before he gets there they had better start kicking their hats along and trying if they can catch them.

And at last a boar appeared at the edge of covert, a boar hating everybody and everything—the noise of the beaters behind him and, in front of him, that accursed two miles to Nari in a poisonous hot sun. He didn't know which he hated most. He was balancing the pros and cons of the two alternatives, whether to go back and have a dig at somebody or go forward and face that blazing open plain, when the explosion of a native bomb, not far off, decided him to make for Nari. And away he trots, passing within fifty yards of a carefully concealed Jones and displaying to the latter's

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delighted eyes all the credentials necessary to establish his identity as a male pig of a large size.

Jones signals his party to mount and, a minute or so later, when it is perfectly certain that the boar has irrevocably committed himself to Nari, comes that thrilling monosyllable—" Ride !"

They start roughly in line, but soon string out. Brown, on his raking chestnut, has the legs of anyone here. He leaves them all standing, but quite unmoved, for neither the man nor the mare have ever seen a pig before. Both, however, have ridden at a tent peg, and the twain intend to ride the pig in exactly the same manner. That is to say, Brown lets " Bumptious " out—if he hadn't, " Bumptious " would have done it despite him—and, when within about fifty yards of their boar, Brown gets down and out to it in the right tent-pegging style.

Pig are not thus ridden. This one jinks away from the thundering onset in his rear, the tent-peggers go sailing on down the tent-pegging track and are, for the time, out of it.

Jones, the civilian, though he prefers the zest of hunting in company, has often had to hunt alone. He has learnt more about pig and their ways than anyone here, so has his horse—old slow-but-sure " Saladin." So, as soon as Brown went ahead, Jones, knowing exactly what would happen, got cannily to work to place himself on the right rear of the pig. The Horse Gunner would also have liked this place, but No. 39, although superlative in the off-lead of a gun team, proves himself to be just a little bit breezy at the present juncture. So Jones on his slower horse gets the place, and is immediately on to the pig's new line after that first jink. The Light Infantry, on " Persimmon," is hopelessly outpaced, but rattles along behind very hopefully.

The civilian soon drew up to the chase ; neither he nor his horse were easily to be thrown out, and they held the boar through three several jinks, the last of which occurred in a stretch of light grass covert. Into this they had followed and, had they been alone, would have killed their pig either there or soon after. But there was a rattle of hooves behind them and a feeling in the air of—" Shove along, man ; don't dwell on him."

So Jones, instead of hunting the boar slowly through the grass, as he would have liked to do and was entitled to do, pressed him just a shade too hard. The boar was tiring and

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cunning, by turns visible and invisible as the grass hid him or the lack of it showed him up. It was during a period of occultation that he suddenly squatted as only a pig can. Jones, riding to his next expected appearance, overrode him. The Gunner, who was riding to Jones rather than to the often invisible pig, also overrode him. Then the pig made back, not galloping, but in a creeping, unostentatious manner, sticking to the thickest grass, avoiding the thinner patches, full of glee and regaining his wind.

Yes, but the Infantry were coming up as they have a way of doing at need—the Infantry on "Persimmon." The latter, in great wind, rather wondering what next, but ready for anything. The pig saw, or heard "Persimmon" first, and halted. Unluckily he forgot his great pricked ears; it was these, protruding from the grass, that the Infantryman saw and with them he saw blood. He gave a loud shout and set "Persimmon" at him. The pig, likewise, set himself at "Persimmon."

Of the three parties concerned in what looked likely to be an end-on, fifty-mile-an-hour charge, two—Pig and Infantryman—were alone headstrong enough to desire it. "Persimmon" had too much sense. He swerved and poor Smith saw his first first-spear fade away and Robinson taking his place.

The Gunner's turn now. His pig for a few glad moments. But No. 39 is still full of breezy imperance and, head in air, disdains to conform to the next jink.

The civilian and the Infantryman now approach on converging courses. The former is on the faster and more knowledgeable mount. He forges ahead, draws up to and on the left of his pig, feutres his spear rather too soon and the pig, seeing the glitter of his spear point, jinks away from it. Surely a maladroit thing for an old hand like the civilian to do. But, mark you, he did it tactfully and on purpose. He has taken countless first spears yet still remembers what no one can forget—his first. He knows exactly the Infantryman's desperate keenness on those tusks and this sporting act is rewarded.

"Persimmon," though not for meeting a pig end-on, is ready enough to close with him from the rear and so enables his rider to spear and to feel the never-to-be-equalled thrill of doing so for the first time. But this maiden spear has not been a killing one—just enough to make the pig angry and



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anxious to round on anyone of his pursuers who gives him the chance.

Brown, the Dragoon, is the man now of the moment. Having learnt half a lesson by going too fast in the first instance, he is to learn the other half by going too slow at a wounded and standing boar. He brings his mare up at a trot. The pig, making terrifying noises, instantly launches himself at such an excellent target. His bony forehead receives and casts aside the Dragoon's spear point and, the next moment he is under the mare and busy. Then follow squeals and grunts. With a lift of that brawny neck the boar visibly heaves the mare from the ground. Then she kicks free and away, blood pouring from a cut high up on the stifle-joint. The boar turns to face the next comer but, while the latter is yet in process of coming, the civilian rides in from behind and sends his spear point crashing through the wither and into that gallant heart.

The wounded horse is the first matter to attend to. An attendant elephant, in addition to his cargo of drinks, carries the tent-club veterinary box and a native vet. The latter gives first-aid and then the patient is sent back to camp for proper treatment. She will not hunt again this season, for the long, ragged gash that a boar's tusk inflicts is slow of healing, especially in the hot weather.

The mare being disposed of, the civilian congratulates the Feet on getting his first spear. The Feet modestly says that it is all a matter of luck and is blissfully unaware that it wasn't. He has a good look at his first boar as he lies stretched in death on his side, and, for the rest of his life, he will remember him as follows :—The great wedge-shaped head is joined to the body by an immensely powerful neck which, with the whole ridge of the back, is armed with long, stiff, grey bristles. His general appearance is light grey. His tail is not curly, but straight. There is nothing mean nor brutish about him as is the case with the domesticated pig. Rather he conveys the idea, both by appearance and by his recent action, of strength and fearlessness. And you, if you are a keen hog-hunter who have found him a foeman worthy of your steel, may perceive embodied in him attributes even higher than these.

He measures thirty-two inches. His weight will be taken later and will not be far short of 200 lbs., for he is a short-legged, heavy boar in the very prime of life. His upper

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lip is slightly raised by the short, thick, curling upper tusk. Sheathed against this, and honed by it, is the longer, whiter, lower tusk, sharply pointed, keenly edged, three-cornered in section, flattened off towards the point. It protrudes full three inches from the jaw, and, when cut from it, will measure nine inches. If its fellow, which is invisible on the underside of the jaw, is unbroken the two will make a very fine pair, and will almost form, when placed butt to butt and point to point, a perfect circle.

That Infantryman is a keen pig-sticker for life ; the Dragoon has learnt a lesson in two instalments ; the Gunner decides tor elegate No. 39 to his place on the near-lead and to try No. 35. The civilian is the first to ease girths, send his horse to water and call up his second string ; and all hasten back to their station.

Of the two other parties, one had been idle, the other busy and had killed a boar. He provided no incidents, ran straight, and was collared and speared by the man on the fastest horse. His death was reported in rather an unenthusiastic tone, which indicated that he was on the small side.

At noon the " stand fast " went. Beaters and horses wanted food and drink—chiefly the latter. It was a pretty beastly day, quite typical of the season—sun partially veiled by the dust blown by a raging hot wind, and the landscape as befogged and bleak as it only can be in Northern India towards the end of April.

Laid out in the shade in the mango tope, where we all now gathered, were the two boar, awaiting the official application of tape and spring balance. On one of the twain we looked a little pensively. He was obviously a doubtful fellow. He might, and on the other hand, he just mightn't. He was put to the scale first, and failed handsomely to achieve the minimum. The dial hand of a spring balance is a notoriously cold-blooded thing. It shows neither more nor less, but the naked truth only. Luckily the tape is a more human affair, and in this instance, with a little—what shall we call it, charity ?—it showed twenty-seven inches, and saved the infliction of a fine. Well ! well ! Least said soonest mended ! In these matters who is without sin ? But we all think it a pity that such a promising young stripling could not have lived to have grown into a proper boar.

At the present moment there is a terrible sinking at the pits of most of our stomachs. Hunger, as the word is under-



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stood in colder climates, we can hardly call it. It is after mid-day, and time for a meal, which some call breakfast and some lunch.

But to most of us here there is a pleasure possessing claims prior even to those of filling a void. A deep little sandy-bottomed river moats our shady camping ground, and to this the horses are taken.

I can imagine no happier scene than that which follows. While some of the horses have a luscious preliminary roll in the hot white sand, others, carrying their riders (in sun-hats and nothing else), rush straight into the water. Every pig-sticking man and horse should be well entered to water, for they may often have to face it or lose their pig. And there is no better way than this. After the shoutings, wallowings, plungings and sand-rollings have ceased, the shade swallows us all up and a great silence falls on the camp, broken by the rattle of teacups in one direction and of stable-buckets in another.

II.

The afternoon's beat is in very different country—the bed of a great river, now fed by distant Himalayan snows. This bed is four miles from bank to bank, but the river occupies only a small fraction of it. The rest is a flat stretch of pale yellow grass and dark green tamarisk, full of swampy places and deep, blind nullahs ; an ideal place for pig, antelope, hog-deer, panther and sometimes tiger. Such country is called Kadir country.

So soon as the rains break, the whole four-mile width of it is obliterated by a tawny flood moving majestically seaward, and the pig have to quit and seek higher ground.

Our tactics differ from those of the forenoon. Beaters move in a long extended line. With them ride the groups of horsemen. There is no shouting ; noise would put pig up at too great a distance for us to see them, for the grass is four feet high and the tamarisk higher.

We will follow the fortunes of another party for this afternoon's hunt. The Honorary Secretary has scratched his head in grouping these four men. He has blended one dash of cold blood with two of hot, and provided his elements with a seasoning of geniality.

Thus there is Blagrave, rather a senior officer of the Indian Cavalry—a first-class horseman, with a liking for

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riding half-broken cattle and always in a chain snaffle and on a very loose rein. And he never rides a fit horse. Yet he is always at the top of a hunt. He is something cold-blooded, not a consciously jealous rider, but to let a young hand, scantily mounted, take a first-spear when he himself (who has taken scores) can do so is an idea that never enters his head. He carries a long spear cut rather short, and uses it sometimes as a long spear and sometimes as a short one, and always dangerously. Being rather senior, no one likes to tell him of this. Withal he is in the very first grade of pig-hunters, never makes a mistake, goes hard, and enjoys (considering what he rides) an almost uncanny immunity from falls.

The second man of the party is also an Indian Cavalry-man. In make and shape, temperament and performance, he is the beau-ideal hog-hunter. A light-weight, desperately keen and persevering, generous to a fault, and of a modesty that is positively sickening to normally conceited persons. He rides a small and very select string of super-schooled hunters. Chief among them is his Australian mare, "Autolyca," who has won 'chases and played polo on emergencies. Withal she is as temperate as she is fast and eager. She and her owner are equally well known in all pig-sticking circles. The two of them have but one fault apiece. The mare looks a little common; the man, when fast home in a pig, rather lingers there, and sometimes his mount suffers. But they come as near being the perfect hunting couple as I have ever met in any kind of pig-sticking country.

Two rather heady persons complete the party. They own different christian names but a common surname, and are brothers; the one a soldier, the other a civilian. Though they love one another dearly, they are certain to have a wrangle before the day is out. I will borrow from Sir Walter Scott and call one Pepper and the other Mustard. Both are fairly reliable, unless they are hating one another. Then they forsake the hunt to pursue the hate.

The regular swish of legs through dry grass, as the line moves forward, is soon punctuated by a sharp rush. But this is only a little hog-deer, which, stern up and antlers laid back, dives into the grass and disappears. Sometimes he is ridden and speared, and he can give a good fast run. But he can't hit back, and slaying him rather savours of butchery. We hope for better things to-day, and let him go.

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Several small pig provide great expectations, short gallops, and speedy returns.

A beater whacks at a stack of loosely piled grass and then climbs on to it. His staff is raised to whack again. But the stack, with the man upon it, suddenly lifts, explodes with alarming noises, and a most undoubted boar rushes out.

A wild yell of " There he goes ! " from a score of throats brings the nearest party of spears thundering to this point. In a moment they have picked up the boar. No need of letting him get clear away, as was the case this morning ; here it is all covert—rideable, but devouring. If spears aren't on to their boar quick he will be swallowed up in the grass and lost.

Away they head, hunters and hunted, straight away from the line, only the upper halves of the former visible. Just before they become mere bobbing figures four glittering horse-shoes flash and are gone. Only three bobbing figures now. There is no check, and the pace is a cracker, as the boar, invisible to us, pilots his pursuers. Then a sharp swing of the bobbers to the right shows the first jink, and, soon after, a second—again right handed.

Horsemen are bobbing into view again, as they head straight towards us. A very fast boar this, or he would have been run into by now. It is a stiff patch of tamarisk that they are passing through now, the horses bounding over rather than boring through it. The spear who was overset further back, having speedily righted self and horse, cuts in again.

The four figures suddenly disappear. Only three of them come again into view. A toll-taking nullah this. We hear about it later. " Deep enough to hide an elephant ! Absolutely blind ! "

The survivors are nearing the line again. Beaters get away to right and left to let them through. The boar rushes through the gap, foam at the mouth, tiring as well he may. But he is not the fellow that we saw emerge from the haycock. They have changed their fox, and a smaller, faster but still rideable boar now heads the chase.

Three lengths behind the boar comes Blagrave on a ragged chestnut, going very kindly, as his mounts always go. He is sitting very much back, reins almost dangling, and his spear point up but ready.

Winged words cleave the air in the rear. Pepper the soldier, on a large horse, has just bumped his brother, Mustard,

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on a smaller one, off his line. The civilian, foam and curses flying from his lips, is not slow to respond. His horse has been sent staggering by the bump, but, as soon as he has him on his legs, he comes again at Pepper, at something not much less than 90°, and the two, oblivious of the hunt, disappear, riding one another off.

With " Autolyca " in the nullah behind, Blagrave has it all to himself, and he shows us how to do it. He draws up well on the left of the boar, and keeps his spear point up and out of sight. Then, judging time and distance to a nicety, claps an irresistible outer leg to his horse, and with a galloping passage, closes, lowers his point and sends it home and through. The shaft snaps as he gallops on, but the useful end is in a dead pig.

Mustard and Pepper, having composed their differences, arrive, thoughts are turned to " Autolyca " and her rider left in the nullah. But no one is very anxious. The bed of the nullah is all soft sand, the man was seen to fall clear, and he presently appears leading his mare, neither the worse for their tumble.

The day closes with an untoward incident. In most piggy districts there are panther. The panther likes young pig, though he would think twice before tackling an old one. And both animals affect the same sort of covert. Therefore, when beating for pig, a panther is sometimes put up. You have your tarter to catch and kill, and it is a point of honour to do both, though whether it is altogether a pleasure is a matter of individual taste. For a panther can give almost as good as he gets.

Away there on the extreme left of the line there is a sudden starring out of the beaters. They will do this for pig, but not quite like this. The nearest party gets going. It is a short run, for one of them almost immediately lunges at something low. Distant onlookers can see that much. The grass hides what it is they are after. Then the four horsemen seem to draw off a little, but keep circling round at a brisk pace.

One of them rides in, spear ready. But his horse goes wildly passaging away from something he doesn't relish.

Another gallops in, has a dig, passes, fetches a wide compass, and makes straight for the veterinary elephant. He shouts as he passes us, " Panther ! " and we can see that his right boot is torn and his horse bleeding at the forearm.

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Another gallops in. We can recognize his horse, a bright bay, who, when not hunting, poses as an absent-minded sheep, but who is the staunchest bit of horseflesh ever foaled. He is to prove this now.

Something dark yellow and spotted shoots up from the paler coloured grass and twines itself about horse's neck and rider's leg. We can see the panther twisting himself round to the horse's throat, while the hind claws are busy getting a purchase on the man's thigh.

Oh, good bay horse! The panther is biting at his windpipe, but the horse trusts his rider, knows him to be good at need, and stands absolutely motionless to allow him to do what is needful.

Rider, with his thigh raked into long, bloody strips, endures the agony, shortens his arm and drives home his spear point where he can, but with effect. The panther drops off. Another of the party rides in and finishes him.

That closes the day's hunting. The panther's bag was two men and two horses. Of the latter, one—the less severely scratched—despite immediate treatment, died. The other—the staunch bay—his windpipe bitten through, but still drawing, recovered. His rider's thigh was a sickening sight. But with him and the other more slightly-clawed man things went well. They do not always do this in the Indian hot weather or with intemperate subjects. But both will bear marks of this incident to their graves.

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# TERRITORIAL ARMY RECRUITING

By Colonel John Brown, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., T.D.

HAROLD BAKER, in his work " The Territorial Force," written and published at the request of Lord Haldane, in 1909, states :—

" The function of a County Association is to raise its quota by voluntary enlistment, and hand it over equipped and complete for the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief to train and handle in the field."

The above duty is assigned to Associations by paragraphs 154, 155, 788, and Appendix I, Part I, Section 2 (2) (*b*), Territorial Army Regulations, 1924.

In view of the above it might well be asked, What has recruiting to do with the serving Territorial? To provide the men is not his responsibility. But we all know the difficulty of carrying out our part of the work, viz., Training, when units are below the peace strengths now allotted, and this must be my excuse for examining the influences that affect the recruitment of the necessary personnel.

Taking the Territorial Army as a whole to-day, out of an establishment of 186,010 the strength is 148,802, whereas, in 1914 the establishment was 312,319, with a strength of 265,000 approximately.

The population of the country to-day is approximately that of 1914, and so we find that to-day we require per 1,000 of the population approximately four men to belong to the Territorial Army to bring it up to its peace establishment—surely not too much to ask from the fit and patriotic men of the country. Moreover, in view of the large increase to complete from peace to war establishment to-day, the necessity of maintaining the full peace establishment needs no emphasizing.

The Territorial Army possesses no Reserve, but for a number of years it will have no difficulty, in the event of mobilization, in obtaining the numbers necessary from men who had seen service during the late war. As time goes on this will be one of the greatest problems that the Territorial Army will have to solve.

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But I am digressing—I shall be told why worry about war strength until we have solved the problem of raising and maintaining the peace strength—" Sufficient to the day."

The fact that to-day the Territorial Army is but seventy-nine per cent of its peace establishment and fifty per cent of its war establishment should be sufficient to make everyone connected with the Territorial Army explore every means of making good the deficiency.

The deficiency is not general, but varies in many areas, and so, by examining the better recruiting areas, we can ascertain the influences which will assist to complete the units with a worse recruiting record.

During the year for various purposes I visit a large number of places up and down the country. I make a point of asking what local Territorials are raised and the position of their headquarters. In quite a number of places I find policemen and shopkeepers very badly informed, and it is often necessary to make a considerable number of enquiries before I can get any information, and this is particularly the case in large cities. In other places I get ready answers, and in the latter case I generally find the Territorials in that district efficient and strong in numbers; therefore, as the first essential for the success of Territorial recruiting I will put

### The Position the Territorial Army holds in the Community.

The community must think well of its Territorial Army units and be proud of their record. If this is achieved the backbone of the difficulties will be broken.

The County Associations, consisting as they do of men of varying interests, can be the missionaries in this work, and no opportunity should be lost at meetings of Associations in bringing this question forward. Secretaries of Associations should, in their area, be *persona grata* with all the authorities, the employers of labour, and the general public; they should be on friendly terms with the Press, and ensure that the activities of the units are continuously before the public by that means. The Press can play a great part, and my experience has been that they are only too anxious to help, whilst employers of labour will generally be found to be sympathetic and willing to do all that lies in their power. My view is that the employer can do most good by

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making it generally known that he is sympathetic towards the Territorial Army, and by posting notices at his works giving dates of Annual Training, etc., and by stating that every assistance will be given to men to join and to attend Annual Training. As a general rule I have found that it is unwise for the employer to actively recruit in his own works, but there have been some notable exceptions, particularly where the employer's son is an active officer in the local unit.

Prominent local people should be encouraged to take a personal interest in their Territorial units and visit them in their drill halls, on the ranges, and in camp. A public send-off to the men going to camp and a reception on their return gets good publicity, and every effort must be made to create the right " atmosphere " ; the creation of what I call the " right atmosphere " is the paramount work of Associations and their officials.

The right atmosphere having been created, What are the best measures to be taken to recruit the numbers required ? I place Training as the main and only item that attracts and retains the Territorials, for the simple reason that soldiering is the only thing that the Territorials can offer to the prospective recruit that he cannot get better elsewhere. I do not underrate the value of good institutes and sports—these must always be provided, but rather for the sake of enjoyment and recreation than for the expert skill of the players. Every community and most works and organizations have better clubs and sports grounds than the Territorial Army can hope to offer, and a man who only requires the best in clubs and sports would be able to obtain more easily what he requires outside the Territorial Army.

The main attraction of " soldiering " to the individual is the knowledge that he is of value to his country. Moreover, the present day civil life does not give the outlet for adventure and imagination that the olden days provided, and the more one learns about soldiering the more interesting it becomes. It is a science and at the same time an art, and the study of past campaigns and of the lives of great soldiers provides us with a literature that for enjoyment and interest cannot be superseded by any novels however imaginative.

That soldiering is what the men want has been proved over many years in my experience. Last year on manœuvres my brigade took out eighty-five per cent of their strength, and their was never a happier band of men—they were doing

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real soldiering. The fact that this year we averaged ninety per cent of our strength in camp was sufficient proof that last year was not a failure, and the way the interest was maintained in schemes that kept the men out for twelve hours was a clear indication of my contention.

There was a letter in *The Times* of August 26th last, signed " Serving Territorial," wherein the writer appealed for efficient training to secure and hold the interest of the men.

In October, 1908, in a lecture at the R.U.S.I., on " Training for Territorials," General Baden-Powell stated :—

" I was told at first that we must have camps in popular places if we were to get men to come out at all. I find that is unnecessary. As long as they know that the work is practical they will come and work with pleasure. While they are in camp they were told they must do two nights of night work, but I found that they were doing every night out from their own choice. It was interesting and exciting to them, and they preferred to do it."

This was confirmed by Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Hanson, commanding the 5th Durham Light Infantry, and other speakers, and in reply to a brigade commander of one of the London Territorial Army brigades, who complained he could not get the men, General Baden-Powell replied " I do not know why he did not get the men. Perhaps he gave them ' Sword Exercise ' instead of ' Fighting.' "

If we are agreed that soldiering is what attracts and holds the men, then the serving Territorial and the commanders are the only people who can supply this want. Training must be on the right lines. I have discussed this and the running of the Annual Camp in my two previous articles, and further discussion could easily fill a further article.

So now we have the two conditions necessary to recruit and maintain a strong and efficient Territorial Army :—

1. The provision of the right atmosphere—the work of the Associations.
2. The training to consist of what is required of the man in war.

Provided that both these conditions are present, the serving man will remain as long as he is able. The keen man is the best recruiter ; he will see that his pals come along, and if encouragement is given him to recruit either by recruiting reward or prize, there will be little or no difficulty in

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reaching and maintaining full peace establishment. But it must be remembered that the two necessary conditions must be maintained, and their maintenance means much work and time on the part of all those associated or interested in the Territorial Army.

Every opportunity should be taken to use the influence and help of the great body of citizens in this country who are willing and anxious to assist in this movement.

There are many anxious and willing to help; let us search them out and see that every willing helper has opportunities to lend a hand, and we shall soon obtain what we all desire—an efficient and complete Territorial Army.

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# THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE EX-SERVICE MAN AND OVERSEAS SETTLEMENT

By THE EDITOR.

IN the June, 1925, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES an article appeared dealing with the employment of the ex-service man, in which an endeavour was made to show the need of an influential Service official in each county or district whose job it would be under Government to find employment for the ex-regular sailor, soldier and airman. At present the whole question of their employment in this country or their employment overseas is dealt with in a cold-blooded, bureaucratic manner, the personal touch is lacking, and the results generally are disheartening.

This article, if it had no other effect, at any rate provoked discussion, and in the September, 1925, number of this Journal there followed a very interesting article by Mr. F. George, entitled " Statutory Employment for the Ex-Soldier." The writer considered the only solution of the problem was for the Government to take upon itself direct liability for the civil employment of the ex-service man and to ensure that, say, seventy-five per cent. of the employees in Government departments should be ex-regulars. Further, the railways, Government contractors and municipal undertakings should be compelled to take a large percentage of service time-expired men into their employ.

Such a solution would be admirable, but in common fairness to the prospective employer there would have to be a considerable alteration in military training programmes, and in a lesser degree in the training programmes of the Navy and Air Force, to allow of the man being properly prepared while still serving to take up his assured place in civil life. In other words, the facilities for attending Vocational Training Centres will have to be very largely increased—at present only an infinitesimal percentage of men are able to attend*—

* In the Army approximately 35,000 leave the Colours each year. Catterick and Hounslow are only able to receive 500 men each annually. The Navy Vocational Scheme gives a better proportion, and in any case the problem both for them and for the Air Force is not nearly so acute.

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and, further the facilities for receiving education while in the service must be infinitely more systematic than is the case at present. Education, unless it *is* systematic and held daily during regular hours, is not worth a tinker's curse. Take a soldier's life at Aldershot, for example, during the collective training season. It is a matter of the greatest difficulty very often even to fit in an hour's education, and the general attitude of the military authorities is that any old time will do for education : it is generally in the evening, when a man is tired out after a hard day's work.

And then there is India ; owing to a Treasury squabble with the Indian Government, men serving in India are debarred from the benefits of the Vocational Schools, and so some 10,000 British soldiers arrive home from India each year and are thrown into civil life almost entirely unprepared for all that lies before them.

Still, the difficulties are not insuperable. We quite agree that every man of good character should have a statutory right to employment on leaving the Service, but it will only be a practicable proposition when the authorities of all three Services are forced to regard the training of their men for subsequent employment in civil life as equally important as the training for their Naval, Military and Air Force duties. Personally, I think there is not the slightest doubt that this would lead to a general improvement all round. The men's interest in life would be quickened up, and one would not see, in the Army at any rate, so many of those " bored stiff " faces which one may encounter any day during training. It is no good blinking the facts : the men cannot help realizing they are doing a job which leads to nothing, and therefore they lack interest.

Senior officers, full of keenness themselves, expect the same amount of keenness from a private soldier, who probably only joined the Army because he could not get a job anywhere else, who is only doing seven years with the colours, and who realizes that as each of those seven years passes he is going down a rung on the ladder of employability. As a consequence, senior officers are often disappointed, but is it to be wondered at ?

The Vocational Schools are extraordinarily good—incidentally, they do not receive nearly enough publicity—but it is realized that if they were largely increased, it would mean largely increased expenditure. If this expenditure can

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be met in no other way, it should be met by a lower Infantry peace establishment.

Let us now turn to the question of Overseas Settlement. We have recently received a letter from Mr. J. G. Scott, the Chief Librarian of the R.E. Libraries, Horse Guards, who is especially interested in the employment overseas of the ex-service man. He was good enough to enclose a memorandum in which he expresses his views with great forcefulness on the necessity for a " live " overseas settlement scheme for ex-members of the Fighting Services.

His main contention, universally admitted, is that the Dominions and Colonies need, and need badly, a well-sustained flow of British settlers of the right sort, otherwise they will suffer from an infiltration of mixed European races which can only lead to a gradual weakening of their national virility, and a gradual weakening of the blood ties which unite them to the Mother Country. The briefest tour through Canada, with its vast open spaces awaiting development, reveals the necessity of increased population everywhere. Australia presents the spectacle of a great continent simply yawning for population of the right type, a need made all the more urgent by the pressing problems of defence which must ever be a source of anxiety to the Australian Government.

Less than one-third of the total area of New Zealand is under cultivation, yet at no period in the history of New Zealand has land settlement been so dead as during the past few years. There are over 20,000,000 acres of land in New Zealand at the present day, much of it highly suitable for farming purposes, which lies unused and unproductive.

South Africa, with its large supply of black or coloured labour, obviously does not offer a likely field for the ex-service man unless he is a small capitalist. If he is, and there is no reason why he should not have saved sufficient money during his period of service, there is no better country to which to emigrate.

Our overseas kith and kin do undoubtedly want settlers *of the right type*, and Mr. Scott's contention is that the services can provide this right type of settler better than anything else. He has pointed out, and we all know, that the men are healthy, disciplined and well-behaved, and none more so. Many have been, and a great many more could be, trained technically with a view to employment in trades and professions in civil

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life. Many have been abroad and have roughed it just as much and more than any roughing they will get in the Dominions or Colonies.

There are horsemen, mechanics, engineers, electricians, wood and iron workers, builders and surveyors, tailors, saddlers, veterinary hands, hospital and medical men; many learned their business before joining up, others since, choosing that which suited them best.

In the case of those who are married, these can be reckoned on to have healthy wives and families; many of these have been abroad as well as the husbands, and so have no fear of going overseas. It is nothing to them to have been in Hong-Kong, then over to the West Indies, thence, after a short period at home in England, on to Egypt and the Straits Settlements; all this the experience of the one family, repeated throughout the Fighting Forces, though not so much in the case of the Navy, whose families have to stay in Great Britain, though even there they are liable to the game of "general post" in order to catch and be with the father of the family.

In fact, the ex-service men and their families are just the right type for settlement overseas, and out West, to quote from an admirable article in last month's *English Review*, there are "freedom and hope, and immense unexplored possibilities."

And yet, beyond a few odd "groups" sent out from the Vocational Training Centres and mainly from the Army, the whole business hangs fire as far as the services are concerned, and in fact throughout the country. There is plenty of money available, for under the "fifty-fifty" scheme the whole cost of emigrating each individual or family and settling them on the land is borne in equal shares by the Home and Dominion Governments, and the latter are to undertake the responsibility of placing the immigrants in suitable localities. The Overseas Settlement Act provides £2,000,000 a year towards assisting families and individuals to settle overseas, but only £600,000 was expended last year.

What is the cause of this lack of response? One reason perhaps is obvious. Employers, whether at home or in the Colonies, cannot be expected to guarantee employment until they are first convinced that the individual emigrant is capable of performing the services they respectively require, and the alternative of putting inexperienced emigrants directly on the land has been found to be, in the majority of



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cases, not only unsuccessful, but often the source of great hardship. This means that at present the numbers of ex-service men sent out are practically restricted to the few groups dispatched, as stated above, under the aegis of the Vocational Training Centres. Another reason is that scarcely any steps are taken to bring home to the men while still serving the advantages of settlement overseas. There is crying need for good lecturers, who have themselves been out West and have their subject at their finger-ends; if they could tour round the various Naval, Military and Air Force stations at home, we believe the response would be remarkable. Good lecturers, larger Vocational Training Centres, and, above all, a real interest on the part of Service authorities and a realization of the importance of the subject, not only to the Services themselves but to the nation as a whole, would seem to be the main essentials. We who have spent the best part of our lives in the Service, who can remember the splendid, vigorous, trustworthy men who have passed through our hands in hundreds, can realize to the full what a crying shame it is that a large number of these men are ekeing out a wretched existence in the crowded industrial centres of Great Britain. The Reserves in time of war must not, of course, be forgotten, but surely a much larger proportion of ex-service men could be spared to the Dominions, going straight out at the end of their service, equipped with previous knowledge of their job, equipped, too, with the splendid characteristics of virility, vitality and camaraderie which they have learnt in the Navy, Army or Air Force. Surely these men are worth having! Surely the Dominions themselves should strain every effort to get them instead of the aliens who flock over in their thousands! To-day, as the *Morning Post* has pointed out,* the agricultural population of Canada, which numbers about half the total population, contains 55 per cent. of aliens. Think of it!

* *Morning Post*, September 9th, 1926.

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# IN A STAFF COLLEGE LIBRARY

By Capt. G. W. M. Grover, R.M.

An elderly Irishman once said that he had never tasted bad whisky. True, he continued, some whisky is better than others, but, from the very nature of things, no whisky can be wholly bad. I should like to adapt that saying to a matter of less importance, and to declare that no library can be entirely bad, albeit some libraries are better than others. Where else than in a library can you so well escape from the trials which fall to the lot of those who make a pilgrimage in the wilderness of this world? Here, in a dark warm room, with the windows firmly closed, as all good library windows should be, you may seek adventure, explore the world, go campaigning with great generals or sailing with famous admirals, and all this without leaving the comfort of your armchair. Here, at your pleasure, lost causes will become real again, and vanished armies quicken into life. You may stand on the fields of Brabant on a July morning in 1705 and watch Marlborough, having passed the great French lines, form up his glittering squadrons beyond; or you may pace the *Royal Sovereign's* quarterdeck in June, 1795, and watch "Billy Blue" Cornwallis, his red face redder with rage, his blunt fingers snapping, and his blue eyes glaring at the thirty Frenchmen astern, as he runs up Channel in his famous retreat. You may march a company of men from Dover to Tarbatness, through a hostile country, with Edward Wogan, or, with Charles Wogan as your companion, you may ride half across an angry Empire with Princess Clementina Sobieski, that exquisitely beautiful woman whose portrait is with the crown jewels at Edinburgh Castle. "Where," asks Villon in his ballad "Of the Lords of Former Times"—

> "Where is Claquin, the good Breton;
> D'Auvergne who ruled his broad champaigne;
> The duke, once famed, of Alencon?
> But where is Valour's Star, Charlemaigne?"*

The answer is simple. They are in a library ready to wake from their sleep at your touch. They, and many others, are your playmates at your behest. And in no library, however

* "Ballades of Francois Villon." Interpreted into English verse by Paul Hookham.



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bad, are friends lacking, or is there no book to match your mood.

When one has done enough work for the day one turns to one's playthings. Mine are in the Naval and Military history shelves. " Herein," as wrote Caxton to his " noble lords and ladies " in his preface to the " Morte d'Arthur," " herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardiness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown." It is true that the method of reading military history as a splendid story has been condemned by General Sir Edward Hamley and Lord Wolseley, but in such a manner that convinces the reader that they, too, knew its attractiveness. However, we read for profit as part of our work. This is our stand-easy time ; we will disregard the advice of these authorities and go in quest of great deeds enshrined in noble language.

In this matter the Army does better than the Navy. Perhaps the most stirring description of battle is Napier's of Albuera. It has been often quoted—it was one of Sir Evelyn Wood's favourite quotations—but it will bear repetition. " Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory ; they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from all the artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed, Cole, the three Colonels, Ellis, Blakeney and Hawkshawe, fell wounded, and the fuzileer battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled, and staggered like sinking ships. But suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmén ; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field ; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no

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nervous enthusiasm, weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultous crowd, as slowly and with horrid carnage it was pushed back to the farthest edge of the height. There, the French reserves, mixing with the struggling multitude, endeavoured to sustain the fight, but the effort only increased the irremediable confusion; the mighty mass gave way and, like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."*

The Navy has less picturesque historians. James, the author of the "History of the Royal Navy," published by Laird Clowes, and Mahan, are generally more accurate than stirring. Nevertheless, Mahan has his moments when the reader wishes he would abate his Puritan austerity still further. Here is his account of Hawke's attack into Quiberon Bay in 1759—the year of Minden, Quebec, of "Hearts of Oak." "So, amid the falling hours of the day, the British fleet, under the unswerving impulse of its leader, moved steadfastly forward, to meet a combination of perils justly dreaded by seamen—darkness, an intricate navigation, a lee shore fringed with outlying and imperfectly known reefs and shoals, towards which they were hurried by a fast rising wind and sea, that forbade all hopes of retracing their steps during the long hours of the night."† We may, in our library, go with Hawke on that dark night, without feeling the cold which made him, after the battle, almost unable to hold a pen.

Hear Mahan again describing the British fleet bearing down to meet the French on the Glorious First of June, 1794. "Picturesque as well as sublime, animating as well as solemn, on that bright Sunday morning, was this prelude to the stern game of war about to be played; the quiet summer sea stirred only by a breeze sufficient to cap with white the little waves that ruffled its surface; the dark hulls gently rippling the water aside in their slow advance, a ridge of foam curling on either side of the furrow ploughed by them in their onward

* Napier, Vol. 2, Chap. .

† Mahan, "Types of Naval Officers," Hawke.

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way ; their massive sides broken by two, or at times three, rows of ports, whence, the tompions drawn, yawned the sullen lines of guns, behind which, unseen, but easily realized by the instructed eye, clustered the groups of ready seamen who served each piece. Aloft swung leisurely to and fro the tall spars, which ordinarily, in so light a wind, would be clad in canvas from deck to truck, but whose naked trimness now proclaimed the deadly purpose of that still approach. Upon the high poops, where floated the standard of either nation, gathered round each chief the little knot of officers through whom commands were issued and reports received, the nerves along which thrilled the impulses of the great organism, from its head, the Admiral, through every member to the dark lowest decks, nearly awash, where, as farthest from the Captain's own oversight, the senior lieutenants controlled the action of the ship's heaviest batteries."* It must be remembered that Mahan himself had served in a sailing ship—a ship bearing the honoured name of *Congress* —and that this may account for the veiled enthusiasm with which he describes movements under sail.

To return to the Army, it is interesting to compare descriptions of modern battle with those of long ago. This is Taylor's account of the cavalry charge at Blenheim : " Marlborough saw at a glance that the moment was come. His guns were pouring grape into the nine battalions when he called upon his cavalry for a decisive effort. With trumpets blaring and kettledrums crashing and standards tossing proudly above the plumage and the steel, the two long lines, perfectly timed from end to end, swung upwards at a trot that quickened ever as they neared the French. At the sight and the sound thereof two-thirds of Tallard's horsemen went shamelessly about and galloped for their lives. But the heave of that strong deliberate wave caught every isolated group that dared to breast it, and flung them in shattered ruin from the field."† Consider this and read of another attack : " In our trenches, after seven o'clock that morning, our men waited under a heavy fire for the signal to attack. Just before half-past seven, the mines at half a dozen points went up with a roar that shook the earth and brought down the parapets in our lines. Before the blackness of their burst had thinned or fallen the hand of time rested on the half-hour

* *Ibid.* Howe.

† Frank Taylor, " The Wars of Marlborough."

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mark, and along all that old front line of the English there came a whistling and a crying. The men of the first wave climbed up the parapets in tumult, darkness and the presence of death, and, having done with all pleasant things, advanced across the No-Man's-Land to begin the Battle of the Somme."*

We cannot leave our library without looking to see what has been written about the air. That service is so young that there is very little. It is worth a great deal, however, to find this : " Critics who speak of what they have not felt and do not know have sometimes blamed the air service because, being young, it has not the decorum of age. The Latin poet said that it is decorous to die for one's country ; in this decorum the service is perfectly instructed."† This, inasmuch as it is a farewell to dead warriors, may stand beside Lord Rosebery's famous panegyric on the Scots Greys. " Honour to the unreturning brave, the brave who shall return no more. We shall not see their faces again. In the service of their Sovereign and their country they have undergone the sharpness of death, and sleep their eternal sleep thousands of miles away in the green solitudes of South Africa. Their places, their comrades, their saddles, will know them no more, for they will never return to us as we knew them. But in a nobler and higher sense have they not returned to us to-day ? They return to us with a message of duty, of courage, of patriotism. They return to us with a memory of high duty, faithfully performed. They return to us with the inspiration of their example. Peace, then, to their dust. Honour to their memory. Scotland for ever !"

But time draws on, and we must leave our library to give others their turn. To them we can say with Hardy, but in a different sense—

> " Much is there waits you we have missed,
> Much lore we leave you worth the knowing,
> Much, much, has lain outside our ken. . . ."‡

And that is the charm of it. To-morrow we may return and, according to our impulse, " choose land travel or sea-faring " with new friends. We may besiege Ismail

* John Masefield, " The Old Front Line."
† Sir Walter Raleigh, " The War in the Air."
‡ Thomas Hardy, " An Ancient to Ancients."

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with Suwarow, that apostle of realistic training, of whom Byron wrote—

> " Also he dressed up for the nonce, fascines,
> Like men with turbans, scimitars and dirks,
> And made them charge with bayonets these machines,
> By way of lesson against actual Turks.
> And, when well practiced in these mimic scenes,
> He judged them proper to assail the works.
> At which your wise men sneered in phrases witty.
> He made no answer, but he took the city."*

or we may fight among the roses at Minden, sail with Rodney for the twelfth of April, or, with our cravats undone, and in company with the chivalry of France, we may enter the mêlée at Steinkirke.

And, in so doing, we shall meet friends who, under the good providence of God, will stand by our sides and sustain us in the moment of our need.

* Byron, "Don Juan," Canto VII, 53.

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# THE ARMOURED CAR IN PEACE AND IN WAR

By "TESTUDO."

ALTHOUGH all three of the fighting Services have either during or since the Great War made use of the armoured car for fighting or police purposes, the characteristics of this arm are not so well known as those of others in general use to-day. A short account of the armoured car, what it did during the war and in the post-war period, its present form, and the life and organization of the units armed with it, may therefore, it is hoped, be of interest.

The armoured car is a weapon akin to the tank, and is, in fact, an adaptation of the tank idea to serve certain specific purposes. In both tank and armoured car, the underlying purpose is the combination in one machine of speed, manœuvre power, fire power, and protection. In the Western theatre of war, for which the tank was originally designed, mobility was at a discount, and manœuvre power, fire power, and protection were first essentials. Hence, the war tanks were slow-moving, and relied on their fire and their bullet-proof armour, both to enable them to overcome enemy opposition from trenches, and to protect themselves and their crews during the process. In the armoured car, on the other hand, manœuvre power and fire power have both to some extent been sacrificed to speed. While the tank can cross country, trenches, and obstacles, and is heavily armed and armoured, the armoured car carries machine guns only, and is confined to roads and moderately good going; while the tank is slow and blind, the armoured car has better powers of all-round visibility, and is capable of rapid and sustained speed. Thus, though on the Western Front in the Great War public attention was claimed entirely by the tank, in the minor theatres the armoured car came fully into its own, and proved itself of high military value. It is, therefore, to be expected that the rôle of the armoured car will increase in importance in the mobile warfare which may be expected in the early stages of a future campaign.

Let us, however, before considering the future of this weapon, turn for a moment to see what it achieved during the course of the Great War.

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Four types of car were used by the British Army in the European and Eastern Theatres of operations :—

1. The Peerless—a slow and unhandy vehicle, carrying two turrets, each armed with one Hotchkiss machine gun. Its average speed was about ten miles per hour.

2. The Austin—in design and armament resembling the Peerless, faster, but with inferior powers of endurance. Tyres and back axles in particular were frequent sources of trouble.

3. The Jeffery Quod—also a slow and unhandy vehicle, but one which had the useful power of going forwards or backwards with equal facility. It had one turret only, carrying two Vickers guns.

4. The Rolls Royce—far and away the best of the armoured cars used during the war, and the one with which the majority of our armoured car companies are equipped to-day. The engine is six-cylinder, 40-50 horse-power, water-cooled, with four speeds forward and one reverse. The car is capable of anything up to fifty miles an hour maximum speed, and of an average of twenty to twenty-five on good roads, so that a daily run of 150 to 200 miles is well within its compass. The single revolving turret carries one Vickers gun.* The weight of the car complete is some $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons ; its length over all $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet ; and its width $6\frac{1}{4}$ feet. The chassis and engine are adapted from the ordinary touring car types, and could be produced in great numbers in an emergency.

So much for the fighting equipment of the units during the war. Their transport was heterogeneous in its composition, comprising as it did Ford vans, Peerless and other lorries, motor-cycles, side-cars, and mobile workshops ; in fact, almost every kind of mechanical vehicle. Equally diverse was the organization and nomenclature of the units. There were in existence at one time or another brigades, groups, battalions, squadrons, batteries, and companies of armoured cars, while such names as " armoured motor batteries," " motor machine guns," " light motor batteries," " armoured car brigades," also abounded. Into the details of the composition of these various ephemeral units it is needless to enter here.

The actual deeds of these units must now be narrated briefly.

* Two guns in the latest pattern car.

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As long as trench warfare continued, the western theatre of war was unsuitable for the arm ; and if we except a short period in October, 1914, when a certain number of squadrons, manned for the most part by naval personnel, found useful employment in assisting our mounted troops in Flanders, it played no prominent part in the fighting till April, 1918. The 17th (Armoured Car) Battalion of the Tank Corps then made its appearance in France ; it consisted of sixteen Peerless cars, and, though manned only by hurriedly trained personnel, rendered services of great value during the remaining seven months of the war. In the course of this period it fought in co-operation with British, Canadian, Australian, South African, French, and American troops, took part in ten pitched battles, and was mentioned three times in enemy despatches ; and though at one time or another all its cars were hit, and seven of them totally destroyed, its sum of casualties amounted only to five men. On August 8th, at the Battle of Amiens, the cars, towed over the enemy's trenches by tanks, ran right through his infantry and created havoc in his back areas, causing widespread losses and panic among headquarters, transport, and trains. Valuable work was also done at the Battle of Bapaume, in the storming of the Drocourt—Queant and Hindenburg Lines, and in the pursuit after open country had been reached. In the last weeks of the war, the privilege of being the first British troops to cross the Rhine after the armistice was a fitting reward for the work done by the Battalion—work none the less meritorious because it had cost but little in the way of casualties.

Details of the work done by the few French armoured cars used during the campaign on this front are, unfortunately, not available ; but it is on record that on the Chemin des Dames in May, 1918, twelve of them, by skilful manœuvring, delayed the advance of a whole German division for five hours at a critical period of the battle.

Neither are there any trustworthy published accounts of armoured car actions on the Eastern Front, where Commander Locker-Lampson's squadron of R.N.A.S. cars rendered yeoman service during the first two years of the war before the break-up of the Russian armies. In the Near East, however, there were manifold examples of the varying rôles that these vehicles are capable of playing in a war of movement. Passing over the oft-told exploit of the Duke of Westminster's dash through the desert to rescue the British

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prisoners from the hands of the Senussi, we come to the Palestine campaign.

In Palestine the Rolls Royce armoured cars with Lord Allenby's army co-operated with the mounted troops throughout the advance on Jerusalem, and in the final victory over and pursuit of the routed Turkish armies. Pushed forward to Junction Station in November, 1917, they surprised the enemy holding that important place, and drove them out with heavy loss. Some months later, in the operations to the east of the Jordan, they were used to demonstrate against the hostile front on the Auja while the cavalry swept round and turned the flank. On another occasion they were employed to fill a dangerous gap in our front and successfully beat off a hostile attempt to penetrate it. In the last few weeks of the campaign they were called on to play other and less thankless rôles. They were utilized to protect the flank of the XXI Corps in its advance on Tul Keram ; in a frontal attack on an enemy rearguard in the Esdraelon plains ; in reconnaissance work in conjunction with the cavalry in front of Damascus ; in the pursuit and destruction of an enemy lorry column at Beisan ; and to secure possession of the town of Beirut, on the seaward flank of our line of advance. Finally, there fell to them the leading part in the brilliantly successful dash for Aleppo. Twenty-four cars were sent northwards from Damascus on the trail of the flying enemy ; they occupied Homs without resistance, and some distance to the north met a strong rearguard of armoured cars and armed lorries, which they chased for fifteen miles, capturing three of them, before halting within twenty miles of Aleppo. Next day they resumed their advance, and were checked by a strong Turkish rearguard covering the approaches to the city. Unsupported, they remained in front of this force for three days, finding their own protection, and eventually, on the arrival of the cavalry, co-operating in the final attack on the place. This is the best example afforded in the war of the mobility and striking power of a force of armoured cars.

In the final victory in Mesopotamia, too, cars and mounted troops rendered each other constant and valuable assistance. The British cavalry sent round into the enemy's rear at the Battle of Shergat, which ended in the capitulation of the Turkish Army, were accompanied by cars which acted well forward with the advanced guard. Later the cars under-

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took the protection of the outer flank of the force while the enveloping movement was being completed.

The operations of " Dunsterforce " in East Persia in the latter part of 1918 form a final creditable episode in the history of armoured cars during the war. A brigade of Austin cars rendered valuable assistance in dealing with local Persian rebels. These rebels at one time pushed their daring so far as to carry out a surprise attack on the British headquarters at Resht, but were driven from the streets by the machine-gun fire of the cars. Later the brigade was sent off with other units to the Caucasus to operate against the Turks. Here they took part in several actions and did excellent work in reconnaissance and rearguard fighting. Their next enemies were the Russian Bolsheviks, from whom they captured a heavy battery at Petrovsk by dashing forward on its flank and shooting down the detachments at short range. Later on the cars were detailed to lead an infantry attack against hostile trenches, up to which they drove until their wheels were on the parapet, and swept them from end to end with a fire which caused heavy losses among the defenders and drove out the survivors in panic. In the defence of Baku they were employed as a mobile reserve, and assisted to keep order within the city. When the final withdrawal took place, they covered the retirement of the infantry by fire and manœuvre, and even by counter-attack when the enemy became too venturesome. During the whole course of the campaign the brigade was not only entirely self-supporting, but also rendered assistance to other units of the force by supplying emergency transport on demand.

From the above brief sketch may be gathered some idea of the variety and multiplicity of the parts which the armoured car may play in a present-day war. Its main characteristics being its power of sustained speed and invulnerability to small-arm fire, it will usually be employed where artillery is unlikely to be met with, and where rapidity of movement is of value. If it cannot replace the cavalry patrol in the field of reconnaissance, it can often operate over a wider area, and transmit or bring back its information more speedily. It can in many cases deal with resistance which a cavalry patrol would be unable to overcome, penetrate where mounted men would be held up, and make its way home where they would be cut off. In a word, it will under favourable conditions

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prove a speedier, surer, and more economical means of obtaining information than the cavalry patrol.

In reconnaissance it will normally work in close conjunction with the air and will often be able to verify, correct or supplement air reports by patrolling to a distance beyond the radius of cavalry action.

When the armoured car is working with the other arms, its rôle will be much enlarged. It is a useful weapon for carrying out holding attacks against the front of a hostile detachment, where a combination of manœuvre and fire may be effective in deceiving the enemy, engaging his attention, or pinning him to his ground. Other useful employment may under favourable conditions be found for it in the execution of wide turning movements round the enemy's flanks, either to obtain important information, or to harass his communications and rearward services. It must be remembered, however, that action of this kind will usually prove expensive in cars and personnel, and will therefore be undertaken only when conditions are peculiarly favourable, or to achieve some very important end. The bulk of the cars will probably be best kept as a mobile reserve in the hand of the commander of the force during the battle itself; but once the enemy's resistance has been broken down, and as long as he has not been left time to block or destroy the roads to cover his retreat, they are a valuable weapon for the exploitation of success by sustained and relentless pursuit.

Armoured cars with an army acting on the defensive will also find ample opportunity for useful work in long-distance reconnaissance prior to the battle, in helping to mislead the advancing enemy as to the situation of their own army, and in delaying the progress of his columns. During the battle they can be used as a mobile flank protection for the sister arms. Finally, when forming part of a rearguard they can remain in action till the last minute to cover the withdrawal of the infantry and guns, and make their escape without risk of being cut off.

But the armoured car is, so far as the British Army is concerned, by no means a weapon of value in war only. It forms a reliable and increasingly important adjunct to our Imperial garrisons in the Near East and in India, where since the conclusion of peace armoured car companies have been in frequent active employment in the interests of internal peace and security. As an agent for dealing with civil disturbances

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and rioting, the armoured car is highly impressive. On more than one occasion the sudden appearance of a section of these vehicles on a scene of disorder has had an instant and salutary effect ; at other times incipient disaffection has been effectively nipped in the bud by a similar opportune arrival. The combination of wide radius of effective action, invulnerability to any weapon likely to be possessed by rioters, great fire power, and economy of personnel, renders the armoured car a most potent weapon for the reduction to order of a disturbed area. The Royal Air Force have been conspicuously successful in policing Iraq with aeroplanes and their own Armoured Car Companies ; further, the raising of additional companies for service in India shows that the value of the weapon for this purpose is recognized in the highest quarters.

Where actual disturbance is not rife, but where the area to be policed is a wide one, and the lack of adequate local government makes it advisable periodically to " show the flag," the dispatch of a force of armoured cars as escort to the political authorities is both economical and impressive. This has been done on several occasions in Iraq of late years, and areas hitherto little visited have thus been opened up, while the geographical value of such tours must also have been considerable. On some of these expeditions aeroplanes proved of great assistance to the armoured car column, which, having cut loose from its base, was fed, supplied and maintained from the air, thus increasing its radius of action and consequent effectiveness.

In those parts of the North-West Frontier of India where practicable motor roads exist the armoured car forms an admirable escort for marching troops, baggage animals, or lorry columns, all the more useful because no tribesman's weapon can inflict any damage on it. The roads recently opened up in Waziristan are now daily patrolled and kept open by armoured cars, which the tribesman shows very little anxiety to attack, experience having shown such an enterprise to be one of more peril than profit, and therefore uncongenial to his utilitarian soul. Similarly, in other uncivilized areas, where conditions are favourable for the movement of armoured cars, their long range, striking power, and invulnerability render possible the exacting of swift retribution for outrages committed. Their power of dealing rapid successive blows in different directions, and the facility with which a

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small mechanical force can be maintained and supplied—from the air, if no other means exist—render the rapid reduction to order of a revolted tribe or territory a matter of greater ease than heretofore.

The British Regular Army to-day possesses eleven armoured car companies all forming part of the Royal Tank Corps. One company is in England, one in North Ireland, one in Egypt, and the remaining eight in India. Of these last, three are on the North-West Frontier, one in the Punjab, two in the United Provinces, one near Bombay, and one in the Deccan, with a Centre Headquarters at Delhi and instructional schools at Ahmednagar, near Bombay. In addition, there are in England eight Territorial Armoured Car Companies, converted from pre-war Yeomanry regiments.

The organization of these companies varies in detail, according to whether they are stationed in India or elsewhere; but all consist of sixteen cars, organized in three or four sections, a light mobile workshop, and a certain amount of mechanical transport. The company is commanded by a major, the section by a captain or a subaltern, and the total personnel of a company numbers about 130.

The Rolls Royce car, with which the majority of the companies are equipped, has already been described in detail. The Indian companies, however, are now armed with the Crossley car, which as regards climbing and cross-country work, is a superior performer to the Rolls Royce, besides being more economical in initial cost and running. The Crossley is a four-cylinder 40-45 horse-power car, with four speeds forward and one reverse, and, though heavier than its rival, has much the same dimensions and is capable of the same average and maximum speeds. In general appearance and design it closely resembles the Rolls Royce, having one revolving turret armed with two Vickers guns, but the body is specially built and lined with asbestos to counteract the effects of the Indian sun, and the whole machine is better adapted to Eastern conditions. Each car carries a crew of four, the commander, the driver, and two machine gunners—as many as can be accommodated in comfort during a long run.

The training to be undergone by the personnel of an armoured car company is extensive and various. Each man must pass an examination, designed to test his ability not only to drive his car, but to effect minor repairs and adjustments,

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and to keep it on the road under normal conditions of service. He must qualify both with the Vickers gun and with the revolver, which is the personal weapon of every man in the company. He should have a good knowledge of the system of flag signalling now in use in the Royal Tank Corps, be able to read a map and find his way in unknown country, and be possessed of a high degree of initiative, self-reliance, intelligence, and adaptability. Hence it follows that life and work in an armoured car company is always full of vivid and varied interest for men and officers alike. The Royal Tank Corps has never found any difficulty in filling its ranks with recruits of the right stamp, and it is doubtful if, for a young and keen officer, there is a finer or more fascinating job in the Army than the command of a section of armoured cars. Moreover, apart from the interest of the actual work with the cars, there are opportunities for co-operation with other arms and services in schemes and combined exercises, and of seeing " the real thing " in internal security work or on the North-West Frontier.

Finally, it must be remembered that the British Army has never set out to provide itself with an armoured car designed and constructed solely for military purposes. All the cars in use hitherto have been merely adaptations of existing types of private or commercial vehicles, strengthened and altered to suit military demands only so far as could be done without radical alteration of design. This policy has been deliberately adopted to serve the ends of economy, and also to facilitate the rapid provision of large numbers of vehicles in case of urgent demand. But if we are to keep pace with the times, and not lag behind our Continental neighbours in our endeavours to provide ourselves with a thoroughly modernized and up-to-date army, we shall eventually have to provide ourselves with an armoured car designed and constructed solely to fulfil military needs.

This new weapon will probably embody at least two radical changes in design and armament. For a proportion at any rate of the cars in each company, the half-track attachment will replace the tyred wheels. Several forms of half-track vehicle have been designed and tested, and are actually in use at this moment, which, while necessitating little reduction in the road speed of the car, enable it to go across country practically anywhere where a tank or a body of horse can go, at a rate of between twelve and twenty miles an hour.



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This improvement will do away with one of the most serious drawbacks of the present car—its inability to leave roads or tracks ; the manœvure power will be increased and the radius of action widened to include the country between, as well as that immediately adjoining these roads. It is noteworthy that the last published words of the late Lord Rawlinson, in his comments on the Indian manœuvres near Delhi in 1923, in which armoured cars took part for the first time, were that the utility of armoured cars, great as it already was, would be much increased if a proportion of each company's cars were fitted out as cross-country vehicles.

It will also probably be found advisable in the future to arm our cars with a light gun of some description, as a weapon against enemy armoured cars and tanks, and even against artillery if conditions are favourable. The French have adopted this armament for the cars which now form an integral part of their new light divisions ; and if our cars are not to be entirely outclassed in the next European war, we shall no doubt have to follow the lead given us by our Allies, and arm them with some weapon more powerful than a machine gun.

The most deadly foes both of the armoured car and of the tank in the future will be barricades, traps, land-mines, anti-tank artillery, and, finally, hostile armoured mechanical vehicles. The adoption of the half-track attachment will assist the car to circumvent or avoid the first three of these ; a more powerful armament will place it on more equal terms with the last two. Our armoured car, therefore, will tend more and more to resemble a light tank, until eventually the two become merged into one all-round type of vehicle. But such speculation goes beyond the limits of this article, which does not profess to deal with the future of the armoured car.

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# BULDOO THE SHIKARRI

By "ELF."

LIKE a mottled snake clinging to the steep hillside the road wound and twisted from Bhowali on the heights to Ramgodan in the plain far below; rounding some dizzy cliff it came boldly into view, shimmering under the tropical sun, then dipping sharply into some rocky gorge it was almost lost in the deep shade. Blazing-white and dull-grey cleft the gleaming green and gold and brown of mountain jungle and rocky crag in an endless maze of turns and loops and zigzags; tedious always in its monotonous length, it was nevertheless a thing of wonder in its slow descent down the precipitous mountain, and of marvel in its seemingly precarious hold on buttress and spur and clean hillside.

A crawling black dot, alternately visible and hid as it rounded the bluffs and dipped into tributary water-courses, wandered sleepily down the long hill; the jar and creak of greaseless axles bumping crazily over the dust-hidden stones of the roadway came distantly to a watcher near the village above. Buldoo, sometime shikarri and now zemindar, following it with his keen old eyes knew the dot for an ekka—a ramshackle flimsy affair of cracked wood and bamboo, called by courtesy and the law a two-wheeled vehicle; of absurdly crazy construction when new, it was now held together by worn paint, grass cord and rusty iron, and was drawn by a little broken-kneed country pony, a cow-hocked, sickly bag of bones.

In this extraordinary old shandridan Buldoo's daughter, Sikri, was travelling to her new home in Ramgodam with her husband Lalaji, the merchant.

Buldoo was fond of Sikri, and he was not fond of the bridegroom; himself a man of the open-air, spare and active in spite of old age, he found Lalaji grossly greasy and well fed. He looked upon him as a lazy usurer (which in fact he was), and had contempt for his self-indulgence. Only a very large wedding-gift could have induced him to part with his favourite to such a man. As he gazed at the bridal carriage, Buldoo thought over slowly and methodically, as is the way of the Indian, the events of the past week; the orgy of feasting that had been incumbent upon him so as fittingly to welcome



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such a well-to-do man as the bridegroom ; the presents he had felt compelled to give, not only to the " happy " pair, but to the priests as well ; the ceremonies and festivities, and, again, the subsequent drunken and artificial rejoicing. All these things passed once more before the old man's eyes as he dreamed disgustedly of the expense it had been. Lucky, however, in finding a man so old and rich as Lalaji, and fortunate in his infatuation for the girl, Buldoo had found it easy to fleece the old rascal for a substantial marriage gift in exchange for his daughter. Nevertheless, all the costly celebrations had made a considerable hole in the dowry,* and he was disgusted now that he had not made Lalaji pay more—he could well have afforded it. The girl was young and beautiful ; he was taking her far from her home, and, moreover, he, Lalaji, was old and very ugly—five thousand rupees would have been a reasonable price to ask from such a man at first instead of the two thousand rupees he had, in point of fact, demanded, and had been surprised to get without demur.

Buldoo, as he thought all this, was merely reacting to the training and customs of generations ; he was not unusually mercenary ; loving a bargain, as his forefathers had done, he considered the selling of his daughter as his right, to compensate him for the fact that she had not been born a son. Still, in spite of all this, he loved her, and was saddened as he watched her departure in the ekka, now so long gone.

With a half mocking shake of the head at his own generosity towards Lalaji, and a half contemptuous smile at his own morbid thoughts, the old man gazed anew at the moving dot ; it was a little closer now, as it neared the end of one of the many zigzags the road made, and almost under the crag on which he squatted, although it was so far down the hill he could just make out the colouring of the red awning over the ekka, and, now and again, the flutter of a yellow sari beneath it.

As he looked he saw the scraggy little chestnut in the shafts shy across the road with sudden vigour, and come to an abrupt halt on its very edge, so close to it, indeed, that to Buldoo it appeared his head was already hanging over the steep hillside. Faint echoes of a shout and then a scream

* It is the custom for the less desirable party (man or woman) in a marriage to pay for the privilege of marriage ; the parents of the more desirable party take the money. Extreme youth, or age, or ill-health, etc., are not considered desirable.

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floated to him on the wind, and he wondered what had happened below—what had galvanized that feeble country screw to such a show of life. He was not long in finding out. A low, yellowy-grey form shot from the jungle towards the ekka, a fat white bundle that he knew to be Lalaji plumped from the ekka into the dusty highway, the ekka plunged over the roadside down that terrible declivity. As he saw it turning over and over, canoning from tree to tree, and bouncing from rock to rock, the crash of the ekka's frail structure and the screams of the men were born upwards clearly though faintly on the limpid air. Tearing his eyes from the wreck still bounding down the hill, he glanced at the roadway, and saw the panther trying to drag what had been Lalaji into the jungle.

Cursing, as only an Oriental can curse, old Buldoo ran from his vantage point into the village above it. His yells to the villagers brought them tumbling from their huts—some still half asleep, and all still gorged from their gluttony of the morning. Quickly he told what he had seen, and was at once surrounded by an excited mob ; each man wished to hear more, and jabbered his questions so loudly that no one had the faintest chance, in the pandemonium, of hearing anything. At last, and with difficulty, the old man made them understand, and set about getting a party together with ropes and poles to give what help they could.

When he made his wishes known, the uproar broke out afresh, as each man protested he would not go to rob a man-eating panther of his kill. Finally, however, a rescue party was formed to search for the remains of the ekka and try to find the bodies of its driver and of the girl.

Down to the scene of the tragedy was not far by a foot-path from the village leading almost directly down the precipitous mountain side—it would have been impossible for a horse, but these hill-men travelled the like daily ; little more than a mile found them debouching on the road just below the spot they wanted, and here they were surprised to see the girl Sikri, making a painful way along the road towards the short cut they had come by. Noisily they surrounded her and demanded to know how she got there, and all the tale of it—she was frightened, and her clothing was much torn and very dusty. Clinging to her father, wailing and moaning half hysterically, half theatrically, she explained she was not badly hurt—only bruised while jumping from the ekka.

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Old Lalaji had fallen asleep, she said, and she had started talking to the driver of the ekka; when the pony shied she looked up and saw the panther peering from some scrub above the road, recognizing him at once from some recently circulated description of a man-eater, she guessed he had come to kill and would not go without doing so. She screamed as the panther made his charge, and pushed Lalaji from the ekka towards the beast. "Ohe, my father," she wailed, "be not angry with thy daughter, for the reason that Lalaji was old and fat, and it was easy to do. I gave him to the leopard; assuredly, had I not done so, the beast, which was hungry, would have leaped upon us, and thus should we all have perished."

Realizing that the plunging pony was diving over the precipice, the girl had leaped from the ekka and found herself against some small trees just below the road. Lying there in hiding, she heard the panther worrying his kill, and, at last, remove it; not until she heard the shouts of the relief party on the short-cut did she dare to emerge from her concealment. . . . She did not know where the ekka driver was. . . . She did not know where the panther was, she had heard Lalaji scream, but she did not know where he was either. . . .

To the jungle-bred men who heard the girl her tale was as plain as if they had witnessed the occurrence with her. They had heard of a panther, and there could be no doubt that this was the same beast—one that had been heard of last at a village near Almora, sixty miles away, five days ago. He was notorious, and his description was known for many leagues. The girl had seen scars on his mask and shoulder, and they themselves saw from his tracks that he was lame. They knew he never left a neighbourhood until it became too hot to hold him, and that he killed every two or three days if he could. His advent laid a siege to their village unless they could drive him away. This, however, they despaired of doing; the situation was serious.

Buldoo, the shikarri in him now uppermost, listened quietly to the talk the girl's story caused; he knew nothing could be done with these men until their first consternation left them. They turned to him at last and asked him, as a professional hunter, for a plan of action.

"We be but ten men," he replied, "and unarmed; we can do nothing now. The panther will as yet be on his kill, and may not be disturbed. Later he will sleep, and we may approach him more safely. Now we shall do other

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things. Thou, Lalloo, art young and brave, and know well the lore of the jungle; stop with me, for presently we must find the lair of the panther. Thou, and thou, and thou," pointing, " go you three down the khud and find the body of the ekka driver; you will be safe, for the panther is above the road, not below it; he will go north to the nullah later, so you may also return to Bhowali in safety. Thou, Ganga Datt, return with the rest to the village, taking this child of mine to my house; then go thou to Kishen Singh, the headman, and inform him of all the tale and of the doings of Buldoo, the shikarri; say, also, to Kishen Singh that he must find another to go with thee to the Sahib and thereby shall he please the Sahib. When thou hast been and told thy companion, take food for two days and go quickly to Baheri, walking quickly all night, so that thou mayest come to Baheri early in the morning. There the Sahib will arrive before noon, and before he makes camp thou shalt deliver to him the message of Buldoo the shikarri. Tell the Sahib of all these happenings, and say to him that Buldoo the shikarri sends him news of fine hunting."

Having despatched the party on their various duties, Buldoo and his companion waited for an hour or more. By this time the sun was getting low, and they knew that, having eaten his fill, the panther would leave the kill for some sheltered corner where he would sleep most of the night; he would probably not return to the kill till early morning. They wished to find the corpse, also to locate the panther before his first and deepest sleep was finished.

Accordingly, they left the road, following quietly the easily-seen trail the beast had made when dragging his burden into the thicket. They found what they sought without difficulty, and, thence, tried to follow where the carnivore had gone on alone; this was not too easy, but the recent rains had not dried off so well here in the sheltered jungle, as they had in the exposed road, and the ground was fairly sodden still in places. This enabled them to follow the panther's pugs* to the mountain pool where he had drunk. Now, they decided, he could not be far off, so they looked rather for some likely place for him to lie than for any marks he might have left in his further passage. They decided he must be hidden in the dry nook they knew lay behind a certain thicket; leaving it at that, they retired to the village.

* Footmarks.

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To the headman, Kishen Singh, Buldoo announced his conclusions, and, having learned that his messenger to the Forest Officer had gone, would have retired forthwith to his hut. Kishen Singh, however, would not let him go until he had found out what Buldoo thought about the safety of the men working in the fields on the morrow with such a beast about. Buldoo thought it would be perfectly safe for the next day, and also until the present kill was nearly disposed of. The headman was nervous, and wished to drive the panther away ; this Buldoo would not hear of, and having reassured Kishen Singh on this point, he departed to see after his daughter, and, for it was by now evening, to eat.

Lalloo, his companion of the afternoon, joined Buldoo soon after the meal, and, together, they discussed their plans for the morrow. Mainly their idea was to keep the great leopard under observation—they were not afraid of him moving far for the next few days—so that, when the Forest Officer should arrive in answer to the shikarri's message, they would be able to show him not only the kill, but also the shelter where the beast was lying up.

Long before the first streak of dawn, according to the decisions arrived at the night before, Lalloo took first turn at watching the lair. He crept out from his hut and made his way from above to the bluff overhanging the thicket where they thought the beast lay. Watching here, just as it was beginning to lighten, he saw the panther go quietly to water at the pool, drink thirstily, and return to hiding.

Buldoo's turn at sentry duty started an hour or more later, and he relieved Lalloo at the vantage point ; having heard Lalloo's whispered report of the beast's doings he settled down to watch. He was, at the moment, thoroughly pleased with himself. He little doubted the Forest Officer would start forthwith on receiving his message ; the beast was so notorious a danger that the Government had offered no less than six hundred rupees reward for its hide, and Buldoo knew that he would get at least half of this from the Sahib, who cared much for the sport and had little need of the money. Musing thus of the Sahib, and of the sport they had had together for many years, Buldoo was astounded about an hour later by an infernal uproar on the line of the road. Instantly he knew it for what it was—the beginnings of a beat to drive game in the jungle. What puzzled him, however, was why it was started—it annoyed him too, for he saw his

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own reward vanishing into thin air if this din should drive the panther away. Surely the Sahib could not have arrived so soon! Besides, "his" Sahib was no fool, and would on no account start a drive like this without first finding out the lay of the land. Moreover, he, Buldoo, was on the best vantage point for miles, should it have been decided to move the panther; to shoot the beast the Sahib would need to be on this very spot. No, certainly it could not be the Forest Officer Sahib's arrangement. It must be some other Sahib, young in the jungle, who had heard by chance of the events of the past twenty-four hours; or, more probably, it was some silliness of that nervous fool, Kishen Singh.

Guessing that such a Sahib, if Sahib there were, must inevitably be behind him, old Buldoo suddenly awoke to the fact that his position on the commanding bluff was somewhat too exposed for comfort and safety. Rather than slip away to the side (and possibly be mistaken for the leopard in the process) and abandon his watch on his own shikar, he sought cover from the Sahib's rifle by slipping quietly over the lip of the bluff on to a steep ledge leading up from below. Here he proposed to await the outcome of the beat.

Although now thoroughly angry, he had to acknowledge the beat was being very well done. The din was terrific—the noisy imp in every Indian made him grin in spite of himself as he listened—clearly *this* was the nullah the beaters were in, and there were many men almost shoulder to shoulder; bushes crashed and swished with the impact of stones and sticks; every man was yelling at the top of his voice, each in a different key; tom-toms banged, empty cans "plunked" against trees or rattled with small stones, hollow bamboos "tonked" as they were bashed about; catcalls, shrieks, hoots, whistles filled the air; even the earth seemed to shake as occasional rock-blasting bombs were let off. The whole line of hideous sound drew steadily and slowly nearer.

Buldoo began to wonder when the beast beneath him would respond to all this. The line of beaters was but thirty yards away when the bushes beneath him waved as the big body passed between their stems. He saw the ugly scarred head peep from their further edge, searching for the cause of the uproar. Then, boldly taking to the open, the beast dashed across the stream seeking a way of escape. Apparently the beaters were already at the foot of the cliff on that side, for he turned and rushed back. Buldoo heard him trying to

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claw his way up the slippery rocks of the waterfall as the first beaters came in sight.

Fearing that the din would drive off the game, Buldoo screamed to the beaters to stop the noise, but they could not hear him ; gesticulating with his heavy lathi he tried to make them understand. Suddenly, hearing a snarl almost at his feet, he saw the panther clawing up the cleft to which he clung. Buldoo knew the animal to be terrified by the noise, mad to get away. To save himself he smote at the head so close to him, and missed it ; the weight of the heavy stick toppled him from his precarious foothold right on to the beast. His impetus swept it from the narrow ledge, and, rolling over and over together, they landed on a rock below with a bump that shook even Buldoo, cushioned though he was by the panther's body. To this he owed his life, for before the panther could recover from the impact, he set about belabouring it with the lathi. A lucky stroke on the loin broke its back and crippled it, almost before it had attacked him. Smiting still he smashed the skull, and the fight was over.

* * * * *

How the Forest Officer rode forty miles in three hours, hoping himself to shoot the man-eater, and what he said when presented to the mass of pounded skin and broken bones that had been his quarry, is told with smiles in many Indian clubs to this day. It is to be recorded to his credit as a sportsman, however, that on hearing the tale of the killing he was genuinely pleased to sign an order on the local Treasury for the reward earned by his shikarri.

Sikri is now wedded near home, and the old man is a comfortable pensioner on the riches of Lalaji. He grows fat and lazy, loving his grandchildren ; loving also the importance due to repeated tellings of his prowess, which grows greater almost daily. His story now is an example in the art of exaggeration. To the doubting he proves his words by pointing to two fat bullocks actually bought with the reward.

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# THE BRITISH FIGHTING FORCES AND JAPAN

By Captain M. D. Kennedy.

THE history of Anglo-Japanese relations falls naturally into three sections. The first of these may be called the pre-Restoration period—that is to say, the period prior to the overthrow of the Shogunate by the Mikado's forces in 1868, which resulted in the reinstatement of the Emperor as the supreme ruler of Japan. During the last few years of this period, British naval and military units were brought into direct contact with the country of their future ally, though the close relations thus established were mainly of an hostile or semi-hostile nature.

The second section, which extended from the time of the Restoration up to the year 1902, when the Anglo-Japanese Alliance came into force, was the logical outcome of the first, for out of the hostilities of the pre-Restoration period there arose a spirit of mutually healthy respect for each other's courage and fighting qualities, which had not a little to do with Japan's decision to invite Great Britain to accept her as a pupil in the study of naval science and training. During this second period, therefore, an ever-increasing friendship took the place of the former hostilities, and nowhere was this more pronounced than in the close and cordial relations which grew up between the two navies.

The third and last section of the history of Anglo-Japanese relations dates from the year 1902, and continues to the present time. It may, therefore, be called the Alliance period, for it covers the twenty years during which that treaty was in operation, and, although the Alliance has now been terminated, the spirit engendered during the years of its existence still remains a potent factor in the relations between the two Powers. Japan was already emerging from the pupil stage when this last period opened, and throughout its course the two navies have co-operated as friends and equals, and have extended mutual help and assistance to each other.

So far as the British fighting services are concerned, it may be said, in brief, that the navy has been closely connected with Japan throughout all three stages, whilst army relations have been mainly confined to the last few years of

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the pre-Restoration period, and to the Tsingtao and Siberian campaigns in the last section. The youngest Service, the Royal Air Force, is connected only with the last period, Colonel Sempill's naval aviation mission to Japan being the principle link in Anglo-Japanese aerial relations.

Much could be written about the connections of the three British Services with Japan. Especially is this true of Anglo-Japanese naval relations. The necessity of confining the history of these connections within the limits of a magazine article, however, makes it impossible to narrate more than the chief outstanding events.

As far back as the opening days of the 17th century British methods of shipbuilding had been introduced into Japan by Will Adams, the first Englishman to land in the country. Wrecked off the coast of Kyushu in a Dutch vessel, he was, after a term of imprisonment, taken under the patronage of the great Iyeyasu, who set him the task of instructing the native craftsmen in the art of shipbuilding, and used him as his naval adviser. Great success attended this venture; but, with the policy of seclusion which was enforced a few years later, it came to an untimely end. Nearly two and a half centuries had to elapse before it was revived once more.

It is, however, of interest to note that the first Japanese embassy to Europe—Date Masamune's famous mission to Rome—was conveyed there by a vessel built at Sendai in 1613 under the supervision of Will Adams himself. This is all the more noteworthy by virtue of the fact that although 250 years went by before another Japanese mission was sent to Europe, the ship in which it sailed was also of English construction, being in fact a British warship, the frigate *Odin*, under the command of Lord John Hay. That was in 1862.

It is unnecessary to recall the reasons actuating the Tokugawa Shogunate in their decision to cut off their country from communication with the outside world, as the facts are too well known to require reiterating. It does not, however, seem to be so well known that during the period of Japan's self-imposed seclusion, the British Navy established at least one close connection with the land of the Mikado. This was in the year 1808, when H.M.S. *Phaeton*, " . . . a crack ship, one of four frigates known as the Saucy Channel Four," created a quite uncalled-for panic in Nagasaki by its unexpected

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and undesired arrival there in September of that year. A full description of this incident is to be found in an ancient Japanese pamphlet entitled " History of the Outrage of Anglians at Nagasaki," a summarised translation of which appears in Vol. VII, Part IV, of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan under the date May 13th, 1879. Briefly, the facts were as follows :—

The Dutch, who were, at that time, the only western traders allowed in Japan, used to send one or two vessels filled with merchandise to Nagasaki each year. Early in 1808 H.M.S. *Phaeton* was sent from England to Bengal, where, on arrival, her commander learned that two Dutch merchantmen had sailed for Japan on the annual visit. As England and Holland were then at war, the *Phaeton* at once set off in pursuit, hoping to overhaul and capture them before they reached their destination. The attempt was unsuccessful, and the *Phaeton* reached Nagasaki without sighting her prey. On her approach being observed from shore, the local authorities mistook her at first for one of the Dutch vessels whose arrival they were awaiting. On learning their mistake they determined to forbid her entry. A boat containing some of the local officials and two Dutchmen as interpreters was sent out to demand her withdrawal, but before they had time to realize what was happening, the two Dutchmen were seized by the men of the *Phaeton* and the Japanese had to return to shore without their interpreters, and without having carried out their intentions. On learning what had happened, great consternation arose in Nagasaki, and orders were issued for troops to assemble in order to ward off a possible invasion. At the same time, " fire-junks " were prepared with the intention of trying to destroy the *Phaeton*.

As a matter of fact the English warship had no hostile intentions, and its only desire was to obtain water and provisions for the return voyage. One of the Dutch captives was sent ashore to explain mattters, and, as the request was at first rejected, the commander threatened to destroy all the Japanese vessels in the harbour unless the authorities carried out his wishes in this respect. The demands were fulfilled eventually, as, with the exception of the Governor of Nagasaki and a few of his closest attendants, the local authorities on this occasion showed up very badly, as they were too scared of what might happen if they tried to oppose the foreign intruder.

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The Governor himself, who had done his best to urge his subordinates to assist in driving off the presumed invaders, felt the shame so deeply that he took his life. The discovery of what he had done is described by one of his attendants as under :—

" In front of the image of the guardian god, and close under the hedge, I found that he had spread a carpet, seated on which he had made a long, narrow wound below his navel, and had then thrust the dagger through his throat up to the hilt."

To this description he, like a true connoisseur, appended the quite matter-of-fact comment " It was a magnificent *harakiri !* "

Subsequently, when the cowardice of the other officials became known to the Tycoon, they were all ordered to follow the example of the Governor and disembowel themselves, an order which, it seems, was carried out without demur.

Many British warships have visited Japan since that occasion, and some of the earlier visits resulted in a fair amount of blood-letting ; but this little-known first visit and its sequel are probably unequalled in dramatic effect. Nevertheless, it is perhaps not out of place to recall that, just as the first arrival of an English warship to this country resulted in the self-inflicted death of a number of Japanese, so also did the decision of the Crown Prince to visit England, more than a century later and barely five years ago, result in the threat of an even larger number of Japanese to take their own lives by way of protest.

Nearly fifty years were to pass before a British warship again appeared in Japanese home waters. This was in 1854, when Admiral Stirling arrived off Uraga in his flagship and obtained an agreement from the Japanese authorities, similar to the one given to the American Commodore Perry a few months previously, promising kindness and assistance to British subjects wrecked on the coast, and opening certain specified ports to British trade. This was followed four years later, in 1858, just fifty years after the *Phaeton* incident, by the arrival of H.M.S. *Furious*, under the command of Captain Sherard Osborn, and H.M.S. *Retribution*, bringing Lord Elgin's mission for the purpose of concluding a treaty of commerce and amity between Britain and Japan, similar to the one that had just been made by Townsend Harris

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between the Tycoon and the President of the United States of America.

These, the first attempts on the part of Great Britain to induce Japan to give up her policy of isolation, marked the commencement of an unbroken series of Anglo-Japanese naval connections, which, as much as anything else, served to bring the two countries together in such a way as to culminate in the unprecedented spectacle of a close alliance between a great Western and a great Eastern Power.

Lord Elgin brought with him a steam yacht as a present from Queen Victoria to the Emperor, and a few months later Japan purchased the British screw-frigate *Malacca*, renaming it *Tsukuba*. This gift and this purchase are of interest, in that the vessels in question were the first two British ships to form part of the Japanese embryo navy. From that time onward, however, her purchases from, and direct connections with, the British Navy increased gradually but steadily.

The next naval visit of note was the arrival of H.M.S. *Samson* in June, 1859, conveying Mr. (the late Sir) Rutherford Alcock as Britain's first Minister to Japan. His task was not an easy one, and, moreover, he soon found that the post to which he had been appointed was one fraught with danger. Many Japanese patriots of those days felt it their duty to rid their country of all these " western barbarians," who had forced their unwanted presence upon the land of their fathers, and numbers of attacks were made—some of them successfully—on the lives of foreigners of all nationalities.

Count Mouravieff Amoorsky, the Russian Governor of Siberia, who arrived in Japan about the same time as Mr. Alcock, realized the danger to be apprehended, and, on taking up his residence in the country, landed with a guard of 300 men fully armed and equipped ; but although Alcock had made repeated requests for an armed guard at the Legation, and for an adequate naval force within hail, in case of need, his petitions had gone unheeded, as " . . . no vessels could be spared " at the time, and his forebodings were considered unjustified.* As is generally the case in such instances, however, the man on the spot is the best man to judge, and his fears were wellfounded, though it required an attack on the British Legation, involving loss of life, before he gained his point and was enabled to bring home the truth of his assertions. This took place on July 4th, 1861, and an urgent

* " The Capital of the Tycoon," by Sir Rutherford Alcock.

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request for help was thereupon sent to H.M.S. *Ringdove*, which was anchored off Yokohama at the time. In answer to this call for aid, Captain Craigie, the commander, brought the vessel up to Yedo (the present Tokyo) and landed a party of twenty picked men to protect the Legation against further assaults.

Subsequently, a Legation Guard consisting of sixty-eight marines and twelve men of the Military Train was appointed, and, when the Legation was attacked for a second time in the following year, they proved their ability to perform the duties allotted to them, though the corporal of the guard and a marine lost their lives as a result of the attack.

Barely two months later an event which led to the bombardment of a Japanese city by British warships took place. This was the murder of an English merchant named Richardson, who was cut down by *samurai* of the Satsuma clan for his refusal to dismount from his horse on meeting their Prince's entourage.

The case of the two marines who had lost their lives during the attack on the Legation a short time before was still pending, and the occurrence of this latest murder added yet another to the number of outrages for which the Japanese authorities had to make atonement.

The Central Government, however, was powerless to exact vengeance on the murderers, or to make adequate compensation. Accordingly, after nearly a year of haggling and procrastination on the part of the Shogunate authorities, Great Britain was forced to take matters into her own hands.

On August 8th, 1863, Admiral Kuper, Commander-in-Chief of the British China Squadron, who had come up to Yokohama from Hong-Kong in his flagship, the frigate *Euryalus*, a short time before, set sail for Kagoshima, the headquarters of the Prince of Satsuma, accompanied by the gunboats *Racehorse*, *Coquette*, and *Havoc*, the corvette *Pearl*, the sloop *Perseus*, and the paddle sloop *Argus*.

On arrival at Kagoshima, a final attempt was made to obtain compensation for Richardson's murder, but as negotiations still proved fruitless, forcible measures were adopted.

Three vessels belonging to the Prince of Satsuma were seized as hostages, and whilst arrangements were being made for their towage, a typhoon, that had been threatening for some hours, broke. Thinking that the storm was in their favour, the Japanese shore batteries thereupon opened fire

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on the British squadron. Kuper, therefore, ordered the hostage vessels to be set on fire and cast adrift, as they hampered the movements of his ships.

The action that followed was carried out at short range. Both sides fought well and suffered heavily, the total British casualties amounting to 63, of whom 13 were killed, including Captain Joslin of the flagship and Commander Wilmott, both of whom met their death by the same shot.

This action between British and Japanese forces at Kagoshima was destined to have far-reaching results, not the least of which was the fact that out of these hostilities there arose a mutual respect, and, on the part of the Japanese, an appreciation of the value of sea-power. The efficiency of the British ships on this occasion made a great impression on the Japanese, who, having come to realize the value of a strong naval force, decided to seek efficiency from the same source; " . . . under circumstances," as Admiral Ballard, in his " Influence of the Sea on Japan," puts it, " . . . which shed an instructive and creditable light on the Japanese national character, exhibiting as they do a frank acceptance of defeat, coupled with an absence of any trace of animosity towards their vanquishers."

When, subsequently, the Prince of Satsuma made reparation for the murder of Richardson by his retainers, his representatives requested that " . . . as a token of the re-establishment of peaceful and friendly relations, the British Minister would represent to his Government the desire of their chief to purchase a war vessel in England, which the Minister promised to do, and, in his despatch, referred to the ' good humour ' which had marked the proceedings."

Little could it have been foreseen that the murder of an English merchant by a handful of Japanese *samurai* would be the indirect means of bringing the two countries together, especially in naval matters, though there is no denying that it did so. However, just as France, despite her defeat by Prussia, was requested to help in the foundation of the Japanese Army before Germany was brought in as the model, so also, in the case of the Japanese Navy, French instructors were obtained before Britain was accepted as the model. Within a year of the battle of Kagoshima, M. Léon Roches, the French Minister, had obtained the services of a French naval mission to come to Japan, and it was not until 1867 that the French instructors were replaced by British. Even



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then the change was only temporary, as the mission—which was headed by Commander (late Admiral-of-the-Fleet Sir Arthur K. Wilson), a Staff Commander, a Chief Engineer, and one or two petty officers—had only been in Japan a short time when the Restoration war broke out, and the mission was forced to return to England.

There were, however, some features of particular interest in this first official mission, not the least of which was the fact that, according to what Lord Redesdale tells us in his memoirs, it was born of personal jealousy between M. Roches and Sir Harry Parkes, the Ministers of France and Great Britain respectively. The former conceived the idea of helping Japan, and at the same time pushing his own country's interests, by inducing the Shogunate to launch a grandiose scheme for the construction of dockyards and arsenals, and for the training of naval and military forces under French supervision. Sir Harry Parkes, who was not on very good terms with his French colleague, was furious when he learned of what was contemplated, and swore to beat him at his own game. The outcome of this personal antipathy was the arrival of the British naval mission three years later.

It was shortly before the battle of Kagoshima that a British line regiment was sent to Japan for the first time. This was the 2/20th Foot (Lancashire Fusiliers), which, on account of the increasing anti-foreign spirit in Japan, was sent to Yokohama from Hong-Kong to safeguard the lives and property of British residents there; and during the next seven years Yokohama was garrisoned by British troops, the regiments which saw service there being, in addition to the 2/20th Foot, the 2/9th (Norfolks), 1/10th (Lincolns), 2/11th (Devons) and 67th Foot (2nd Hampshires). Small detachments of artillery, engineers, and military train were also sent to Japan on duty during this period.

The 2/20th had not been in the country long when they suffered the loss of two of their officers, Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird, who, while on a visit to Kamakura, were attacked and killed by two *samurai*, who considered they were helping their country by ridding it of unwanted foreigners. The murderers, however, were caught subsequently and executed by the Japanese authorities.

This was not the only loss suffered by the 2/20th while in Japan. Another officer, Captain Vereker, died of small-pox, and about 40 other ranks died of cholera, the disease

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having broken out in the regiment shortly before leaving Hong-Kong.

Apart from these losses, the 2/20th appear to have had an interesting time in Japan, and formed many friendships with the Japanese themselves. Amongst other incidents recorded in the history of their doings during this period is a review of the troops forming the Yokohama garrison. This took place in October, 1864, and was held with the object of impressing the Japanese with a sense of British power, and also in order to strengthen the Shogunate Government and to encourage the clans which were favourably disposed towards us. Detachments of the 67th and the 2nd Baluchis and a half battery of artillery also took part in this review. This gunner unit, it is of interest to note, had been raised in Japan from the ranks of the 2/20th Foot—a gunner officer, Lieutenant Hutchinson, taking charge of their training.

This battalion of the 2/20th Foot received high commendation for its work while in Japan, and it is said to be one of their boasts that the Japanese Army was born on their parade ground. Although this must not be taken too literally, there is little doubt that their good discipline and high state of efficiency did much to impress the Japanese and make them desirous of raising a modernized army of their own. Certain it is, that it was about this time that the Shogunate and some of the more powerful clans started to train and equip their armed forces on modern lines. It is, moreover, of no small interest to note that the Crown Prince of Japan, during his visit to England in 1921, inspected a guard of honour provided for him by this regiment, and reference was made to the connection between it and the Japanese Army in a speech of congratulation made to him by the Secretary of State for War on the occasion of the Prince's appointment as a general in the British Army.

Before proceeding further, however, it is necessary to turn back to the year 1864, when an allied fleet of nine British, three French, one American, and four Dutch warships were called upon to bombard the town of Shimonoseki as a punitive measure against the Choshu clan, which had closed the straits and fired on foreign merchant vessels attempting to pass through them.

After a preliminary reconnaissance on the morning of September 4th, Admiral Kuper, in the *Euryalus*, made the signal to engage the enemy, whereupon the whole allied



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squadron steamed in at full speed to their allotted positions, opening fire as they took them up.

The forts returned the fire with great spirit, the Choshu men putting up a strong and courageous defence; but their weapons were no match for western armaments, and most of their batteries had been destroyed or put out of action by nightfall, when a landing party was sent ashore and drove the gunners from one of the forts and spiked all its fourteen guns.*

Further fighting took place next day, and, after heavy losses had been inflicted by both sides, a general landing from the British, French, and Dutch vessels finally resulted in a victory for the Allied squadron.

The lesson taught by this action on the part of the Treaty Powers was not lost on the Japanese. It is well summed up by Adams in his "History of Japan," in which it is written :—

"As after the affair of Kagoshima, so it was after that of Shimonoseki. As the former opened the eyes of the Satsuma clan to the superior power of foreigners, and turned their hostility into overtures of friendship, so it was now with the Choshu clan, and thus two of the most determined enemies of foreign intercourse were won over to our side."

The actions at Kagoshima and Shimonoseki were therefore the beginning of the end of the anti-foreign movement in Japan, and led up to the policy of seeking the help of the western nations in mastering modern scientific methods. Not least of these was the study of naval defence with Great Britain as the model, for, as the Shogun—in a final appeal to the Emperor to append his signature to the treaties already existing between Japan and the foreign Powers—wrote:

"To provoke war in our unprepared state would be very dangerous, and even if we were victorious for a time, a land such as ours, which is entirely surrounded by the sea, would be constantly exposed to attacks on every quarter, involving a continual state of war and great misery."

This appeal was made in 1865, and was largely dictated by the presence of a strong international squadron, including a number of British warships, anchored off Kobe, the port which lay nearest to the Mikado's capital of Kyoto.

* Black's "Young Japan" contains a full account of this action, written by witnesses of it.

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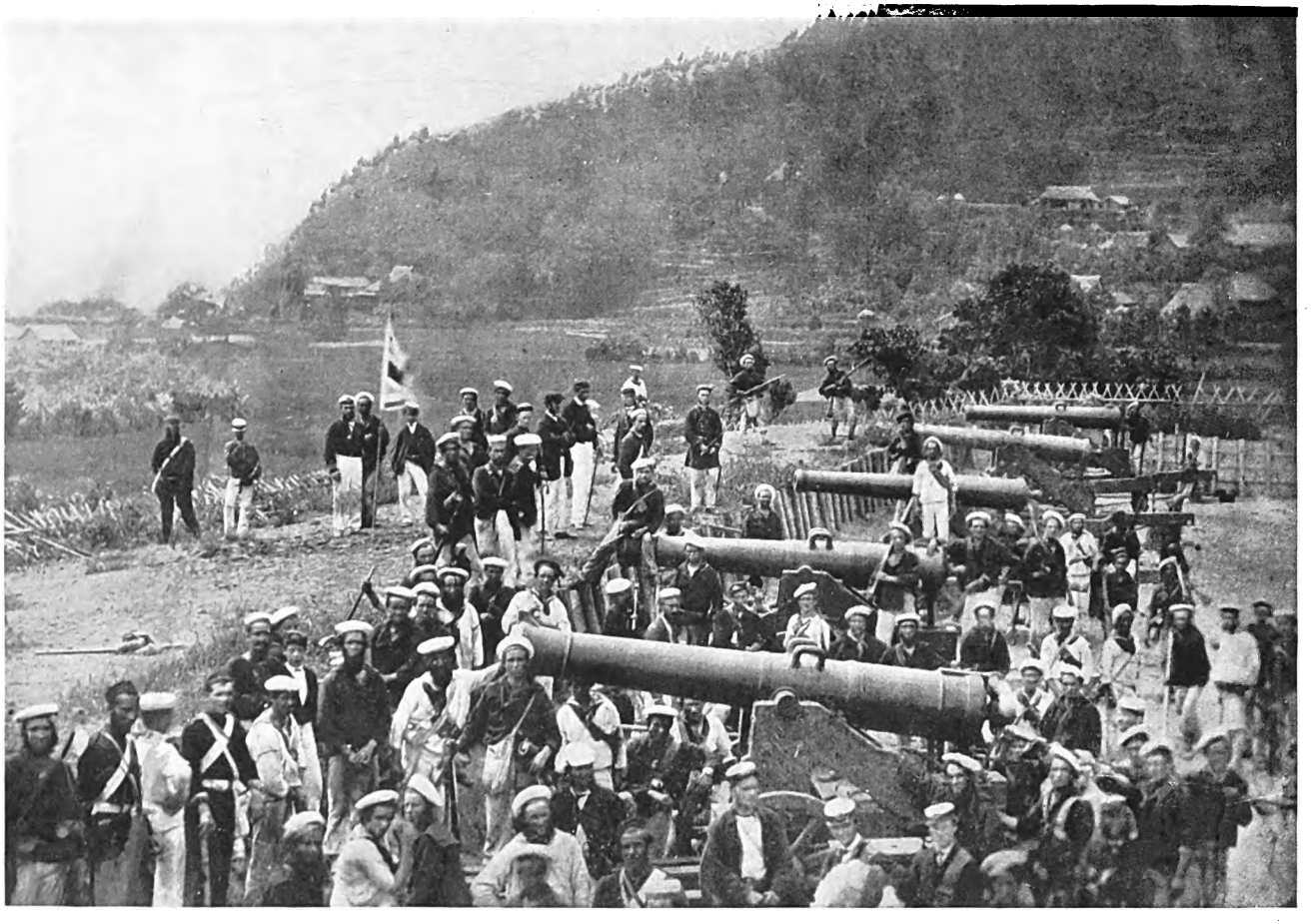

[*By courtesy of the "Asahigraph" of Tokyo.*

**BRITISH FIGHTING FORCES AND JAPAN.**

**Occupation of one of the Shimonoseki Forts by British Marines after their capture of it in 1864.**

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The British ships which took part in this display of force were the *Princess Royal*—" a noble two-decker of seventy-three guns "—with Sir Harry Parkes on board, the *Pelorus*, *Leopard*, and *Argus*, and the gunboat *Bouncer*. This naval demonstration proved effective, and helped to bring about a turning point in Japanese history, for it established the fact—hitherto disregarded—that the Emperor, and not the Tycoon, was the true head of the state ; it also led to the abolition of the Shogunate and the restoration of the monarchy three years later.

In the spring of the following year (1866) there occurred an incident which, though small in itself, was an indication that Anglo-Japanese naval and military relations—hitherto hostile, or at best, merely formal—were veering towards that close friendship and co-operation which finally, thirty-six years later, led to the Alliance. On March 21st, that year, Japanese and British troops paraded together for the first time in history, and afterwards carried out a route march followed by a sham fight. To the British infantry and artillery units which took part in this event was added a party form H.M.S. *Pelorus*, with one gun, whilst the Japanese detachment consisted of about 800 infantrymen. Amongst the official spectators were Sir Harry Parkes, the Japanese Governor of Kanagawa, and Captain Haswell, R.N.

A few months after holding this parade, a visit, which served as yet another link in the chain of events leading up to the subsequent close naval relations between the two countries, was carried out by Sir Harry Parkes and Admiral King, who proceeded to Kagoshima in the *Princess Royal* accompanied by the *Serpent* and *Salamis*. This visit, which was made at the invitation of the Prince of Satsuma, was of a most cordial nature, their host treating them with the greatest friendship. Considering that only three years had elapsed since the bombardment of this very town by British ships, the sincerity of his greeting was all the more noteworthy, and brought out one of the best characteristics of the Japanese race, namely, their lack of ill-will towards former enemies—whether victors or vanquished—who have fought them squarely.

In connection with this visit it is well to bear in mind that the Satsuma clan, of which this prince was the chieftain, was destined to become the mainstay of the Japanese Navy as opposed to their rivals the Choshu clan, who to this day

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are regarded as the patrons—if one may be permitted to use the term in this sense—of the Army. The cordiality of the welcome extended to the British naval and diplomatic representatives by the Satsuma clan and their Prince on this occasion was, therefore, of particular significance in the light of subsequent events, and it will be recalled that, bearing these circumstances in mind, the Prince of Wales, when visiting Japan in 1922, made a special trip to Kagoshima at the invitation of the present Prince of Satsuma, and the grandson of the chieftain whose city had been bombarded by British ships fifty-nine years previously and who had given such a hearty welcome to the British Minister and his suite three years later.

A few months after the visit of Sir Harry Parkes to Kagoshima, British naval units were landed at Yokohama to help in putting out a fire which destroyed a large portion of that city on November 26th, 1866. In this work they were ably assisted by the 2/9th Foot (Norfolks), though unfortunately a number of the men, after doing excellent work all day, got out of hand and started looting the " grog " shops and private cellars after the flames had been brought under control.

It is perhaps worth noting, in passing, that the next occasion on which British naval units were landed in Yokohama for assistance of a similar nature was in September, 1923, just after the Great Earthquake which levelled the city to the ground. During the intervening fifty odd years, however, Japan had changed from a mediæval state of but little importance to the outside world to the status of a first-class Power, and one of the greatest factors in bringing about this extraordinary metamorphosis was, undoubtedly, her Navy, whose strength and efficiency was not a little due to the early upbringing under its British foster-parent.

By the end of 1866, when the great fire broke out at Yokohama, Modern Japan was already nearing its birth-throes ; but although the final upheaval, which was to bring about such immense changes, was drawing near, the year 1867 passed in comparative peace, though it was but the calm that so often precedes the storm.

The first real clash in the fighting which was to bring about the overthrow of the Shogunate and restore the Emperor to power took place in January, 1868, and, during the fighting that followed, British naval, military, and marine units were called upon to guard their countrymen from attack.

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At the time of the outbreak Sir Harry Parkes, the British Minister, was in Osaka with a detachment of the 9th Foot as escort, but owing to the state of anarchy into which the city was thrown, the whole Legation Staff had to leave for Kobe, taking the archives with them. There they came into conflict with a Japanese force about 750 strong belonging to the Bizen clan, but with the assistance of landing parties from H.M.S. *Ocean* and detachments of French and American marines the Japanese were routed, and three antiquated guns and some baggage were captured.

Strong protests were made by the foreign diplomatic representatives against the way in which the Bizen soldiers had precipitated matters by firing on all foreigners whom they met, and condign punishment was threatened if full reparation was not given. Happily, however, it was unnecessary to carry out the threat, as an imperial envoy arrived a few days later to inform the ministers of the foreign Powers that the Shogunate Government had been replaced by the Emperor, who guaranteed to protect the lives, property, and rights of all foreigners.

The envoy was as good as his word, and, although a few more unfortunate incidents took place subsequently, this proved to be the last occasion on which British naval units were obliged to take active measures for the protection of their countrymen in Japan.

It may be mentioned in passing, however, that the leader of the Bizen men was made to atone for his crime subsequently by committing *hara-kiri*—a sentence of death which affords an interesting comparison with the similar punishment meted out just sixty years previously on the officials at Nagasaki after the visit of the British warship *Phaeton*. The Bizen officer was compelled to take his life for attacking foreigners, whereas the Nagasaki officials in 1808 were ordered to kill themselves for failing to do so !

This complete reversal of the reasons actuating the delivery of identical judgments is an interesting commentary on the change that had been effected in so short a time, and in so far as the subject matter of the present article is concerned, the self-inflicted death of the Bizen officer may be said to have closed an important chapter in the history of Anglo-Japanese naval relations and heralded the opening of an entirely new set of circumstances.

A few more years, however, had to pass before it was

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considered safe to withdraw all naval and military protection from Japan, and one further anti-British outrage was to be carried out before this took place.

About a month after the Bizen affair, Sir Harry Parkes had to go to Kyoto for a formal audience with the Emperor, and once more took an escort of the 9th Foot with him. On the way to the palace two fanatical Japanese suddenly made an onslaught on the procession. The attack was so unexpected that nine out of the eleven Japanese who formed the mounted escort at the head of the procession, and one soldier of the 9th Foot, were wounded before the rest of the escort were able to check the assailants. Amongst the Japanese who were conspicuous in saving the British Minister's life on this occasion were the late Count Goto and Nakai Kozo, both of whom subsequently received swords from Queen Victoria in recognition of their courageous behaviour. In later years Nakai Kozo's daughter, it is interesting to note, became the wife of Premier Hara, who, it will be remembered, was assassinated at Tokyo station in 1921, on the eve of the Washington Conference.

It was shortly after the Kyoto incident that the 9th Foot were relieved by the 10th (Lincolns), who were destined to be the last British military unit stationed in Japan. They left for home three years later, and the detachment of marines which then took their place was withdrawn soon after. Since that time no foreign naval or military units have been stationed in any part of the country. With the exception of Kublai Khan's Mongol invaders, who were quickly driven out of the country, no foreign troops have ever succeeded in invading Japan. Britain and France, therefore, hold the unique distinction of being the only two nations which have had units of their land forces actually living in the country, although America kept a small detachment of marines at Yokohama for a short time.

The withdrawal of British armed forces from Japan in the early 'seventies marked the end of the hostile and semi-hostile period of Anglo-Japanese relations, and the arrival of a British naval mission under Commander (the late Vice-Admiral Sir) Archibald Douglas, in 1873, ushered in the second phase in these relations—a period during which the foundations of the present day Japanese Navy were laid under the supervision of British instructors and advisers, whilst Anglo-Japanese friendship was fostered and the future close

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co-operation between the two countries began to assume definite shape.

As far back as the year 1860, when a small British squadron under Rear-Admiral Jones had been sent to Japan on a short visit, Japanese officials, after seeing these ships, had expressed a desire " to purchase some of our largest frigates." This fact is mentioned by the late Sir Rutherford Alcock in his " Capital of the Tycoon," a book published a year or two later. Commenting on this proposition, he shrewdly remarks that they would have been better advised to ask for instructors first, and later, after mastering the use of modern warships, buy the frigates. His reasoning was eminently sound, and this policy was, as we know, the one adopted by Japan subsequently.

Tracey's naval mission of 1867 was, as already shown, a failure, as the outbreak of the Restoration movement necessitated its return to England before having time to do anything ; but the second mission under Douglas met with great success, and for the next twenty years British officers were employed in one capacity or another in training and building up the Japanese Navy. Under the guidance of Douglas and his subordinates, the newly-founded Japanese Naval College was modelled on that of the British Gunnery School, and instruction, both practical and theoretical, was given in gunnery, navigation, tactics, and other essential subjects according to British methods.

Simultaneously, several promising young Japanese were being sent to England to study naval science, a number of them carrying out courses of instruction on British warships. Many of these young men rose to great distinction in later years, Togo, the vanquisher of the great Russian fleet at the battle of Tsushima, being amongst them. This early connection of the " Nelson of Japan " with England forms a naval link between the two countries of which both may well be proud.

By means of these visits to England and postings to British warships, combined with the work done by Douglas's mission during its six years in Japan, the newly-formed Japanese Navy gradually absorbed the traditions and reproduced many of the characteristics of its British foster parent, whilst the naval relations between the two countries became ever stronger and more cordial. This mutual bond of healthy respect and friendship was destined to become, and still remains, of inestimable benefit to both.

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British naval assistance to Japan was not, however, confined entirely to instruction in naval science. Even prior to the Restoration movement of 1868, several of the leading clans, as well as the Shogunate Government itself, had collected small, heterogeneous fleets of their own, the majority of the ships composing them being of British construction. Of a total of ninety-three owned at that time by the various clans, fifty-seven were built in British yards, whilst fifteen out of forty-five of the Government vessels had been purchased in England.

After the Restoration the proportion of warships bought from Great Britain or built under British supervision increased still more, and the Japanese fleets which played so great a part subsequently in the defeat first of China, and, ten years later, of Russia, were composed largely of British-built ships.

Lack of space unfortunately forbids any detailed description of this period during which, under British supervision, the Japanese Navy of to-day gradually emerged from little more than a fishing fleet; but it may be noted that when Captain John Ingles, the last British Naval Adviser to Japan, returned to England in 1893, he "spoke in glowing terms of the scientific methods, sound seamanship, and splendid discipline of the young Navy."* His praises, however, were discounted by most people, as the change appeared to have been too sudden to be believable; but the war with China, which broke out the following year, proved the truth of his assertions.

The friendly attitude adopted by Great Britain on the conclusion of this war was in conspicuous contrast to that displayed by Russia, Germany, and France, who, by their combined efforts, robbed Japan of the fruits of victory. This victory proved to be the turning point in the second phase of Anglo-Japanese relations, and led to the third and last—a period marked by the closest friendship and co-operation between the two Powers. By her defeat of China and by the efficiency which her troops displayed four years later during the Boxer troubles, in co-operation with British and other military forces, Japan proved her ability to change from the role of pupil to that of fellow worker and equal; and in January, 1902, the world was informed that Great Britain and Japan had concluded an alliance. Subsequent events proved the wisdom of those statesmen who brought

* "Sea Power in the Pacific," by Hector Bywater, p. 139.

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it about, and there are not a few reasons for questioning the wisdom of those responsible for its termination twenty years later. This, however, is no place for controversy, and it only remains to record the main points of contact between the British and Japanese fighting forces during this last period of Anglo-Japanese relations.

Although Great Britain took no direct part in the defeat of Russia during the war of 1904-5, her moral support was invaluable to the Japanese, and the existence of the Alliance acted as a deterrent to France and Germany, either or both of whom might otherwise have stepped in on the side of Russia.

During the campaign a number of British military officers—amongst whom may be mentioned Field-Marshal Lord Nicholson and Sir Ian Hamilton—were attached to the Japanese forces in the field, and received special facilities for observing the operations, whilst Captain (the late Admiral Sir Ernest) Troubridge, Captain (now Admiral Sir William) Packenham, and Captain (now Admiral) Thomas Jackson served in Japanese warships at different stages of the campaign. The two last-named were the only foreign officers present at Togo's great victory over Rodjesventsky at the battle of Tsushima, and it is recorded of Sir William Packenham that, apart from the coolness and courage shown by him on this occasion, " . . . no British naval officer, since Nelson himself, had been so long at sea in time of war on a ship of war without setting foot on land."*

Though Japan gained much by our moral support, her defeat of Russia was of immense value to Great Britain, as it removed the long-standing threat to the Indian frontier—a matter of great military importance. The removal of the Russian bogey, however, was soon followed by the rise of the German menace in its place, and when the inevitable war broke out in 1914, Japan, though not bound by the new terms of the Alliance, which had been revised twice since 1902, to take an active part in the operations, decided at the very outset to give the most liberal interpretation to its clauses, and, after delivering an ultimatum which was rejected, declared war on Germany.

Unfortunately, the valuable naval assistance given by her during the war appears to be all too little recognized, but it is well summarized in a letter from Major-General W. H. Grey appearing in *The Spectator* of May 23rd, 1925.

* Winston Churchill in " The World Crisis," Vol. I, p. 86.

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As lack of space prohibits anything like a detailed account of the part played by the Japanese Navy during the war, this summary may be well quoted :—

1. 1914.—At the capture of Tsingtao : 2 battleships, 7 cruisers, 3 coastal defence ships, 1 gunboat, 12 destroyers.
2. 1914.—In pursuit of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisnau* : 2 battleships, 4 battle-cruisers, 7 cruisers, and 2 destroyers.
3. 1914.—Convoying Australian and New Zealand Forces : 1 battle-cruiser.
4. 1914.—Chasing the *Emden* : 2 battle-cruisers, 10 cruisers, and 4 destroyers.
5. 1915.—Two hundred and forty-seven Japanese bluejackets were landed to assist in suppressing the mutiny of the Indian regiment at Singapore.
6. 1917-18.—Patrolling the Mediterranean in the height of the submarine crisis : 2 cruisers and 12 destroyers, also 2 British destroyers and 2 British trawlers were manned by Japanese officers and men.
7. 1917.—Protecting trade route to South Africa : 2 cruisers.
8. 1917-18.—Three cruisers were sent to Australia and New Zealand to patrol those waters in co-operation with British men-o'-war.

In all these naval operations Japanese warships co-operated with the greatest loyalty and efficiency with the British, one particularly noteworthy instance of this being seen in the action of Admiral Sato and his destroyers in the Mediterranean. Unlike some of the other Allied units in those waters, the Japanese flotilla placed itself unreservedly under the orders of the British naval commander at Malta, much to the relief of that officer, who had feared the imposition of stipulations similar to those which had been made by the naval units of other allies.

In addition to Japan's naval assistance as summarized above, a certain number of Japanese naval officers served on British warships, and, just as there had been two British naval officers present at the battle of Tsushima, so also were two Japanese officers present at Jutland. One of these two, Commander Shimomura, lost his life when the *Queen Mary*

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was destroyed ; and here it may be mentioned that another Japanese officer also lost his life on a British warship. This was Commander Eto, who was killed at Scapa when the *Vanguard* blew up. A number of Japanese officers and men also lost their lives during the operations in the Mediterranean and whilst co-operating with the British at Tsingtao.

Unfortunately Anglo-Japanese military forces have never had the same opportunity of seeing each other at such good advantage as have the navies of the two countries. In the operations leading to the relief of the Peking Legations in 1900, the land forces of Great Britain and Japan were brought into personal contact in action against a common enemy for the first time—a military enterprise in which the Japanese showed themselves at their best, and won well-merited praise ; but there was very little real fighting. The next occasion on which they co-operated on active service was in the Tsingtao campaign of 1914 ; but it lasted less than three months, and the British force which participated in bringing about the surrender of this German fortress consisted of only one Line battalion and a small detachment of Sikhs. Unfortunate misunderstandings, which might well have disappeared if our own and the Japanese troops had been afforded an opportunity to see each other in really hard fighting, arose, and led to a certain amount of friction between the British and Japanese commanders.

Four years later, when British and Japanese troops were again thrown together against a common enemy, the campaign, which took place in Siberia, proved to be of a somewhat ill-conceived nature, with little or no real fighting, and the detachments of the various Allied nations which took part in it afforded but little co-operation with each other. Many of our men were of the C3 category, and although they did exceedingly well, considering that they were never intended for anything but garrison duties, the majority of Japanese, being blissfully unaware of this fact, took them to be representative of the British Regular Army—an error which hardly tended to enhance our military prestige in the Far East.

Colonel Repington tells us in his war diaries that the question of Japanese participation on the Western Front was, at one time, under discussion. The plan, however, fell through on account of the difficulty of supplying the necessary means of transport. If the suggestion could have materialized it would probably have helped considerably towards a better

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understanding between our two armies. The Japanese, having had no experience of warfare as fought on the Western Front, are apt to minimize our military abilities, whilst people in England are inclined to judge the Japanese from the point of view of our merchants in China, who, as a result of severe business competition, have but little good to say of them. If our respective armies had been able to fight side by side in France, it seems more than likely that each of our two countries would have come to appreciate the good qualities of the other in such a way as to bring about a better understanding and a closer bond of friendship than can ever be hoped for by any other means. In support of this contention, it is only necessary to point to the language-officer system under which, during the past twenty odd years, a total of some ninety officers of the British and Indian armies have been sent to Japan to study the language and carry out periods of attachment to Japanese military units, and a number of Japanese officers have been sent to England for a similar purpose. One of many advantages gained by this system is that it affords an opportunity for British and Japanese officers being thrown together in such a way as to give each a better understanding of the other and to engender a mutually healthy respect.

It should be added that the Admiralty has a somewhat similar system of sending naval officers to Japan for language study, though, except in a few special cases, posting to Japanese warships are not included in the course of instruction. The Air Ministry, however, has a system identical to that of the War Office, and Royal Air Force officers are now being sent to Japan on the same terms as the Army. This, and the dispatch of Colonel Sempill's aviation mission to Japan in 1921, are the two chief points of contact between the British and Japanese air services ; and in concluding this necessarily brief review of past relations between our own and the Japanese fighting forces, a few words must be said about this mission.

Towards the end of 1918 the Japanese Government approached Great Britain with a request for a military aviation mission to help in the organization and training of an efficient Air Force for their Army. Unfortunately we were unable to accede to their request, whereupon the French offered their services, which were gladly accepted. Some three years later, however, a semi-official British aviation mission was sent to Japan to carry out similar work for the Japanese Navy.

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The very efficient leader of this mission was the Master of Sempill, an officer who had performed good services during the war ; and by a curious coincidence the size and composition of the mission—all the members of which were ex-Service men—was the same as that of Commander Douglas's naval mission to Japan forty-eight years previously.

From all that has been written above it will be seen how close have been the connections between the British fighting forces and Japan. Although the Alliance is, unfortunately, now a thing of the past, there is no reason why the friendly co-operation born of it should not continue indefinitely to the benefit of both countries.

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# SURFEIT IN GAMES AND STARVATION IN STUDY

## AN INDIAN ARMY OFFICER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By F. M.

TIME devoted to and the importance attributed to the playing of all forms of games and sports in the Indian Army has so increased during the last few years that one may well stop and consider where and when a climax will be reached.

Games are now in most regiments not only organized, but form as much part of the week's programme as parades. They have their individual training and collective training season in a way similar to the other work of the battalion, and their scope of variety embrace from individual to inter-battalion competitions. But there is one element of which little or no account seems to be taken ; that is, time.

Let us take an average week in a sport's programme including the sports of the British officer. There will be no less than three hockey matches at which the British officer is expected to be either playing or refereeing. Another afternoon will be devoted to either running or football now that " soccer " is being advocated for Indian units (I am thinking more particularly of Punjabi regiments), polo two or three times a week if the regiment turns out a team, with tennis and golf to fulfil one's social obligations. Even then we have left out cricket, which in so many stations is a Sunday fixture, which means net practice during the week. In passing, it should be noted that in the Indian Army the presence of the British officer is as much required at games as it is on parade.

From the foregoing it is obvious that as long as daylight lasts the average British officer has to divide his time between parades, company office routine and sports. This in summer brings him to the end of his day at about 7.30 p.m., by which time he is very glad of half an hour's rest before returning to his bungalow to get into mess kit for dinner.

The one period of the day not accounted for is between tiffin and tea, and this, in the hot weather, should not be

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encroached upon, as health both mental and physical largely depends upon the amount of rest then obtained.

The cool season makes little difference to the programme as though the rest after tiffin is not so necessary, parades and office work take up the same amount of time, but start later, and the day ends earlier.

We have seen that the needs of all ranks in sports and games are more than catered for, but as we are considering the case of the British officer, let us see what time or provision is made for him to study. Before we strike out on this new line of thought we must know what exactly is understood by " study " and what value, if any, should be put on it.

Study, as I understand it, means not only reading the textbooks and manuals of one's own particular branch of the Service, but an opening of the mind to much broader and more varied subjects. Consideration of the problems of modern warfare which were evolved during the Great War ; the reading of campaigns with a view of seeing the principles of war illustrated ; the causes of victory and of defeat. These are officially advocated, but I would go farther. In the British service and in civilian life, from which we stand aloof, men who before the war were indifferent to politics and social questions, or who accepted what they were told with little criticism, have now been moved by the great social upheaval of the last ten years. They now ask and are encouraged to ask and reason for themselves. It is the essence of modern education, and their questions must be answered.

The world is getting smaller and smaller every day. We cannot afford to pass over events in China because she is at the other end of the globe, or look upon events in Morocco as trivial because the numbers involved are small. International questions, political moves, the meaning of Socialism, and above all, the machinations of Bolshevism, cannot be left to the so-called " ruling classes " to be solved and combatted. It is the duty of all citizens of a nation and particularly of a great Empire like ours, to try and grasp them.

For a British officer of an Indian regiment to do this is extremely difficult. Not only are questions political usually avoided by him, but tradition has always barred them from the mess. To a great extent, this attitude and state of stagnation continues to-day, and is likely to do so. For, unlike the British service, the Indian Army officer receives little, if any, mental stimulus from his men. They adopt to-day the same



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outlook on life as they did before the war ; their horizon is bounded by cattle and crops, rains and sunshine ; no social upheaval has come to disturb their lives.

How then are we to bring the British officer of the Indian service into line with the times ? If this question were applied to the learning of a new weapon or military exercise we would at once solve it by finding time for it in our programme of work. Why not then with our " study " for the British officer ? Why then should it not have a definite period in the weekly or monthly programme of work ? It requires time for execution and more time for preparation. Such time is available, unless we are to make a permanent fetish of sport, to which we sacrifice every spare moment.

One thing more is wanted before headway can be hoped for—the example of senior officers. It is on them the onus of choosing and preparing subjects will fall, the burden of giving lectures, instructing others how to lecture or of convening the less official or often more profitable pow-pow. The initial effort may be a strain, but it is surprising and gratifying how interest catches once a course of study has been properly started and officers in turn select their own subjects and give lectures.

On these lines we may hope to keep in touch with matters of Imperial and world-wide interest, and finding a sense of proportion between sport and study cease to run one to death at the expense of the other. Both and not one only, are necessary for the British officer of to-day.

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# A NEPALESE ARMOURY, KHATMANDU

By Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Kennion, C.I.E.

DURING a term of duty as British Envoy in Nepal, which recently came to an end, it had been one of my foremost desires to visit the famous Armoury. Through the kindness of His Highness the Prime Minister this became possible, and one afternoon in June we took our seats in the state barouche sent for our conveyance. As we started the sun was beating hot on our backs, but behind the Seopuri mountain a cloud was rising that looked ugly. The shady grounds left behind, the road skirted a stretch of emerald turf that—with clothes hung up to dry—reminded one vaguely of a village green at home. Then high walls, concealing gardens and white palaces owned by the Nepalese Princes, shut us in, till suddenly the stretch of the *Maidan* opened. It is the big parade ground of the country, and with its avenues, statues, and stone-built tanks must be one of the most picturesque in the world. From here one could see, and ever be conscious of, the vast Himalaya rising tier beyond tier to the Tibetan ranges, with Everest still undefeated, one of a thousand snowy peaks and massifs. The *Maidan* was, as usual, pullulating with khaki-clad battalions with guns and cavalry, all drilling very earnestly. Many of the units had but recently returned from service on the Indian Frontier, for in addition to providing for the enlistment for Gurkha battalions of the Indian Army, the Prime Minister of Nepal had lent their own splendid troops to the Government of India.

After following the main boulevard a little distance, our road turned and we rattled down the cobbled main street of Khatmandu, a city, as the name implies, " shaped like a sword." The parade ground, statues, and everything reminiscent of a European capital had suddenly gone, and we were in a bazaar fantastic as an opium-smoker's dreams. From the top of high columns brazen images look down over the crowded streets. We pass flagged courtyards with lion-guarded porches, giving entrance to heaven knows what mysteries. Temples, pagoda-shaped, with gold up-curved eaves and pilasters of intricately carved wood throw black



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shadows. On all sides you meet the stony or metallic eyes of beasts and men and semi-human *garuda* birds. Gods and devils, painted in blue and vermillion, prance obscenely on the temple walls. The trouble is to recognize which is which. Blue pigeons flash against the deeper blue of the sky and round the summit of a distant high column. The air is full of the clang of temple bells; it is also thick with smells. The principle smell is that of burning grease; another very important smell is that of fermented radishes (appropriately called *sinki*), others are more fragrant, but intelligible only to Nepalese nostrils.

It happened to be one of the many festivals observed in this country, and so the people in the high carved balconies overhanging the street shot streams of water over us as we passed. Our not unnatural indignation was a little assuaged by being told it was "for luck." Their aim was certainly good, and I daresay the water was fairly clean. Through the prescience of our coachman the carriage had been closed, so we escaped; not so he and his companion on the box and the footmen behind. They took their wetting unconcernedly, however, and never ceased to lacerate our ears by their loud, piercing and insistent, but strangely effectual, yells to clear the road.

The town behind us, a muddy road took us towards a conical hill crowned by a white temple whose golden roof glittered above a mass of dark trees. Our horses were breasting a steep slope when the gods above, all of a sudden, emulated the balcony folk, and, with thunder and lightning, sent down torrents of rain such as one rarely sees outside Nepal. The road soon looked like a river of mud, and half way up the hill our steaming, trembling horses came to a standstill. But the coachman would not hear our suggestion that we should turn round. His orders were to take us to the Armoury, and I think we should have been conveyed there even if we had had to swim the turgid Bishmatti river. The rain, however, ceased as suddenly as it began.

The building which, by the courtesy of the Prime Minister, we had come to see, lay at the further end of another *Maidan*, dominated by the aforesaid temple-topped hill of Shambunath, a famous and ancient Bhuddist shrine. We could see from the carriage window a steep stone staircase climbing the hill by thousands of steps, alive with ant-like streams of devotees, and caught glimpses of huge grey Bhuddas amongst the trees.

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At our destination a Gurkha guard from one of the Guards regiments presented arms with smartness that could hardly have been excelled at Buckingham Palace. These guardsmen are all selected big men, not the well-known " little Gurkhas " of the Indian Army.

The curator of the Armoury, a Nepalese gentleman of exquisite manners, acted as our cicerone, and led the way in. The white walls and sloping, red-tiled roof of the exterior had given little indication of the labyrinth of dimly lighted galleries and chambers in which we now found ourselves. There were three or four stories connected by ladder-like stairs, and from the noise our footsteps made we judged the whole of the interior to be made of timber. The walls were decorated from floor to ceiling with weapons, muskets of all shapes and sizes, bayonets, swords, scimitars, kukris, daggers, and pikes ; every conceivable instrument used in bygone days by a people whose normal occupation was war for shooting, cutting, spitting, jabbing, braining an enemy—all arranged in intricate geometrical patterns. However old each weapon was clean, blades bright, and the locks of firearms oiled and smooth-working as if for immediate business. The place of honour in the entrance hall was suitably given to Nepalese *kukris*, now famous all the world over. The writer has an admiration for the *kukri*. Compare it, for instance, with the Afghan knife. The latter is a horrid pointed thing, used underhand with an upward stab. But the Nepalese *kukri* is a cutting blade, and therefore a brave man's weapon. It is, moreover, something more than a heavy knife of beautiful curves ; it is rather a national emblem. Made of fine steel, strong, keen, unbendable, for the Gurkha it is a trusty friend in peace or war. One seldom sees a blade decorated, except, perhaps, with a small monogram or cypher incised in the steel. With no guard, plain, and unpretentious, it is what it seems to be. The Maharajah sometimes presents to his friends one of these national weapons in a scabbard enriched by beautifully figured gold. Draw it, and the blue steel, sharpened to a razor's edge, lies in your hand plain as a trooper's sword. What better emblem could a brave young nation have ?

Here were *kukris* of many shapes and sizes. There is a particular pattern used for executions. Our guide took one down and balanced it in his hand. " A man's head comes off very easily, very easily," he contemplatively remarked. The

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sacrificial decapitation of a buffalo at a single blow is no doubt less "easy," but it is commonly done. A Gurkha loves practising with his weapon, and a good man, it is said, will cut through a tree as thick as a man's arm and then take slices off the end no thicker than a cardboard.

Our attention was attracted by a long straight sword with double-waved edges. The curator took it from the wall and bent it round his waist till grip and point overlapped. "This," he said, "belonged to Matbar Singh." He was a Prime Minister who met a violent end before the rise of the great Jung Bahadur. A very strong man, this Matbar Singh. The gruesome story goes that in the King's bedchamber, where he had been summoned to be assassinated, his dying kicks were such as to break a beam. The weapon in question seemed to us to be of Indian rather than Nepalese origin, and was probably intended for ceremonial rather than business. There was here another big, straight, double-handed, two-edged sword very like those one sees in the Tower of London, as used in our country "in the brave days of old" for the defence of castle gateways and for keeping the bridge.

Next in our hands was an elephant goad, or *gujbar*, as it is called, in shape like a miniature halberd, damascened in gold—a perfect jewel. One could imagine "my lord the elephant," painted blue and scarlet, on his back a silver howdah bound with golden cords, in the howdah a jewelled Maharajah, fanned by peacock plumes, being proud to be hit with such a weapon. One might, perhaps, on the other hand, imagine the thoughts in his old scarred head going back to the bygone days before that fateful *keddah*, when standing knee-deep in water, his back plastered with mud, he spent the long day plucking up the wild rice.

Here is another find, a damascened battle-axe. We were examining it when our guide touched a spring in the weapon and there sprang out three daggers, the centre one shaped like a flame with waved edges. We adjudged it a very thorough-going instrument of war. "Feint cut one, press the spring, and point" was evidently the idea.

Through a long echoing gallery, walls aglint with muskets and bayonets, to a room devoted to flags and trophies captured by Nepalese troops during the Indian Mutiny. It gave us a shock to see the old Queen's colours in a foreign Armoury, albeit one of a very closely allied and friendly state. Among them we noticed the flags of the 8th Oudh Infantry, the 5th

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Infantry (Scindia's Contingent), and other regiments. One of the bright features in that lurid page of Indian history was the change that then took place in the relations between the Indian Government and the Gurkha State, before that none of the best. It was at a time when there had appeared no rift in the dark clouds that had gathered, and the Nepalese ruler was being urged on all sides to take a leading hand in the extermination of the Faranghi. How tempting a bait that was—for success would have left the Gurkhas masters of some of the richest provinces of India—only those who know their Indian history can appreciate. Whatever the motive force may have been, sagacity, patriotism or loyalty, does not matter. Rejecting the invitations of the Indian Princes and the counsels of his own court, Sir Jung Bahadur determined to throw the weight of his country's great prestige in India on the side of the Company, and he made an immediate offer of troops; even as did the present Prime Minister in a greater emergency. The help offered was not accepted till the tide had turned, but the Gurkha troops took part in the Relief of Lucknow, and fought well in the ensuing campaigns in Northern India. From that time has dated the friendship between great England and little Nepal. The camaraderie that exists between the Gurkha and the British soldier, and especially the Highlander, is well known. It is a short step from the sublime to the ridiculous. As an instance of the sincerest form of flattery, there was to be seen at Khatmandu for years after the Mutiny a band of pipes and drums in full Highland costume. It is even whispered that their dusky knees received a coat of whitewash!

An interesting relic of the Mutiny is a wonderful cabuchon emerald, now the centre stone in the heavy and dazzling head-dress worn—at the cost of a headache—by the Nepalese Prime Minister on state occasions. The big emerald was originally amongst the regalia of the Delhi Emperors. During the sack of the city by Nadir Shah, whose loot included the "peacock throne," and probably constituted a record for all time, it was successfully concealed. It seems, however, that the jewel did not escape the search of the raiding Mahrattas, as in 1857 it was in the hands of Dhundoo Punt, the Nana, otherwise known as the "Tiger of Bithoor," of infamous memory. At the time of retribution, the Nana escaped, and according to history books he perished in the feverish jungles of Nepal, but his wife obtained asylum in

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Khatmandu, and in return made a present of the big emerald to the Prime Minister.

In this chamber we saw the ancient triangular flag with the monkey god, Hanuman, in dim scarlet, under which the hill-men marched to their victories. Here were elephant's tusks in piles, and among them a huge bone of some gigantic fish. It probably struck some great man's imagination during his travels, and so the order was given and it was carried over the Nepalese passes on the shoulders of struggling porters till it reached this resting place in mid-Himalaya. When the geologists unearth it in some future age, one may imagine the discovery giving them something to think about.

So, to the next gallery, where we observed side by side a quaint revolver-rifle, a flint-lock blunderbuss damascened in gold, an English sword with ivory grip and silver lion-head pummel, *and* a really good meat carver and fork in case ! Surmise pointed to the latter having been acquired as the latest thing in English daggers, and from the point of view of efficiency, one might certainly have worse weapons to " dag " with. The blunderbuss was a specimen of the real old Damascus work, in which gold wire was hammered into the incised steel. In these days it is done in cheaper fashion.

Next a gloomy hall devoted to shooting trophies, stored rather than arranged. Rows and rows of uncouth rhinoceros skulls lay on the floor, stacks of skulls of buffalo, chital, sambhar, swamp and hog-deer, and among them many a notable head. Though the Nepal Terai is the finest tiger country in the world, tiger trophies were conspicuously absent, the simple reason being that tigers were so common they were just left. That was in the old days. The present Prime Minister, like his predecessor, a keen sportsman and fine shot, has in his palace some enormous skins of his own shooting. One in particular is the biggest the writer has seen. To guess at the measurements would be rash, but if the twelve foot tiger (measured properly) has ever been shot, he is there. Round the vestibule in the palace, where some of these skins are displayed, is a fine canvas in oils by an English artist depicting the tiger shoot at which King George was present as the Maharajah's guest. It was in this shoot that Sir Chandra was thrown from his elephant to the ground inside a ring of elephants which had enclosed three tigers and two rhinos ! The incident comes into the picture,

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though one may well believe that His Highness needs no reminding of his adventure.

To us some of the most interesting exhibits were a large number of sporting rifles of the last century acquired by the then Prime Minister. Of these only a few can be mentioned. A four-barrelled rifle with a single flintlock, the powder-pan made to revolve, to fire each barrel in turn; a fine double flintlock, with gold ornamentation by the famous Joe Manton; a silver-mounted percussion-cap double rifle by "Delava, Bordeau." The latter, with a Purdey .450, were, we were told, Sir Jung Bahadur's favourite weapons, and that is giving the makers a good certificate, for there could be no more qualified judge. One has been hearing lately about shooting records, and in this connection I must permit myself to quote from a life of this great ruler and sportsman :—

"February found the Maharajah in the full tide of enjoyment, and apparently quite unsated with his sport, though he had in only a month's time shot more game than falls to the lot of the *most sportsmanlike English duke* in a whole year. During these rambles the Maharajah heard in a village that a tiger had killed three of its women, and was the terror of its neighbourhood. Ascertaining its haunts, the Maharajah ordered a buffalo to be tied to a tree near the place the man-eater was fond of resorting, but after impatiently waiting for some time, as the tiger did not turn up, he sent out his *shikarees* to trace out the brute. After a considerable time they brought word that they had discovered him fast asleep in a thick hedge. Jung Bahadur instantly snatched a rifle and made every haste to surprise the tiger in his dreams. The brute was rudely awakened by the lodgment of a bullet inside his head, and, *on waking up, found himself in the jaws of death!* . . . By this time the season was too far advanced, and the heat of the sun was becoming rather unpleasant. So he turned back to the capital, and reached Thapathalli on April 12th, having shot 21 tigers, 11 tigresses, 2 tiger cubs, 2 leopards, 2 bears, 11 rhinoceroses, 2 stags and 1 boa constrictor; 2 young rhinoceroses, 2 tiger cubs, and 28 elephants were caught alive." A month's bag! I think the "most sportsmanlike English duke" must be classed as "also ran"!

Among the many other weapons of the famous makers of Audley Street were a 10-bore double rifle with Damascus barrels no less than fifty-six inches in length, and sighted up

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to 800 yards (!), and a curious octagonal barrel percussion-cap rifle with the hammer underneath the lock. A double 4-bore by Swinburn of Birmingham was similar to one in the late Captain Selous's collection, used in his early days when a professional ivory trader. How these mighty hunters managed to carry such weapons! Another ponderous rifle was an octagonal barrel single-bore about an inch in diameter, by Joe Manton. By an ingenious arrangement it could be fired at will by flint or percussion cap. The rifle was engraved "new improved pattern," and was doubtless built before there was much confidence in the percussion cap. Another interesting sporting arm was by Crindwell (?), a single 12-bore of the percussion-cap period, but to all appearances hammerless. The hammer and nipple were concealed in the side of the lock by a plate which opened for loading—a beautiful piece of workmanship. Revolvers and pistols were here in endless variety. Besides those mentioned, we noticed the names of Hollis and Sheath, Collier, Westley Richards, Bourne and Sons, and Parker. Among those we should have liked to take away were an exquisite pair of flintlock pistols by the latter maker, a breech-loading flintlock pocket pistol, and another with a concealed dagger that sprang out like a bayonet on pressing the trigger—evidently designed to provide for the contingency of a missfire at a critical moment!

A big well-lighted room at the top of the building contained a picture gallery of Nepalese and European celebrities and more assortments of ancient and modern arms. A recent sub-target apparatus, presented, I think, by K. of K., when he visited Khatmandu, was next to some steel crossbows used in the Siege of Patan, by the capture of which the Gurkhas gained the hegemony over the Himalayan tribes east of Kashmir. Near these, Tibetan daggers, with grips of jade and crystal, and another dagger with scabbard fashioned from the horn of a Tibetan antelope and studded with turquoises. A Skean-Dhu, by Parker, of Edinburgh, was no doubt a memento of Sir Jung Bahadur's visit to Scotland during his European tour. There are probably people living who can remember the arrival in London of the "Nepalese Ambassador" and his suite. A ballad attributed to Thackeray, of many stanzas, describes a ball in London at which he was the lion. Here are two of them :—

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At ten before the ballroom door
  His mighty Excellency was,
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,
  So gorgeous and immense he was ;
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,
  Into the doorway followed him ;
And oh, the noise of the blackguard boys,
  As they hurrood and hollowed him !

*  *  *  *  *

The Gineral great then took his sate,
  With all the other Ginerals,
(Bedad ! his throat, his belt, his coat,
  All blazed with precious minerals) ;
And as he there, with princely air,
  Recloining on his cushion was,
All round about his royal chair
  The squeezin' and the pushin' was.

Balls and dinners, however, were of less interest to the Nepalese Prime Minister than the Woolwich Arsenal, to which he paid three visits. From London he went to Paris, as the guest of Prince Louis Napoleon. A momento of that occasion lodged in this collection is a rapier with the Prince's monogram in gold. In France also Jung Bahadur's military tastes asserted themselves. When asked what form of entertainment he would most appreciate, he staggered the President of the Republic by asking for a review of 100,000 troops, a request that was not complied with—in full ! He did find time, however, to see and be delighted with the dancing of one " Cerito," to whom he presented a magnificent bracelet, which, as the historian relates, and one can implicitly believe, " she accepted with many graceful bows."

Passing on, our guide took us through more galleries to a room devoted to trophies captured in the Nepalese war with Tibet. The most curious of these were cannon of three or four inches calibre, made of leather. The hides were apparently shrunk on one after another like the " skins " of an onion, hardly producing very much strength one would have thought, but then the pressures developed by Tibetan powders were probably not excessive ! There were also numbers of water-flasks made from the horns of the *gauri gau* (bison), a beast more revered in Nepal than even the rhino. One must imagine that water carried in such holy vessels produced effects similar to more interesting fluids served out to European troops. Chain armour, bows and

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arrows, and shields of rhinoceros hide indicated a kind of warfare which one may well wish had never been improved on, though some Tibetan iron helmets in the collection were in shape remarkably like those used in the trenches during the Great War. It is a pity there were no newspaper correspondents in the great tussle for supremacy between Nepal and Tibet. The frontier between the two peoples ran, as it does to-day, somewhere about the axis of the mightiest mass of mountains in the world. But the line of highest peaks does not, as might be supposed, coincide with the water parting, or the frontier. All the big rivers that descend from the Tibetan snows and find devious ways through Nepal to far distant seas, rise far beyond the axis of the range and cut their way through the barrier by deep gorges. So it was a war carried on under conditions of extraordinary hardship, in regions where nature wears her most awesome frown. The chief operations were the investments of *jongs* (forts), guarding snow passes, and raids on " lines of communications." But what communications ! Dizzy footpaths in a world of snow and ice, galleries along cliff faces, fords over tossing glacier-fed rivers. A " subaltern's war," but there were battles, too, in which the casualty lists ran into hundreds. These hillmen fight stubbornly, as we know. Some time after the battle of the Kuti Pass the bodies of a Gurkha and a Tibetan were discovered in the snow. Neither had weapons, but each man's grip was on the throat of the other. Unlike the cruel warfare, however, which one might picture among the straight-haired, yellow races, a degree of humanity was shown that one might—a few years ago—have supposed to be peculiar to Europe. Tibetan prisoners were cared for by the Nepalese, and neither tortured nor starved. When the Tibetans finally gave in, a treaty, still in force, was concluded by which they accepted a subordinate position and bound themselves to pay tribute. So Jung Bahadur held a review, to celebrate the peace, and, according to the local historian, he began his address to his victorious troops in stirring words : " Soldiers, officers, brothers, your valour has caused the snows to melt, and the mountains to bend down their heads before you. The Tibetans who had mocked at us have by your brave arms been scattered like a flock of sheep across the Bhairab Sarpoor ! "

A longer inspection would certainly have discovered to us many more interesting trophies, but our time was up.

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Leaving the musty-smelling leather guns, the faded flags, the chain armour, we descended the noisy spiral steps, recrossed the glittering arms' galleries, and reached another portico hung with the grotesque masks of Tibetan mummers, and so outside.

The sun was sinking behind Nagar Jun, lighting up the scarlet uniforms of the Gurkha guard and their speckless modern arms and accoutrements. One in white garments was waiting with an armful of necklaces and bracelets of golden *champak* flowers, with which, after the pretty Nepalese custom, to garland us. Thus decorated, we made our adieux.

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# COURAGE

By "Q.Q."

"YES, I should have done the same, at every stage," I said, "if I had had the courage."

"But that's the point," he objected; "*was* it courage?"

I had run into him by chance. We had both crossed in the same boat to Dover, but I did not meet him until we were stepping on to the quay. I knew his name—John Hayling—and that he had done well in the war and had since been accepted as an authority on the Near East. But there was *something* else that I could not quite call to mind.

Then in a flash I remembered. I had heard of him last when I was in Cairo. I was with a man whom the Egyptian Government had retained in their service at the time when they were dispensing with most of their English advisers. He had been complaining of the activities of the Senussi Arabs and saying that so few people had enough knowledge of the Senussi to be useful to him.

"John Hayling is the man you want," I had suggested.

"Yes, no doubt," he had allowed; but there was evidently considerable doubt in his own mind.

"But, of course," I went on, "he is married now—to that Portway girl, wasn't it?—and it is not the sort of job for a married man."

"No, he is not married," he had corrected me. "You have not heard? There was some scandal."

I had pressed my Egyptian friend about it, but I could get no information other than that he "believed it was some question of courage."

"Oh, nonsense!" I declared. "Why, Hayling was a thruster of the first water."

"Yes," he had agreed, "but in a calculating sort of way."

And there he had left it.

I looked at Hayling now, getting his baggage from the boat, having it stowed away on top of the big closed car, asking his chauffeur about the state of the road—methodical, exact, nothing left to chance.

I had turned away to find a seat in the boat-train, when he came up.

"Why not come with me?" he invited. "I have an

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appointment in town and I must get to London by four o'clock. You will be more comfortable and I can take you to your door."

It was a large roomy car; the scents of the English countryside would dispel very pleasantly the memory of Egyptian sand; and, perhaps, I should hear something more of this cowardice question.

As I thanked him and got into the car I was conscious of a distinct feeling of magnanimity—my magnanimity. Here was I—a man who had committed (or at any rate been convicted of) no crime—willing to motor to London, and perhaps be seen there, with Hayling—Hayling who had been such a coward that Zeta Portway wouldn't marry him, and a man in Egypt wouldn't talk about him. I felt that Hayling ought to be rather humble and grateful.

Hayling, on the contrary, seemed to take everything in the most matter-of-fact way. He told me that he had been on his way to the Sudan. He had offered his services for Government work.

"So things must have blown over a bit," I thought to myself.

"But you did not get there after all, then?"

"No. I came back. I——I had forgotten something."

I gathered that he had only gone as far as Calais when he turned back; but perhaps it was the Foreign Office—not Hayling—that had forgotten something and then remembered it?

"The last time I heard of you was in Cairo," I said. "Billy Mason was trying to find someone who would go to Siwa and get Senussi information."

"Oh, yes," he commented in an off-hand way. But I think he knew I was on the scent.

"I suggested your name"—I paused; "but Mason did not seem to think you would quite——"

He turned to me with an amused smile.

"And what did Billy Mason tell you about me?"

"Oh, nothing; nothing," I protested.

He took up the speaking tube and spoke to the chauffeur.

"You had better push along while you can, James," he said. "If the road is bad beyond Maidstone we shall not have too much time to spare."

The big car gathered speed. Hayling sat forward without speaking for some time, as if to assure himself that our

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extra pace was being maintained. Not till we had swung clear of the streets of Maidstone did he lean back.

His first words showed me that he was not going to shelve the question.

"If Billy Mason talked about me, told you nothing, and yet left you bursting with curiosity"—I raised my hand in protest, but he went on—"I had better tell you the whole story. Particularly as you say you are going to be in town for some time. There will be other people who will whisper and grimace about me, without 'saying anything.'"

He spoke rather bitterly. I reserved my judgment.

"I was going to be married to Zeta Portway," he began, looking straight ahead of him. "It was all arranged. Invitations had gone out, presents were coming in, the big house in Belgrave Square was being got ready for the reception. I had gone down to stay for a week-end with her people in Hampshire. Zeta, of course, was there.

"On the Saturday evening we went down to try for a trout in the pools that they made some years ago, a mile or two from the house; Zeta and I, and a man called Jerome. I don't know why Jerome came at all. He used to propose to Zeta, before we were engaged, once a week with the greatest regularity. She used to refuse him with equal regularity.

"Anyhow, he came with us, and he refused to share our boat. He got into the smaller one, pushed off, and was soon casting busily at the deep end of the pool.

"Zeta and I tried the upper end, fished for an hour, and then pulled for the shore again. We walked together down the bank and I had a cast or two, until we came opposite to where Jerome was fishing. He was only about twenty yards from us and we sat down to watch him. He was a clumsy fellow rather, and was always getting into difficulties with his line.

"Suddenly—I don't know quite how it happened—he turned round rather too quickly, overbalanced, and a moment later had fallen into the water.

"We laughed at first; he looked so absurd, scrabbling about like a great porpoise and making grunting noises. We laughed so much that an old heron, whom our fishing had not disturbed, got up and went sailing majestically away as if in a huff. Even the moorhens went skiddering over the water back to the reeds. The pool seemed suddenly to be empty. The sun was beginning to set, leaving a dull, lead-coloured

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sheet of water; a stage-setting in which was only Jerome clawing with his hands at a little upturned boat.

"Zeta was the first to notice what was happening.

"'Why!'—she clutched my arm—'he can't swim.'

"I watched him. She was quite right. Jerome never said a word from start to finish, but he struggled and pawed away at the boat—like a big dog whom you have thrown into the water to make his way to land, and who doesn't like it. And he looked at me as a dog looks at you.

"Now, I can swim. But I can only swim enough to get myself about. If I had to swim a long way, forty yards, say, I possibly could not do it. If I had to swim twenty of those yards with a drowning man clutching at me, I certainly could not do it.

"All this I knew. I did not have to ask myself the question.

"What I *did* have to ask myself was, whether it was my duty to make some attempt to get out to Jerome and try to do something—if only to act as a sort of human raft, which might enable him to cross the twenty yards that separated him from safety."

He broke off, looked at his watch, and the map, and was apparently satisfied with our progress.

"I've no patience," he resumed in his quiet, unemotional way, "with people who do things on the spur of the moment and live to regret them afterwards. All through the war I never did a thing—and I never sent anyone else to do one—without being perfectly sure of the risks and perfectly satisfied that the end was worth it. Sometimes you had to make up your mind quickly, but there always *was* time, if it was only three seconds.

"In Jerome's case there was more than three seconds—more like ten; and, in those ten seconds, this is what I thought. Here am I, young, going to be married, a man of knowledge and experience in Near Eastern problems. I am absolutely necessary to Zeta's happiness. I am of some importance in affairs of Empire. I was not conceited about it; it happened to be the fact.

"On the other hand, my thoughts ran, there is Jerome. I know Jerome very well. He is not going to be married. He does no work, he is of importance to no one—not even to himself. He has a small private income which, if he dies, will go to someone else.



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" If I flop into the water now and struggle out in most of my clothes to try and save Jerome, I almost certainly shall not save him. He is already struggling. If I got to him he would grab at me and drown us both.

" So I decided I would not make the attempt.

" I looked at Zeta and I shook my head.

" ' I can't swim well enough,' I said.

" I can see her now. She stared at me for a moment in absolute amazement—then in disgust.

" She turned and started to run down the bank to the water. But I was ready for her. I seized her by the arms and wouldn't let her go. She fought, and we struggled together within a few feet of the edge, but she could not get away from me.

" Jerome was in a hopeless panic by now. He could not get any grip on the slippery sides of the overturned boat, and he began to lose his head. His clothes were dragging him down.

" Zeta was calling for help as she fought and struggled to get away from me ; but there was no one to hear.

" I shouted to Jerome.

" ' Tread water, you fool !' I said. ' Cling to the boat.'

" But Jerome was past understanding anything, except that he was drowning. He had looked like a great dog before, now he looked like a rat. For a long while he had enough energy to struggle, so that it took some time to drown him, as it does if you put a rat into too shallow a bucket.

" And he screamed.

" His screams maddened Zeta afresh, so that I could do nothing, but hold on to her and prevent her from going to his rescue.

" I don't know how long we struggled. It seemed to me for half an hour at least, but it cannot have been so long. When it was all over the pool was almost in darkness. There was no sound, except for the water lap-lapping at our feet and the cry of a moorhen in the reeds.

" We got the other boat, rowed around, looked for what we knew was no longer there. Then came the journey back to the house ; Zeta said nothing to me. We went across the lawn, up the steps, on to the terrace. Her father and some of the others were standing there, dressed for dinner.

" ' What have you done with Jerome ?' he asked with a smile. ' Drowned him ?'

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" ' Yes,' I said. ' At least, I drowned him ; Zeta tried to save him.'

" Of course, they thought I was joking, and I had to explain just what had happened—twice—before they would believe it. Then they saw that Zeta was crying. She was unable to speak. Her mother took her away."

He paused a moment.

" They dragged the pool all that night. After I had shown them the place they asked me—quite politely—to go away. Towards morning they found him.

" There was an inquest, of course. I gave evidence. Her father had asked me to cut it short—not to go into details. But that was impossible. When you are calculating risks you must accept all the risks. I had realized, in my ten seconds of calculation, that my decision, so to speak, involved an inquest.

" I was at some pains to explain to the coroner just what had happened and just why I had acted as I did.

" ' I cannot swim well, I told him ; just as I told you and Zeta.

" He fastened on to that remark and, in his summing-up, he returned to it again and again.

" ' This man who cannot swim well . . . " he kept saying.

" Once he added ' . . . and who is going to be married.'

" At that Zeta jumped up.

" ' Not to me !' she shouted.

" It was melodrama at its cheapest, of course, and I think she was sorry she had said it. But she was still terribly overwrought, and it was a perfectly natural interjection. There was great applause in the room and the coroner didn't attempt to suppress it.

" They brought in the verdict, ' Accidentally drowned.' Sympathy was duly expressed with Jerome's non-existent relatives, and with Zeta.

" I went back to the inn where I had stayed since that evening. They, too, asked me to go away as soon as possible.

" I caught the next train—a slow one—to Waterloo, and when I got there the evening papers were full of the story. It happened to be a poor time for news and they made the most of it, but I think the story would have caught their fancy in any case. It lasted them in various capacities for at least a week. There were letters from ' Englishman.' People wrote ' God forbid ' them to judge me, and then hoped that the editor would give them enough space to do so. He did.



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" The only thing that I thought unfair was, that my own friends—who would not, for instance, have condemned me for letting Jerome starve to death—should refuse to know me in public because I let him drown."

He stopped speaking. It was very awkward. Here was I, being given a lift to London in his motor-car ! I could not very well, at the moment, pronounce against his own verdict on himself.

And yet—it was all very well, but, after all, there were certain accepted conventions. If a man was drowning, you went into the water after him. Of course, if you couldn't swim well, you would hope never to be near a drowning man. If you were not very near, you might perhaps persuade yourself that he was not drowning ; but twenty yards !

I coughed.

We had made good speed, and were already entering Farningham. Hayling picked up the speaking-tube.

" You can ease off a bit now, James," he told his chauffeur. " I don't want to get there *before* four o'clock."

I said nothing, and a few minutes later he started again.

" I had a very bad time for some weeks. Finally, I went to the Foreign Office and offered my services for a rather ticklish bit of work in the Sudan. They were perfectly polite, but I found they were too busy to discuss details. The following morning I got a letter to say that they thanked me, ' but did not propose to avail themselves of my offer at the present time.'

" No one now wanted me, and I realized that I embarrassed my friends very much when I met them unexpectedly. London is a biggish place, but you've no idea how difficult it is to avoid meeting people, when you can't go to your club and don't want to stop in bed all day. I daresay I exaggerated what people thought about me, but the fact that they didn't want to see me was plain enough.

" I used to go out after dark, but it takes the hell of a time to get dark in the summer, so I was driven to think of open spaces in which I shouldn't meet people.

" The only place that I knew of was the Serpentine in Hyde Park.

" I knew that I should be wanted in the Sudan eventually, and that, as soon as the authorities could decently do so, they would tell me to slip off. So I went each day to the

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Serpentine, and, to keep myself fit, I rowed five times up and down that stretch of water.

" The rowing part was rather pleasant. True, there was sometimes a moorhen skiddering over the water, or calling from the reeds, but "—he shrugged his shoulders— " I had weighed all that up long ago—in the seconds."

" I did it for three weeks, every day hoping that I might wake up to find my orders from the Foreign Office. Then, one summer evening, it happened. I was pulling down the middle of the Serpentine, over the deep part, when I saw a fellow, alone like myself, who was rowing a small skiff in a clumsy sort of way. He was about twenty yards from me when he upset ; it had been obvious that he might do so at any moment. There was no one near us at the time.

" He started shouting and splashing about and was in a hopeless panic. It was clear that, if I rowed my skiff towards him, he would upset it. In any case, it could not hold us both. His own skiff was rapidly sinking.

" I jumped into the water, of course. I got to him, managed to stop his struggles, and somehow or another got him across the twenty or thirty yards to shallow water and the land. He could not swim, and we were both just about done."

" But why," I asked in amazement, " do you say that ' *of course* ' you jumped into the water ?"

" Surely," he frowned ; " that is the whole point. In this case I knew nothing whatever about the man. For all I did know, he might be of the greatest importance to somebody ; a wife, or children, or an invalid mother. How the devil can I say what the importance is of a man whom I've never met ? Naturally, it did not take me *two* seconds to decide."

He went on, still speaking in an annoyed way—

" That was what people could not seem to understand. They thought it was remorse, repentance, or some equally anæmic motive.

" It took some time to pump the water out of me, and when I came to I found they had taken me to a hospital. They kept me there until next day, when I found that the papers had got hold of the story and were writing their interpretation. ' Colonel Hayling makes good,' and slush of that kind.

" Zeta and the Foreign Office both asked me to call on the same day. I went to both, I renewed my offer to go to the Sudan, and it was accepted.

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" But first I had been to Zeta, at the house in Belgrave Square. She told me that she understood, now, my whole attitude and she asked me to give her back my ring ; but I was not satisfied. I knew quite well that she did *not* understand ; she only thought, with the rest, that I had wiped out the stain.

" It took me longer to decide, though. It was a good deal worse than rat drowning. It must have been half a minute before I could say that I would not marry her. And I went away from Belgrave Square.

" It was only right, you know," he explained, " one must have the courage of one's convictions."

It was then—we were crossing the Thames at Albert Bridge—that I said that I should have done what he did, at every stage, if I had had the courage. And he had rather puzzled me by objecting.

" Yes, but *was* it courage ?"

" Well, anyhow," I prompted him, " you volunteered for this very nasty job in the Sudan."

" Yes, but I have come back."

" Because you had forgotten something ?"

We slowed down. A temporary block in the traffic held us.

" I had forgotten that life would be intolerable without Zeta," he said ; " but I came back because I know perfectly well that it was pride and not courage that made me refuse her and take the Sudan job. For that reason and, mark you, for that reason only, I propose to withdraw my offer of service.

" I am not bound to the Government by any considerations of honour," he went on. " I volunteered for the job ; now I don't volunteer. It will not be pleasant to say so, but it is the only right thing to do. And I want, by keeping a certain appointment, to do one thing in life that no one can say is not courageous."

I thought of the half-dozen medals and bars that he was entitled to wear for bravery in battle ; but, of course, people didn't bother much about medals when a war was over.

He set me down at my door.

" So you are off now to keep a four o'clock appointment at the Foreign Office ?" I queried.

The chauffeur let in the clutch, the big car started to roll on again.

" No," he said ; " at Belgrave Square."

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# POST-WAR CONDITIONS IN INDIA FOR THE BRITISH SERVICE OFFICER

By Brevet Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Beauman, D.S.O., *p.s.c.*

(*The York and Lancaster Regiment.*)

OWING to the war, for five years there were very few British Regular troops in India. As a result, immediately after the war, there was a large proportion of British Regular officers who had never served in India. This proportion is steadily decreasing, but there are still many such officers who will have to serve in India sooner or later, and who, as I know from personal experience, look forward to their tour there with misgiving. Therefore, a plain, unvarnished account of post-war conditions in India may help to give such officers a reasonably clear idea of what to expect. It is based on five years' personal experience. I had never been in India before the war, and on arrival in 1921 started my Indian life with an open mind.

It must be clearly understood that it is quite impossible for any one man to give such a comprehensive personal survey that it can embrace conditions in every station in India. India is a very big country and conditions vary enormously in various places. My personal residential experience embraces one of the biggest stations in India, and a comparatively small one. In addition, I have done a considerable amount of touring, and I have made a point of discussing, whenever possible, the conditions in other stations with officers who have had first-hand knowledge of them. There are, however, several stations where exceptional conditions prevail, and which would really require special articles to describe their conditions of life. I will make no attempt to deal with these.

As this article is intended to deal almost entirely with social and financial conditions, I will only touch very shortly on the purely military side of life in India. It is sufficient to say that near most of the large military stations in India are splendid training areas, where troops can move anywhere, free from the restrictions as to cultivation, game preserves, etc., which are such a curse to most training in England. To the keen officer, who likes training his troops over wide areas

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free from all restrictions, most stations in India offer splendid opportunities. To these advantages must be added the Indian cold weather which usually ensures perfect climatic conditions for field work.

Apart from the purely professional aspect, the conditions which affect life in India most are the cost of living and the opportunities for recreation; as, unless one can afford to live and have something over, one cannot indulge freely in sport (without running into debt), let us deal with the cost of living question first.

As regards the general question of expense, stations in India may be roughly graded as follows, the most expensive coming first :—

(*a*) Coastal towns (such as Bombay).
(*b*) Seats of provincial Governments* (such as Poona).
(*c*) Large cantonments (such as Rawalpindi).
(*d*) Small cantonments (such as Jullundur).

In addition, the cost of living is generally higher in the north and west of India than in the south and east.

As everybody has to live somewhere, the question of accommodation must be dealt with. For the bachelor this is a fairly simple problem. There are usually bungalows near regimental messes, which are divided into suites of rooms for bachelors. The rent for these suites seldom works out at more than £2 a month.† Departmental and Staff Officers who are bachelors usually share a bungalow with a married family, or, at a big station, live at the Club.

For the married officer the bungalow question is in some stations a very difficult one. At a few stations the Government owns all or some of the bungalows. Under regulations no officer can be charged more than ten per cent. of his pay for a Government bungalow (in many cases the rent works out to less), so the occupant of a Government bungalow is comparatively lucky. The rents of privately owned bungalows *in cantonments* are to a certain extent controlled, and are usually fairly moderate. But, unfortunately, at some stations the supply of bungalows in cantonments is inadequate to

* For part of the year only. Provincial Governments move usually twice a year in order to enjoy always an equable climate.

† Throughout this article I have worked on the basis of Rs14=£1, which is a fair average for recent years.

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meet the demand, and for bungalows outside cantonments the officer has to compete with the well-paid business man and the rich Indian element. Rents asked are often exorbitant, and absorb a very large proportion of the pay of even senior officers. As an alternative hotel accommodation can usually be obtained. Indian hotels are, however, either very expensive or very bad, and often both. At some of the larger stations the Canteen Board has started hostels for married officers. At these a married officer can live at moderate cost and in reasonable comfort. But it is not quite the same as living in a bungalow of one's own.

As an example of the housing problems with which an officer in India may be faced I will quote two instances which have come to my personal knowledge. A married officer, posted for duty at Bombay, found the cheapest accommodation he could obtain was in a by no means first-class hotel, at a cost of £63 a month for himself and his wife. In another case, a junior married officer posted to Calcutta, found the monthly cost of any possible accommodation considerably exceeded his monthly pay. It is only fair to say that these are extreme cases, and that the Indian Government is making efforts to rectify this state of affairs by building or buying up bungalows, as their funds permit, in the more expensive stations.

The reverse side of the picture is shown by my own experience. I have occupied two bungalows in India. Both have been comfortable and spacious, with large and pretty gardens, giving an excellent supply of flowers, fruit, and vegetables. In both cases the rent was about the same, £3 10s. a month. This included the cost of all repairs.

An important aspect of Indian life which particularly affects married officers is the yearly move to the Hills. A comparatively few stations, such as Quetta and Poona, have sufficiently equable climates to permit women and children to remain there all the year round, but in most stations, owing to extreme heat or risk of fever, this is impossible. All expenses of the move of wife and children fall on the individual officer, and if he has a bungalow in the plains, he must either give it up and risk it being taken by someone else, or else pay the rent and the upkeep of the garden.

Food produced locally is very much cheaper than in the United Kingdom. All the necessities of life, such as bread, meat, milk, butter, and eggs, can be obtained at a very moderate price, though somewhat inferior in quality. Even

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such luxuries as ducks and chickens are far below European prices, though whenever I eat an Indian chicken I am irresistibly reminded of Kipling's famous lines :—

> Old is the tale that I sing, old as my unpaid bills,
> Old as the chicken that Khitmagars bring to men in Dak bungalows,
> Old as the Hills.

Indian chickens seem to be born old ; at any rate, out of the many hundreds I have gnawed, none showed the slightest signs of youth.

Imported foods in tins and jars, etc., are about double the price ruling at home. Wines and spirits, owing to lower duty, are somewhat cheaper. Cigarettes imported direct from Egypt are, for the same reason, considerably cheaper. Indian cigars are, judging by prices at home, wonderfully cheap—about a penny each.

The servant problem, as such, does not exist in India. For any vacancy a large number of applicants usually appear. Indian servants are generally efficient and not individually expensive. The trouble is that as Indian servants will only do one particular job, and there is usually no piped water supply or piped sanitary system, a large number of servants are required to work the average sized bungalow. The following would be a normal complement :—

| | *Wages, per month.* £ s. d. |
|---|---|
| Bearer ... ... ... ... ... | 2 10 0 |
| Cook ... ... ... ... ... | 2 10 0 |
| Khitmagar ... ... ... ... ... | 2 2 0 |
| Pantry Boy ... ... ... ... | 15 0 |
| Water Carrier ... ... ... ... | 1 1 0 |
| Sweeper ... ... ... ... ... | 1 1 0 |
| Gardener ... ... ... ... ... | 1 1 0 |

This gives a total monthly wage bill of £11 a month. In addition there is the washerman, who, for a contract rate of about £1 5s. does as much washing as you care to give him. This sounds cheap, judged by home standards, but as he uses most primitive methods (pounding on stone slabs is his favourite) the resulting wear and tear on linen, etc., is considerable. Each pony kept requires a syce whose average wage would be £1 5s. a month. Where well water supply is used for the garden, two bullocks and a man are required to work the water wheel. The charge is usually about 1s. 6d. a day. This is only necessary, however, in the dry season, and then only for two or three days a week.

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A bachelor living in mess would require a bearer, and would probably pay a third share for a sweeper and gardener for his bungalow and compound.

Travelling in India is expensive. The mileage rate, class for class, is below that in the United Kingdom, but it is the custom for officers and their families, for reasons upon which it is unnecessary to enlarge in this article, always to travel first-class, unless the party is large enough to engage a whole second-class compartment. Third-class is out of the question. India is a very big country, and the distances between the bigger towns is usually considerable. Express trains average twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, and others fifteen to ten miles an hour. As an example, it takes forty hours to get from Bombay to Lahore, the centre of the Punjab, and costs, first-class single, about £7.

Mounted officers have to provide their own chargers. These can, if desired, be purchased from the Remount Department at prices ranging from £42 to £56 according to rank of buyer. The purchase price is recovered in fifteen monthly instalments. Infantry officers, if they intend to use their horses purely for military work and are not particular about looks, can often buy a suitable animal privately for considerably less.

Let us try to work out the monthly budget of a married couple, without children, in India, so as to include only absolutely necessary expenses. It is presumed they are stationed at a cantonment where living is moderately cheap.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bungalow rent ... ... ... ... | 3 | 10 | 0 |
| Servants' wages ... ... ... ... | 11 | 0 | 0 |
| Washerman ... ... ... ... | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Food and drink ... ... ... ... | 14 | 0 | 0 |
| House taxes ... ... ... ... | | 10 | 0 |
| Hire of furniture ... ... ... ... | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| Lighting ... ... ... ... ... | | 15 | 0 |
| Fuel ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| | £34 | 11 | 0 |

Any officer destined for India can look up the pay of his rank in the Indian Regulations, and can roughly work out from the above how much he would have over for clothes, sport, social amenities, entertaining, leave, and the incidental expenses of daily life. It must, however, be noted that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to keep expenses down

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to the above figures without careful management, even in a moderately cheap station. At the more expensive stations an addition of twenty-five to fifty per cent. would be necessary.

I do not propose to give rates of pay in this article, as these can easily be ascertained from the Indian Pay Regulations. It should be noted, however, that Staff appointments are exceptionally well paid in India, as the pay has to be sufficient to attract Indian Army Officers, who are paid on a considerably higher scale than British Service Officers. For example, a British Service Captain appointed Brigade-Major more than doubles his pay and gets about £110 a month. Even a married man can live very comfortably and save steadily on such pay.

As regards sports, games, etc., small stations are usually much the best for shooting, while big stations are best for games. The optimist who goes to India and expects to get big game within a day's journey of cantonments, or pictures himself strolling out after tea with a gun and getting a brace of birds, is liable to be grievously disappointed. A few stations still exist where this is possible, but generally speaking for a reasonable prospect of getting big game (if we except black buck and crocodile, both of which are obtainable within easy reach of several stations in the Punjab and other provinces) it is necessary to make a long journey from cantonments and get well away from the railway. For those who are really keen, and can afford the money, leave and equipment, there are excellent prospects, as experts with wide Indian experience are agreed that, owing to the respite offered by the war, when very little shooting took place, Indian big game has increased considerably of recent years. But the idea that big game shooting is easily obtainable practically anywhere in India is a myth. Only a small percentage of the stations in India have big game shooting within a radius of a hundred miles. The same applies to pig-sticking. There are only about half a dozen stations in India where this can be obtained.

There is small game shooting of sorts within reach of most stations, but within a radius of twenty miles of cantonments it is usually overshot and game is scarce and wild. For those, however, who can afford motor-cars, or can obtain sufficient leave to go fairly far afield, there is usually fair sport to be obtained, and sometimes really first-class shooting can be found. Anyone who is really keen, takes the trouble

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to make suitable arrangements, and is reasonably lucky in his station will obtain in India, at a reasonable expense, small game shooting of a class that he could not obtain in England unless he is either very rich or has rich friends. In addition, during the Indian winter the climate is perfect for outdoor sport, and rain comparatively rare. Unfortunately the collective training season and " scatter gun " shooting seasons coincide in many parts of India, so the opportunities for this type of shooting are unavoidably curtailed for many officers.

At nearly every station there are facilities for most games, and at the larger stations every type of game can be played. Tennis, polo and hockey are perhaps the games that flourish most in India. Tennis is universal, and hockey, being the standard game of the Indian Army, can be played at nearly all stations. The whole organization of games for officers and their wives is usually run by the station club, and a very moderate inclusive fee covers the lot. Polo is the only game in India that is expensive, and this is only attributable to the very high prices for ponies that rule at present in India. As there is no height limit, the cavalry have introduced the big, speedy type of pony, seldom under 15 hands. A young trained pony, up to first-class handicap form, can seldom be obtained for less than £250 ; while an untrained pony of the right stamp will probably cost £120. For those satisfied with the smaller tournaments prices are much lower, but, except for very old and unsound ponies, seldom drop below £70. Those satisfied with station polo, with no ambition for tournament play, can often obtain slow or inferior ponies for £40 to £50.

A pony will cost on an average from £4 to £5 per month to keep.

The Indian Club plays a part in the normal life of the community that has no counterpart at home. It is the meeting-place for officers and their wives ; organizes all dances, and usually most of the games in the station. For this reason practically all officers and civilian officials of equal standing, almost invariably become members. Subscriptions are usually moderate considering the number of games, etc., they cover. On an average the monthly subscription is 30s. for a married couple, and 25s. for a bachelor.

I trust, from what I have written, officers will get a fair idea of average conditions in India to-day. Recent information is of some value, as prices in India, like everywhere

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else, have risen considerably since the war, and those who return to India now relying on pre-war experiences are likely to have a rude awakening. It is impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule, but for those without private means the bachelor subaltern and the married captain must be prepared to live very quietly. The bachelor captain and the married major can live more or less comfortably, and above those ranks the situation rapidly improves. The above is written on the assumption that the individual concerned has no call on his income in the way of remittances to England for the schooling of children, etc.

Service in India still has advantages in some respects over service at home—splendid training grounds for soldiering, plenty of sun, ample facilities for games nearly everywhere, the chance of excellent big game shooting, and the probability of good, small game shooting. Personally, I have the happiest recollection of my five years in India, and hope to soldier there again before the end of my service.

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# SOME NOTES ON CHINA'S THREE BEST KNOWN GENERALS

## Marshal Chang Tso-lin, Ruler of Manchuria.

THIS remarkable man, who is now fifty-six years of age, is a native of the Province of Fengtien, one of the three provinces which comprise modern Manchuria. Sprung from the humblest parentage, he is first heard of as the leader of a robber band which threw in its lot with the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese War. From that time on Chang steadily forged his way to the front by sheer force of character until by the year 1915 he had made himself ruler of all Manchuria and practically an independent sovereign. He has had his reverses—in 1922 he suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of Wu Pei-fu, and in 1925 the rebellion of his erstwhile satellite Kuo Sun-ling nearly led to his deposition—but to-day he stands out as the most powerful man in all China.

Chang is a small, insignificant and mild-looking man. Never was appearance more deceptive. In the room of his official dwelling at Mukden, where he receives his foreign guests, stand two enormous stuffed Manchurian tigers ; they are symbolic of their owner, for Chang is nothing more or less than a tiger when aroused. The power of life and death is his, and he uses it ruthlessly. Few men of modern times can have the blood of so many of their fellow-creatures on their hands. His name is one to conjure with, and he is spoken of with bated breath by the people of Manchuria. For all his failings, and they are many, Chang is an enlightened and progressive ruler. For Manchuria he has done much ; he rules with a rod of iron, and his three provinces are the best governed and administered in China. Chang himself is far less anti-foreign in his ideas than the majority of Chinese rulers, and employs many European and American advisers. He has, however, a deep-seated hatred of " Red " Russians and of the Japanese : for the former because Eastern Siberia marches with his domains, and he much dreads the introduction of Bolshevik propaganda and ideals ; for the latter because Manchuria is in the Japanese sphere of influence, and he has had on many occasions to submit to Japanese dictation and interference.

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### Marshal Wu Pei-fu.

Marshal Wu Pei-fu, a native of Shan Tung, is fifty-two years of age. Wu started life with certain advantages, and as a youth studied the Chinese classics with a view to becoming a civil official. He is therefore, according to Chinese ideas, an educated man, and actually took the Chinese degree which corresponds to our B.A. Realizing, however, that a military career offered greater prospects of advancement, Wu, as a young man, took to soldiering, and with the help of his friend and patron, Tsao Kun (lately President of China), rapidly came to the front. His first great chance came in 1920, when he was mainly instrumental in defeating and driving from power the corrupt pro-Japanese Oligarchy which, under Tuan Chi-jui, was then in power.

Since that year Wu's life has been spent in constant warfare, and he is without doubt China's ablest tactician.

Until 1924 he was uniformly successful and won many striking victories over all his opponents, including his present ally and former enemy, Marshal Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria. In the autumn of that year, however, he suffered a crushing reverse at Shan-Hai-Kwan at the hands of Chang, a defeat entirely due to the disgraceful treachery of his then Lieutenant—Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian General.

Like Chang, Wu is a small and insignificant-looking Chinese, but he is a man of iron determination and never knows when he is beaten. He is patriotic, as few Chinese are, and though not actively anti-foreign has no uncertain views as to the superiority of the Chinese race over all others. The unification of China is his one aim, and he has but one prescription for effecting this—namely, by force, and by force alone. He is a man of undoubted physical courage, and has on more than one occasion recklessly exposed himself on the battlefield—an idiosyncrasy which the majority of China's most noted warriors by no means possess.

### General Feng Yu-hsiang.

General Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian General, is a native of Anhui, forty-eight years of age.

Unlike Chang and Wu, Feng is a giant of six feet two inches in height and broad in proportion. He looks what he is—a bully. The story of Feng's conversion to Christianity is interesting. It occurred when he was a young man during

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the Boxer troubles in 1900, and was the result of his admiration of the heroic manner in which some foreign missionaries met death at the hands of a fanatical Chinese mob. Feng, though he has shown no great tactical or strategical ability, is in many ways an admirable soldier. He is an outstanding disciplinarian, and one who is able to stamp his own personality on his subordinates. Of the 25,000-30,000 troops under his direct command at Peking in 1923, not one was allowed to smoke or drink, nor was any dalliance with the opposite sex permitted. His troops have always (and justly) borne the reputation of being the best behaved and disciplined amongst the million armed men that exist in China. They have never yet indulged in mutiny, arson, looting or wholesale pillage, common occurrences in recent years amongst Chinese soldiery, and their presence in any city or district has always been welcomed by the inhabitants. They are, too, amongst the very best fighting men in China, and Feng's 11th Division shares with Wu Pei-fu's 3rd the honour of being the crack troops of the Chinese Army. Feng himself during the last few years has led a somewhat chequered existence. His abominable treachery towards Wu-Pei-fu in 1924 led to that leader's defeat and temporary disappearance from the limelight, and for a time Feng was all-powerful in Peking; but the wheel has once more revolved, and Feng in his turn has suffered an eclipse and is now a fugitive amongst his "Red" friends in Moscow.

The Christian General, like most of his fellows, is a ruthless and relentless enemy, and many have been the victims of his vengeance. So much does he dread assassination that even on his own parade ground he is surrounded by an armed body-guard. Feng is bitterly anti-foreign, and of all foreigners our own nation is his particular detestation. We shall hear of this truculent warrior again.



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# CHARACTER TRAINING AND DISCIPLINE IN THE TERRITORIALS

OPENING LECTURE BY AN OFFICER COMMANDING A TERRITORIAL BATTALION TO HIS NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AT A SHORT COURSE OF TRAINING.

*Introduction.*—The object of this Course is to try and improve the knowledge and efficiency of those upon whom devolve most directly the instruction and leadership of the men in the battalion.

Before the course begins I want to try and bring home to you one very important factor in training which, I think, we are all inclined to take too much for granted or to neglect altogether. It is this: that the foundation of leadership is superior knowledge and efficiency, accompanied by superior force of character, and that no man, however clever he is as an Instructor, can ever become an efficient leader unless he has a character which impels men to follow him.

I will now ask you to consider certain points which appear to me of primary importance. They are as follows:—

1. *Patriotism, etc.*—Such matters as patriotism, loyalty, pride of race, and a high sense of honour do not, I think, need any elaboration. We should, however, remember that we have taken the oath of allegiance to the Throne, and that this oath is binding on us at all times—not only on parade. The sloppy modern sentiment that a man of any other nation is superior, man for man, to an Englishman should be resisted with all our strength.

I would also point out that a high sense of honour can best be taught by example. To prove this, just ask yourselves this question: In civil life which of the two finds the higher standard of honour amongst his men, the employer who is himself unjust, dishonourable and shifty, or the employer who is straight, just, and a "white man"?

2. *The Fighting Spirit.*—The fighting spirit can only be developed by making a man feel that he is so efficient that he is more than a match for any other man he is likely to come up against, and that his unit is in the same way superior to any other unit. This again largely depends on the efficiency of the instructor, and, in passing, it is worth remembering that a word of praise, when it is deserved, will give a man that

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necessary self-confidence more effectively than perpetual fault-finding.

3. *Discipline.*—Now as regards discipline. "Infantry Training" talks about the "ingrained habit of cheerful and unhesitating obedience," and that is one of our great problems. Somebody wrote a book the other day about one of the Colonial Armies in the war, and he gave it as his opinion that the discipline which was based on individuality, commonsense, and reasoning was the thing to aim at, and that the old Regular Army type of discipline was useless and out of date. This is the sort of thing we hear a lot about since the war. It is not worth considering seriously, but we might examine two instances of this kind of so-called discipline.

A foreign marine officer invited an Englishman on board his ship. The Englishman said to his host: "I see your men salute you, but the sailors don't." The marine officer replied, "Yes, but you should wait till a naval officer passes my men and see them spit."

On another occasion a foreign naval officer was talking about the keenness of his men, and said: "In action we should have to have an officer specially told off to tell the boys below what was going on, otherwise we should have them all coming up on deck to see for themselves."

It is hardly necessary to ask which kind of discipline would bring you through an emergency the better—that kind, or the discipline of the British Regular Army, which is a type all our own. Side by side with rigid discipline you have a good feeling between officers and men. The pre-war German, for instance, could never understand how a British officer could punish a man in the morning and play games with him in the afternoon.

The mistake people make is in thinking that discipline based on commonsense means that a man need only obey an order which he thinks reasonable, or one which has been explained to him, whereas it really means that a man has been so trained that his commonsense tells him that instant obedience of the order of his superior is always necessary.

The difficulty of exacting immediate obedience in the Territorial Army is due to several causes. The men are not subject to military discipline at all times. The N.C.Os. are in many cases personal friends in civil life of those under them, and it is hard to drop, even temporarily, the easy familiarity of a lifetime. But until we can dismiss from our



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minds our relative civil standing when we are soldiers, we shall never succeed in establishing true discipline. The greater the friendship that exists the easier should it be to come to a mutual understanding about it. It may be a bit strange at first, but the strangeness soon wears off. For instance, you often find that a battalion is commanded by an officer who is closely related to one of his junior officers. But it causes them not the slightest embarrassment. On parade their personal relationship ceases to exist, and they become solely the commanding officer and his junior officer.

I can give you an instance of what I mean. In a certain Defence Force unit one of the subalterns was cousin to the major. One morning, just before breakfast, the subaltern came to the entrance of the ante-room tent, saw the major there, saluted, and said : " Good morning, sir," very correctly and punctiliously. Then he came in, hung up his cap, went up to the major and said : " I say, B——, old man, you couldn't lend me a couple of quid, could you ? " It was amusing at the time, but it was perfectly correct, because the subaltern first of all quite rightly salutes his superior officer, and, having done so, came off parade and became just a fellow-member of the mess.

It is certainly very startling to hear a recruit call his company sergeant-major " Bob," or " Jim," in the hearing of other men, and the correct relation must be established. It is the N.C.O's. job to teach this, and it requires patience and tact.

4. *Criticism of Orders.*—It is very easy to get into the habit of criticising every order we receive, but it not only sets a bad example, it also makes us feel discontented and insubordinate ourselves ; moreover, if we are heard criticising our superiors we can't complain if we hear our own orders criticised by our juniors in turn. Criticism and grumbling are two of the worst enemies of good discipline.

We must take it for granted that those who issue our orders have an excellent reason for doing so, even if we can't see it. I can give you two instances to illustrate my point. In Mesopotamia an Army Order was issued that officers were not to change into slacks until a certain hour of the evening. This order was issued as " Secret," and everyone said that it was ludicrous that such an order should be issued as " Secret." It was, however, commonly reported that on the day after the issue of the order all officers found in Baghdad wearing

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slacks before the authorized hour were arrested, and that among those so arrested were found several spies masquerading as British officers. These did not know of the order because it was " Secret."

An officer who commanded a battalion in France gave me another illustration of my point which occurred in his battalion. On one occasion the exact position of the German line was not known. Before any advance could be made it was necessary to find out whether a certain wood in front was held, and if so at what strength. Accordingly a platoon was sent forward to reconnoitre. It quickly came under heavy fire, and several men became casualties. The platoon commander came back to report, and was obviously very much overwrought. He appeared to think that his platoon had been wantonly sent forward without support just to get killed. However, when it was explained to him that he and his platoon had done exactly what was wanted and had obtained the very information required, and when, later, he was congratulated by the divisional commander, he saw that there was a very good reason for the orders he had received.

5. *Individual Interests Subordinate to those of the Battalion.*—Now in the battalion in peace time it sometimes happens that an N.C.O. or man gets some application turned down, or feels, perhaps, that he has not received sufficient recognition ; but I want you to remember that while we are all liable to make errors of judgment, the guiding principle on which the officers act is that provided no injustice is actually involved, the good of the battalion must always come first, even if the individual has to suffer—and very often it is impossible to divulge reasons for the decision.

If, as is quite possible, some such disappointment should occur to any of you, do not go about nursing a grievance, but come up and state your case calmly before you start complaining. It is one of the greatest tests of character I know to observe the way in which a man takes a personal disappointment or an adverse decision. In an N.C.O. it is doubly important, because it is on occasions like this that he can set such a conspicuous example.

An N.C.O. who can overcome his personal feelings in such circumstances is setting one of the finest examples possible. Disappointment often reveals a man's character more truly than success.

In camp last year I had occasion to deprive a lance-

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corporal of his stripe. I now am told that this man admits that his action deserved the treatment it received, and that he is determined to regain his stripe.

That is quite the right spirit—no nursing of a grievance, and no more personal ill-feeling on his part than on mine. I want everyone to understand that personal feelings do not enter into the question of punishment at all—in fact, in nine cases out of ten the temptation not to punish, even when obviously necessary for the preservation of discipline, is very great.

I will now deal more precisely with certain points of leadership which you should all aim at acquiring.

1. *Knowledge and Practice.*—The first essential is knowledge and practice, whether in the actual taking of parades and drill, or whether in frequent contact with your men in recreation and sports. You can only learn to handle your men with proper sympathy if you know each individual thoroughly, and you can only get to know your men if you take every opportunity of coming into contact with them.

2. *Attitude of N.C.Os. Towards Men.*—The attitude N.C.Os. are to adopt towards the men is laid down in King's Regulations. I think the best way to realize this is to try to cultivate the qualities you appreciate most in your own leaders. You yourselves have most confidence in the man who knows his job. The man who is ignorant can't make up his mind, keeps on issuing counter-orders, is always nagging and fretting, allows himself to be influenced by his own personal likes and dislikes, the grouser or overbearing type of man, the man who thinks of his own comfort before that of his men—these men do not inspire confidence. On the other hand the man who goes out for cheap popularity or is too familiar with his men, hasn't really got any influence.

I am convinced that it is quite useless to adopt any unnatural pose—the only thing to do is to be your own natural self, and try hard to find out the weaknesses in your own character, then to take yourself sternly in hand and weed them out.

Everyone makes mistakes, but one learns much more by them, very often, than by repeated success. If one has the intelligence to recognize and admit a mistake when it is made, one can avoid making it again. One should not be discouraged by making a mistake, but rather determined to turn it to good account.

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3. *Will-power.*—The will-power which gets your orders carried out comes, as I say, from your own superior knowledge and efficiency, but the superior strength of your character to that of the character of the men under you plays an almost equally important part. Unless you think a lot about it you can't improve your character. Take the lazy man who perpetually puts off doing things—say, answering important letters—the chances are that that man, if an N.C.O., will show the same dilatoriness in the execution of his duties, such as the punctual rendering of returns, etc. But if he has the sense to know and realize his weakness, he can do a lot to overcome it by sheer determination and will-power.

4. *Checking of Faults, Bad Habits.*—One of the worst failings of the Territorial N.C.O. is, perhaps, an unwillingness to check a man whom he sees flagrantly disobeying an order. The discipline of the battalion is in your hands, and if you fail in your duty in this respect you not only let the battalion down, but you also let slip a golden opportunity of strengthening your own character by forcing yourself to do something which you know to be unpopular.

It is very easy to look the other way; we have all felt that over and over again, but remember that every time we do so we make it all the harder for us to be firm next time. Also, the longer a breach of discipline remains unchecked the more firmly does it develop as a habit, and the harder it is to eradicate.

Bad habits formed in peace will appear in war, in spite of all that some people say about leaving discipline to the men's good sense and reasoning.

It is for this reasoning that the details of march discipline are insisted on even during the shortest manœuvres in peace time. In the same way men parading for their dinners or for a working party must invariably be marched off properly and in silence—not just for the sake of messing the men about, but because if they learn to do these things correctly, even under apparently unimportant conditions, they develop correct discipline as a habit which sticks to them under all conditions.

Water-bottle discipline is insisted on for the same reason. In this country it is rare to be unable to obtain an unlimited supply of water; but if a man is accustomed to drink off his water-bottle in the first hour's march, this habit will very soon finish him off if he is campaigning in a hot country

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where water is difficult to obtain, and where his thirst will be acute.

When he really needs his water to replace the moisture his body has lost, there won't be any left, because the bad habits he has acquired in training have allowed him to consume his water before it was scientifically necessary for him to do so.

The seriousness of bad discipline in war is well illustrated by the early stage of the American Civil War, in which the two opposing armies were very largely composed of much the same kind of material as our own Territorial Army. One frequently reads, for instance, of the bad march discipline, of straggling, throwing away equipment, falling out and blocking the roads. This was due to the formation of faulty habits in training (or to the lack of training), and to bad leadership, and in numerous cases seriously upset the success of the operations.

5. *Dealing with Crime.*—While we are on this subject, I want you to discharge your minds of the idea that when you bring up a man before an officer and the man is not punished you are being let down. The officer may decide that the case is one in which reasoning may have a better result than punishment. Or he may, on the other hand, of course, decide that the man must be punished for the sake of example.

You have done your duty by bringing the man up ; you must leave it to the officer to decide how the case can best be dealt with.

Do not think that an N.C.O. is to be on the look-out for crime—his job is to prevent it. It is only when he cannot (again by his greater personality backed up by the authority his stripes confer) deal with the case that he should bring it up. This is where tact and judgment come in, for an N.C.O. can, by a tactful word here and there, very often prevent a breach of discipline.

On the other hand, if tactful handling fails and deliberate disobedience occurs, the case has gone too far for an N.C.O. to deal with himself.

6. *General.*—You must remember that you are N.C.Os. the whole time you are wearing your uniform, or are assisting in any instruction or function at your drill-halls ; that as such you are at all times responsible for seeing that orders are

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obeyed—just as I am responsible to the brigade commander for seeing that his orders are carried out in my battalion.

That, of course, does not mean that an N.C.O. is always to be throwing his weight about unnecessarily, but he must realize that his stripes give him authority, and that this authority must be used whenever it is wanted. An N.C.O. is made an N.C.O. to help the officers and to help the men. Each one of you has his allotted duties, and if one man fails to fulfil his he weakens the whole machine, and the battalion falls short by just so much of its efficiency.

*Conclusion*.—What I have said sounds very commonplace, but believe me that we can never do ourselves justice if we don't appreciate and recognize the important part which character plays in leadership.

It is the N.C.O. with *character* who always gets what he wants *done* without any trouble. But few men are born with all the attributes of leadership ready-made; it is a question of knowing your men, knowing your job, knowing yourself inside out and taking yourself well in hand.

These remarks, I hope, will be a help to you in giving you something important to think about, and in pointing out one or two directions in which we can improve.

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# WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

By Brig.-General A. T. Anderson.

## 8. AUSTRALIA FOR THE RETIRED OFFICER.

AS the time of retirement draws near it is often a very difficult question for the soldier to decide where he is to settle down with his scanty pension, and, what with the high cost of living and the serious burden of taxation, there must be many men who look forward with grave misgivings to the struggle that lies before them to make both ends meet in England. To some of those who are confronted with this problem it may be of interest to learn the present conditions of life in Australia, from one who has tried, with more or less success, to solve the difficulty of existence by migration from the old country to the new.

My own experience is confined to Sydney, but conditions are much the same in the other big towns, and I have come to the conclusion that life is, on the whole, easier for the poor man in Australia than it is in England. What is the definition of a poor man is a matter of opinion, but I should say that any married man with a family, who has an income of less than £1,200 a year, may be considered to come under this category; certainly, he will not find life in England a bed of roses. However, there are people of simple tastes who would think themselves quite well off on this income, and it will, therefore, be more useful here to consider the position of an officer with what everyone will agree to be straightened means.

If a man has boys to be educated, the question of emigration becomes a very serious one, and I shall deal with it later. At present we will take the case of an officer with a wife and one or two daughters, who is retiring on a pension of about £600 a year, and who has saved, or inherited, or commuted his pension to acquire a small capital of, say, £200. There must be many such, and how can they live with any decency in England as things are at present? They *can* do so in Sydney, and that, too, without having to practise any really sordid economy, as I shall try to show.

First, there is the question of the journey out. It may be assumed that this will be from England, for Indian Army officers or those who terminate their service abroad, will almost certainly want to go home to see their friends and

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relations, and to fix up their business, before they settle down in a far land. There are several regular lines of steamships, and the fares vary from £100 first-class in the chief lines, to £37 for the third-class. Some companies run boats via the Cape of one class only, at fares of from £37 to £45, and I believe that the trip can be done in these with no great discomfort, especially if a party of friends travel together, but I cannot speak from experience. Personally, I travelled first-class via the Cape, and my three tickets from London to Sydney cost me £249. There is much to be said in favour of this route; it takes a little longer than travelling by the Suez Canal—we took forty-seven days altogether—and the long intervals between ports are perhaps a trifle monotonous. On the other hand, one avoids the heat of the Red Sea, and, as most soldiers are already only too familiar with the voyage to and from India, it is pleasant to see a new part of the world. Our only ports of call were Teneriffe, Cape Town, Albany, and Melbourne. We stayed five or six hours each at Teneriffe and Albany, too short a time even to land, but at Cape Town we had a stop of twenty-four hours, and at Melbourne of three days.

Although there is no real shortage of houses around Sydney, it is just as difficult to rent one there as it is at home, and the rents asked are usually prohibitive. A great many people nowadays live in flats, even the smallest and worst situated of which are absurdly expensive, or in boarding houses, where the tariff is much the same as in England. But to my mind there is no real comfort in either of these forms of life, and few people, I imagine, can be permanently happy without a garden of their own. I believe that by far the best thing to do, and the cheapest, too, in the long run, is to buy a house. If may be of some help if I give my own experiences. After considering all the pros and cons, I came to the conclusion that the North Shore Line is, on the whole, the best suburb to live in. This line runs north from a station on the far side of the harbour from Sydney proper, and as yet there is no bridge across, although work has just begun on a great bridge which is to be finished in five or six years. Ferries, however, run across every ten minutes, and half an hour's train journey takes you to the best part of the suburbs, five or six hundred feet above sea-level, and in beautiful natural surroundings. There are always dozens of houses advertised for sale, and we must have looked at nearly forty before we

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found the ideal one. Our requirements were a good social neighbourhood, a decent sized garden not overlooked by neighbours, at least three good bedrooms, and a price not exceeding two thousand pounds. Many houses, varying in price from £1,500 to £2,000, seemed to satisfy these requirements—until one saw them. The most common drawback was want of space; a frontage of sixty feet does not allow much privacy from the houses on either side, nor, with its usual depth of one hundred and twenty feet, does it give a garden of satisfactory size. Many of the bungalows, too, were decidedly jerry-built, and some were most inconveniently planned. (One bungalow, otherwise charming in every respect, had its bathroom leading out of, and only approachable through, the dining-room.) And few houses, within the limit of our price, had really more than two bedrooms; the third was generally a mere cubby hole. Very often, too, the neighbourhood was an undesirable one. Australians are fond of emphasizing the fact that theirs is a democratic country, and one has to adjust one's views to this standpoint, but most retired officers will probably retain their prejudices to the extent of wishing to live among their own kind; one need not be a snob to object to being sandwiched between one's butcher and grocer. So it must not be expected that the right place will be found at once. It was only after six weeks of assiduous house-hunting that we lit upon the house of our dreams—a solidly-built brick bungalow, with drawing-room, dining-room, three good bedrooms, kitchen, scullery, bathroom, laundry, and a small maid's room—standing well back in an acre and a half of garden and orchard. It had been sadly neglected, and looked shockingly untidy and shabby when we first saw it, but the owner was anxious to sell a place too big for his means, and after some bargaining I secured it for the very low price of £1,450. Painting, repairing, and installing electric light brought this price up to £1,900 by the time we got into the house, but even so it was a remarkable bargain, and with perseverance probably such bargains can always be found at last. It is to be remembered, too, that a house in a good suburb of Sydney can hardly fail to prove a good investment; the city is growing rapidly (it reached its million inhabitants this year), and extending its tentacles in every direction, and there can be no doubt that land values along the North Shore Line will rise in leaps and bounds when the new bridge is built. When that

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happens dwellers in these suburbs will be able to travel straight into the heart of the city by a frequent electric train service, without what is at present the slight disadvantage of having to change from train to ferry.

The reader will take note, however, that house hunting takes time and must not be hurried, and that meanwhile one has to live somewhere. That, of course, is inevitable, and as hotels are expensive it is well to get temporarily settled as soon as possible in one of the numerous boarding houses which are to be found within half an hour's tram ride of the city; there are, indeed, plenty of good establishments of this sort along the North Shore Line itself. I may add that a purchaser who finds it inconvenient to pay cash down at once for a house can almost always arrange terms, though he will probably have to pay as much as seven per cent. on any balance remaining. Rates are much lower than in England, and on the property I have described above I pay £11 per annum in rates, and £2 10s. for water.

As regards cost of living, food is a good deal cheaper than at home. I give a few prices as they now stand:— Beef, 10d. a lb.; mutton, 1s. a lb.; butter, 1s. 6d. a lb.; sugar, 4¾d. a lb.; bread, 5½d. a loaf of 2 lbs.

Fruit and vegetables are cheap, and generally plentiful in one's own orchard and garden. For a family of three the weekly food bill need not exceed 25s. a head, and the larger the family, of course, the smaller the price per head. Fires are only wanted for a few months in the year, and one usually burns wood, which is very cheap, and may perhaps be partly procurable from one's own grounds, so that the coal bill, which is so serious an item in English housekeeping, may, if one wishes, be avoided altogether.

Clothing is more expensive than in England, but not very greatly so. The smaller items, such as socks, ties, handkerchiefs, shirts, etc. (I speak as a man) can be got for much the same prices as at home, though not perhaps of such good quality, but for a decent suit of dittoes one must be prepared to pay at least fifty per cent. more; and I am told that it is the same with ladies' clothing. Those who are inclined to be dressy will be well advised to stick to their English tailors, and pay the duty. It is a good thing to bring out as complete an equipment as possible, as clothing that has been worn can be brought into the country free of duty. Furniture prices are about the same as in England, though there again the

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quality is by no means as good. It hardly pays to bring out one's own, but there is no reason why any specially treasured pieces should be left behind, for each adult is allowed to bring in free of duty £150 worth of household goods, provided that they have been in use. It *does* pay to bring out crockery, plate, and linen under this arrangement.

There is one serious difficulty which must not be glossed over. Servants are very hard to get, and demand absurdly high wages ; thirty shillings a week is the ordinary wage for a maid, and they expect all their evenings free after about 6 p.m. and also at least one afternoon every week. A friend of mine who has a fairly large establishment places his car and chaffeur at the disposal of his servants on two afternoons in every week, and allows many other privileges to English ideas equally extravagant, but he gets no gratitude, and finds it very difficult to keep any of them for more than a few months. It comes to this that people with small incomes must very often dispense with domestic help except for the occasional visits of a charwoman. It is certainly hard on one's wife and daughters, but houses out here are built with as many labour-saving devices as possible, gas-stoves, electric radiators, etc., and are usually all on one floor with easy access from kitchen to dining-room, so that the difficulties of a servant-less existence are not actually as great as might be expected,

We have not been housekeeping ourselves long enough for me to be able to give a reliable estimate of expenses, nor perhaps would the details of our *menage* be of much real use in the case we are considering. A neighbour of mine, however, a retired Government official, has been kind enough to give me a detailed account of his average monthly expenses, and it may be of service to some readers if I transcribe them here. He is a bachelor, but keeps house with two unmarried sisters ; they own their house, and there is, therefore, no item of rent. Briefly, the monthly budget is as follows :—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Food... ... ... ... ... ... | 14 | 0 | 0 |
| Rates and Water ... ... ... ... | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Insurance (including House) ... ... | 4 | 6 | 8 |
| Gas and Electric Light ... ... ... | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Laundry ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Dress ... ... ... ... ... | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| | £34 | 0 | 8 |

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This list, he explains, gives the regular and essential payments, and does not, of course, include incidental personal expenses such as railway fares, amusements, wine, tobacco, etc. Anyone can fill these in according to his individual tastes and limitations. I have left out the item of income-tax; officers who are unfortunate enough to draw their pension from the home authorities cannot escape the English income-tax, wherever they may be residing, but in that case they will not have to pay in Australia, except, of course, on any investments they may have in that country.

I said above that emigration is not so simple a matter to a man with sons to educate, and it may interest some if I add here a few words on this subject, though they can hardly concern a man with so small an income as our imaginary pensioner. If an officer makes up his mind to be permanently identified with Australia, and to settle his family there, he can get his sons well educated at a very reasonable cost. There are several good public schools, notably the King's School, Paramatta (sometimes spoken of as the Eton of Australia), and the Geelong Grammar School in Victoria. I call them public schools for the better understanding of the English reader, for they are of the type that this name will suggest to them, but, as a matter of fact, what is known as the public school in Australia is equivalent to the board school at home, and schools of the class I have mentioned are not so named out here. The charge for a boy at King's School is about £150 a year, and the education and tone are excellent. At the universities there are so many exhibitions and scholarships that any lad who is at all clever can get this part of his education at a very small cost; and if a boy wishes to join the Australian Army or Navy, and can satisfy the authorities for admission to the military or naval colleges, at Duntroon and Jervis Bay respectively, he gets his board and education absolutely free.

To sum up, there is no doubt that a man can live more comfortably in Sydney on a small income than he can in England. I cannot guarantee him against an occasional attack of nostalgia—for there is only one England—but, living near Sydney, he will find all the amenities of life in a delightful climate. If he is a gardener, he need never lack occupation, for nowhere else in the world does a garden more amply and generously repay one's toil. If he is fond of sport, he can get excellent sea-water fishing, good sailing in the harbour, and tennis and golf all through the year. If his

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tastes are social, he will eventually find many pleasant friends, though, society being very mixed, he must walk warily at first, and will get as much bridge and mah-jong as he wishes for himself and plenty of dancing and entertainments for his daughters. Democratic ways will jar on him at first, but one soon gets used to being addressed by one's tradesmen as an old school friend, and after all, what does it matter? And with it all he will probably always nurse the hope that some day he will sell his house at a large profit, and return to spend his old age in an England freed from labour troubles and Bolshevism, and once again a possible haven of rest for the man who has worn himself out in her service.

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## THE BOOKSHELF.

*Our Book Reviews are unavoidably held over till next issue.*

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## A CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE HEIGHTS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

Capt. Alexander Viscount Balgonie. Capt. Burnaby. Lieut.-Colonel Chas. Lindsay. Col. Fredk. Wm. Hamilton. Lieut.-Col. Prince Edwd. of Saxe Weimar Capt. Geo. Higginson. Lieut. Rt. Wm. Hamilton Capt. Sir, I. Fergusson, Bart

Capt. Charles Turner.

Capt. Sir Chas. Russell, Bart.

Capt. Fredk. Hathurst.

Capt. H. W. Verschoyle.

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# *The* FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. III JANUARY, 1927 No. 4


## EDITORIAL

**Co-operation in Imperial Defence.**

It is a great advance since the days when Ministers and the Chiefs of the fighting Services, to say nothing of the Dominion authorities, all worked in water-tight compartments over questions of Imperial Defence, to find our own Prime Minister initiating a discussion on the subject at a round-table gathering and being followed by the First Sea Lord as chairman of the Chief of Staff Committee. The Prime Minister, in his speech at the recently held Imperial Conference, gave a short summary of the progress made towards improving the facilities for co-operation in Imperial Defence. With regard to the Navies, he said that the principle of Dominion Navies was established. A regular system for the interchange of British and Australian cruisers was now in operation. Our Navies, on which we depend in the last resort for our corporate existence, remain one of the strongest possible bonds that unite the Empire.

In the land forces units and formations throughout the Empire are organized in general on similar lines. Broadly speaking, similar patterns of weapons are in use, and a human bond is created by a system of interchange of officers and by personal visits of officers to and from the Dominions.

In the Air Arm, whose actual and potential importance as a link between all parts of the Empire, not only from the point of view of Imperial Defence, but also from that of Imperial Communications, had been strikingly demonstrated



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by recent long-distance flights, contact and co-operation was being secured by corresponding methods.

In all these services *common doctrine* in matter of defence was provided for by special facilities for the attachment of officers to colleges and other technical establishments, and it was hoped to see this process extended.

The facilities which will be afforded of discussing Imperial problems of defence at the new Imperial Defence College should ensure a common doctrine and make towards a clearer understanding of the problems confronting the Empire as a whole. As Mr. Baldwin remarked later, it was obvious in the wider questions of policy, which must constantly be adapted to meet changing conditions, there was urgent need for constant and closer co-operation. The Defence College will undoubtedly provide an efficient means of studying these new problems as and when they arrive.

The Dominion Premiers also attended meetings at the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry, and at the offices of the Committee of Imperial Defence, when the subject was investigated at greater detail; while on November 15th each of them made a statement on behalf of his own country.

Out of all of which we hope may arise a real endeavour on behalf of the rest of the Empire to lighten the burden on the shoulders of the Mother Country. Some of the Dominions already make generous contributions, notably Australia's and New Zealand's quota to naval defence; on the other hand, Canada has not yet realized that her prosperity depends in large manner on sea security for her exports while she is, in fact, letting England pay the major part of her naval insurance.

* * *

**The Navy, Army and Air Force Review.**

Much interest attached to the opportunities afforded to the Dominion Premiers of witnessing the three Services at work, notably at the naval review off Portland, the Army mechanical display at Camberley, and the Air demonstrations at Croydon and Cardington.

The demonstration carried out by the Atlantic Fleet also gave the Press a chance of seeing the *practical* side of naval life and the power of typical units as fighting machines. As regards the Military and Air Force displays, apart from their extraordinary realism, they undoubtedly helped to reveal technical developments in mechanical traction and in aviation

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which may prove of importance in their application for civilian purposes.

In short, these reviews helped to produce an invaluable re-awakening of public interest in the Services which was badly needed, more especially in the case of the Navy.

Not the least impressive part of these demonstrations was the smoothness with which one episode was followed by the next in a long programme, and the way in which the innumerable details affecting the comfort and stimulating the interest of the large number of visitors had been attended to. It was a test of good staff work from which the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry and the various Service personnel concerned emerged with the very greatest credit. A special word of praise should be given to the Atlantic Fleet, who had the most difficult task of all.

* * *

**The Strength of England.**

From all accounts the preliminary stages to a disarmament conference are being attended by acute differences of opinion; particularly is this so as regards the naval aspects of the case. One thing is certain: we should be exceedingly chary of being beguiled into any step which might in any way prejudice our rights at sea in war-time.

The most remarkable book on the foregoing subject which has appeared since the war is Commander G. F. S. Bowles' "The Strength of England," wherein this able student of sea power shows clearly that by embroiling ourselves in Continental conferences we became entangled with such mischievous doctrines as those laid down in the Declarations of Paris and of London. These caused us to surrender a large portion of our birthright to alien and hostile interests. It is appalling, too, to realize that even with these deadweights, which we gradually threw off as the war advanced, we could have secured far fuller benefits from the Navy's strangle-hold on enemy sea-borne supplies if we had left the condemning of cargoes to the properly constituted Prize-courts. As it was, and owing to Foreign Office interference, the efforts of the Navy were being continually brought to naught by an entirely illegal Special Commission, strongly influenced by a Jew Trader, which enabled our own and foreign merchants to pour the sinews of war into the enemy's country, thereby piling up the blood-bill of our own Fighting Forces.



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England's defence problem, in common with that of the whole Empire, centres round the sea and is utterly distinct from that of the Continental nations. There is a very grave danger that our idealists at Geneva may again enmesh us with some agreement which will, again, vitally impair our strength. Therefore it behoves the Committee of Imperial Defence and the Service Staffs to keep very wide awake to what is happening in that hotbed of international intrigue.

* * *

**The Loss of the "Valerian."**

The loss of the *Valerian* was one of those tragic misfortunes which the Navy encounters from time to time in the course of its peace-time work of policing the seas and rendering help to outlying parts of the Empire, as she had been doing. This sloop was built under war emergency conditions, and it is questionable whether, as a class, they are any longer fit for high-seas work. From all accounts, some of her sister-ships are on their last legs, and, if their Commanding Officers could express their opinions freely, without losing a command, would long since have been scrapped. They may be well enough for work up China rivers, but it is very wrong to employ officers and men in small, unseaworthy ships because we have over-economized in and over-scrapped our cruisers.

* * *

**The China Station.**

The China Station has been reinforced by the Third Destroyer Flotilla of eight destroyers and a flotilla leader, and by the aircraft carrier *Hermes*. It is very remarkable that the Admiralty has taken so long to revert to the old policy of keeping a flotilla in Eastern waters, and there is no doubt that the United States was "wiping our eye" there, to some extent, because they could bring up a destroyer at very short notice wherever and whenever trouble broke out.

The Oriental is influenced mainly by the man with "the biggest stick." It is a very great pity we do not take the diplomatic opportunity to send our battle cruisers to the Far East. True, they would have to go back in turn to Malta periodically to dock, until the new floating dock is ready at Singapore, but such a redistribution of naval strength would greatly enhance our prestige in a part of the world where the Navy is hard put to it to prevent it becoming a vanishing quantity.

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**The New First Sea Lord.**

Lord Beatty's term of office is not likely to be very greatly extended; the impression is that he will remain on until the next Naval Estimates are through, and then make way for his successor.

There is not a little speculation, and even anxiety, in the Service as to whom that successor will be, for the fortunes of the Navy and the interests of its personnel depend very largely on its senior representative on the Board of Admiralty. Lord Beatty has won a hard-fought battle in maintaining the material strength of the fleet, but it is felt that he has not always exerted his influence as he might have done on behalf of the poorer members of his calling; the fact that the naval officer alone of all ranks and ratings in all the Fighting Forces gets no marriage allowance, although the requisite financial provision had actually been voted by Parliament, rankles considerably and will continue to do so until some First Sea Lord makes it a personal matter.

Three or four names are commonly mentioned as a likely selection. Naval opinion inclines to a choice which will end a regime with somewhat biased and by no means popular views about Jutland. At the same time the First Sea Lord should be a man of high intelligence, not one over-dependent on his staff or merely a gallant leader in war. Bluster and an aggressive manner are altogether out of date and do not inspire either confidence or liking. A knowledge of the Admiralty machine and of higher staff work, both in peace and in war, a personal acquaintance with Ministers and other important individuals in civil life, and the ability to co-operate cordially with the heads of the sister Services, are all desirable qualifications.

It would be invidious to mention names, but the First Lord and the Cabinet should not have to look far afield for a serving Flag Officer who fulfils these requirements and who would command the confidence of the Service as its new Chief.

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**The Royal Indian Navy.**

In this number will be found an article on the Indian Navy, and no doubt to many it will be a surprise to learn of its long and glorious history. We understand there is some delay in the reorganization of the Royal Indian Marine into the Royal Indian Navy and in the appointment of a Flag Officer Commanding. Optimists put the date of the official inaugural ceremony at about April, 1927, pessimists at about October, or even later.

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From the time of its temporary degradation to a non-combatant status, the officers of the Indian Marine have suffered from the disability of never being able to aspire to command of their own service, the Director having always been an officer on the retired list of the Royal Navy. It is pleasant to be be able to record that after the tenure of office of the first Flag Officer Commanding this appointment is to be filled by promotion from the officers of the service itself.

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**Mechanization in the Army.**

The trials of the Morris six-wheeler have shown it to be the first type up to the present which so nearly satisfies the requirements of the ideal military cross-country vehicle, upon which the fullest mechanization of the Army depends.

Its ability to cross all kinds and conditions of terrain, its high speed, together with its other characteristics, satisfies purely military requirements, while its distinct possibilities as a commercial vehicle and the success it has already achieved in this direction provides the necessary assurance of a reserve in peace to meet the demands of expansion in war.

Having evolved a vehicle which satisfies the above requirements, the next consideration, in order that the best and fullest use may be made of it, must be that of the system upon which this transport is to be operated and maintained. It is the degree of organization and the simplicity of its working that any one system permits which alone can be taken as a criterion of its worth and of its security against failure.

The existing M.T. system as a whole is a compromise that has grown up mainly through lack of vision in foreseeing the tremendous development of this instrument in the military sphere. In order that the mechanization of the army, upon which its fighting efficiency yearly becomes more dependent, may be launched on a sound and progressive system, the whole question of the M.T. providing, operating and repairing services must be definitely settled, and a policy enunciated. Only then can a simple but strong organization be evolved and brought into use. This question of mechanization is of supreme importance, and we propose dealing with it in a series of articles, of which the first, " Mobility and the Mechanization of First Line Transport," appears in the present issue.

* * *

To-day two subjects are attracting considerable attention in the Royal Artillery—namely, the domestic question of

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officers' promotion and the far-reaching problem of mechanization. Since the war promotion has been slow, and the average age of majors, captains and senior subalterns is steadily rising. It cannot be denied that this stagnation has an enervating effect on the individual who year after year performs the same routine in the same rank. Nevertheless the present state is not as black as a forecast in 1919 might have painted it, and, further, such a situation is inevitable, being the adjustment to peace from war conditions.

**The Royal Regiment.**

The real problem of the moment is among the majors, and is not the rate of promotion, but the possibility of promotion before the age clause in the Royal Warrant compels retirement. It is curious that this state of affairs is the result not of the Great War but of the South African War, due to the large numbers commissioned in 1900 and 1901.

In the regimental publications have appeared several actuarial estimates, differing considerably, of the probability of promotion. To forecast exactly is impossible, but it is safe to say that under present conditions many majors must retire for age before their turn for promotion arrives. From this two questions arise: Is it possible to inform individuals officially of their chances of promotion? Is there a fairer method of elimination than age?

For a major to know for certain he could not be promoted would make easier the decision to retire whilst there was yet time to adopt a new occupation in life. To answer the second question is difficult. There are several possibilities, but whether better ones is hard to say. The axe might be reintroduced, but it is a bad policy to cut about a pruned tree, and the adverse effect of such a measure on candidates for commissions would have to be considered. Alternative to the axe, zones of promotion on the lines of the system in operation in the Royal Navy might be introduced. Pecuniary inducements might be held out to officers to retire, but here comes in the factor of finance and the uncertainty of how many would avail themselves of the offer. To increase the number of lieutenant-colonel's commands is out of the question; nor is it practicable to quicken promotion by reducing the tenure of command to three years. There is, however, one way by which the situation could be materially relieved, and that is by a clearance of the commands and appointments above that of lieutenant-colonel.

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**The knell of the Horse.**

In the Regular Army outside Divisional Artilleries and the Horse Artillery, all batteries have been mechanized except a few horse-drawn 60-pounders. It would seem that the time is approaching, if it has not arrived, when the artillery of divisions will follow suit, at least in part. The retention of the horse within divisions has been due largely to the necessity of a form of traction allowing of continuous movement at infantry pace. New mechanical vehicles have proved capable of travelling on the line of march with infantry columns. Already trials are in progress in mechanizing the first-line transport of infantry. If this proves definitely that mechanical vehicles can operate at infantry pace, then the main objection to mechanizing divisional artillery falls to the ground.

But the process must be a gradual one. The present tractor, the Dragon, efficient as it is, cannot be taken as the last word in design. Every year will show improvement. Therefore, to equip all batteries with a vehicle which in a year or two may be out of date is not a sound policy. Further, the Dragon is a specialist vehicle and expensive, with no reserves for war expansion. It is possible the final form may be a vehicle which can be put into use commercially so that adequate reserves may be available on outbreak of war.

The problem is further complicated by India, where, partly from financial reasons, partly from particular circumstances, mechanization lags behind. If, then, batteries in England are mechanical and those in India horsed, it will be seen that a difficult situation will arise.

But if the change from muscle to mechanism is slow, it is sure, and the abolition of the time-honoured rank of " Driver R.A. " is an omen of the passing of the horse.

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**The North-West Frontier.**

Despite presumably inspired articles in the Press, it is perhaps permissible to comment on the apparent stagnation in road-building operations on the North-West Frontier of India, with particular reference to Waziristan. The marvellous effect of roads in pacifying a savage country has been known since the days of Cæsar, when our forebears reacted to their civilizing influences.

The effect of the circular road in Waziristan is remarkable ; not only does it simplify control, but it turns the mind

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of the tribesman to peaceful pursuits in preference to the doubtful joys of raiding. A malik who owns a Ford car (and this would not have been possible without a road) and the tribesman who sets up shop at a road junction are not anxious to risk their new-found prosperity by going out after problematic and increasingly risky " big game."

If the above premises are true, it is difficult to understand why the Government of India is apparently so parsimonious in voting money for more and yet more roads, and even railways, on the Frontier. Such expenditure must obviously be economy in the end, as the better the communications the fewer troops will be required to hold the country.

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**Pay and Allowances in India.**

We hear that a further revision of pay for the Army in India is due in 1927, but whether up or down remains to be seen. It cannot be said that the cost of living has fallen very appreciably in India. Of course, what the officer in India wants is not more actual pay, but more in kind. A free passage home and back for himself and family at stated intervals, instead of a meagre four passages spread over his whole service ; free housing without having to scramble in the open market with an inadequate house allowance ; better leave pay, or married allowances on leave—these are a few of the concessions which would, no doubt, be appreciated by the officer who has to serve in India.

The objection which will inevitably be raised will be lack of funds. We suggest, however, that money could easily be found by economizing on overhead expenses. For instance, it is understood that the proportion of accounts personnel to fighting men in the Indian Army is as one to fifty-five, while at Army Headquarters the proportion is about one to seven. So long as the officer is treated as a potential criminal, this proportion is perhaps necessary, but why should the holder of His Majesty's commission be so treated ?

Then, again, the complicated system of travelling allowances could be greatly simplified by adopting the War Office method of issuing warrants plus daily allowance. This reform alone would enable the number of babus of all ranks to be reduced, but this, of course, would be an infringement on vested interests !

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This winter the Government departments are to be quartered at New Delhi, otherwise known as Raisina. Army Headquarters, however, remains in Old Delhi until next year. The best one can say for Raisina is that it is spacious, dazzlingly white and, for the moment, surprisingly clean. For the rest, it reminds one very much of a spectacular film scene, and it is a most bewildering place to find one's way about, especially at night. It is a series of white buildings, ranged along wide roads connected by circuses and all exactly alike. Also it is seven miles from anywhere, whether Old Delhi or New Cantonments. At present there are neither shops nor club.

**Delhi.**

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The training battalion system in the Indian Army seems to be a success, in spite of the forebodings of those who felt themselves too senior to stand any change. The old battalion spirit still clings, of course, but it is undoubtedly being replaced by the new regimental spirit. There can be very little doubt that the system of carrying out recruit training in the Training battalion is a very good one, as it leaves the Active battalion free to concentrate on the trained soldier. The fact that all active battalions have to produce officers in turn for the Training battalions prevents any unreasonable grousing against the methods of training. We would like to see a little closer co-operation between the regiment and its Territorial battalions. At present the only apparent connection is in their use of the number and name of the parent regiment. At the annual training camp the British officers seem to be detailed from the nearest available battalion and not necessarily from the parent regiment. The Indian Territorial Force is undoubtedly based on a very sound scheme, and it should be possible in time to hand over to it a large responsibility for Internal Security, leaving the whole of the Regular Army available for field service.

**The Training Battalion System.**

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It is to be hoped a very wide public have had the opportunity of reading General Sir Ivor Maxse's admirable lecture on the Territorial Army which was given at the R.U.S.I. on March 10th last and now appears as the leading article in the November number of the R.U.S.I. Journal. He maintains, and rightly,

**The Territorials.**

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that " in our Territorial Army we possess fourteen of the cheapest Divisions of organized volunteers the world has ever seen or heard of. It is perfectly astounding to me what these men will do and how well they do it, in view of the time at their disposal."

He has some sound remarks about the qualifications of Regulars posted to the Territorials, whether as commanders, staff officers or adjutants. " To post adjutants who are merely looking out for a sedentary job, a quiet family life which will allow them to read for the Staff College, is a grave mistake," and one, we may add, which is very rarely made nowadays. Enthusiastic Territorial adjutants are the rule and not the exception. Further, " N.C.Os. from the Regular Army who turn out to be unsuitable instructors in Territorial units should always be returned to their Regular units."

To give of his best to his affiliated Territorial units is what every Regular Commanding Officer tries to do, but sometimes he is absolutely up against it. To take the case of sergeants, he must of necessity have the very best for his own training cadre and machine gun platoon ; he has constantly to send real good sergeants to Hythe and Netheravon, and it is as much as his place is worth to send an indifferent one ; there are other courses, too, to be considered, and replacements at the Depot, and " employment " ; and in an infantry battalion even his wretched companies, if they do manage to get hold of a good sergeant, should occasionally be allowed to keep him for a brief period. The Regular Commanding Officer is sometimes at his wit's end to find what is required of him, and in season and out of season we shall continue to emphasize that it is the establishment of four weak companies in a battalion that is to blame. Three, or better still two, with a full or even increased war establishment of officers and N.C.Os. would mean comfort, and the Territorials could then be certain of getting first-class instructors.

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**Strength and Distribution of the R.A.F.**

The present responsibilities of the Royal Air Force in terms of the functions and distribution of service squadrons are as follow :—

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| (1) Home Defence. | Great Britain, 26 squadrons (includes 5 Auxiliary Squadrons, and 1 Special Reserve Squadron).* |
| (2) Fleet Air Arm work (gunnery spotting, reconnaissance, torpedo, bombing, and fighting squadrons). | Aircraft, operating from Aircraft Carriers in home and foreign waters, 18 flights. |
| (3) Army Co-operation (reconnaissance and bombing squadrons). | Great Britain, 4 squadrons; India, 6 squadrons; Egypt, Aden, 3 squadrons. |
| (4) Air Control (Air Force as the primary arm). | Iraq, 8 squadrons†; Palestine and Transjordan, 1 squadron. |
| (5) Coastal Reconnaissance (anti-submarine patrol, convoy protection, co-operation with or attack on naval forces in narrow waters). | Great Britain, 1 flight; Malta, 1 flight. |

The combined strength of the squadrons at present provided for all these various duties amounts to approximately 730 aeroplanes.

When the present Home Defence programme is completed this force will consist of 52 squadrons.

The Air Force in India is under the control of the Indian Government, but it is manned by personnel of the Royal Air Force, and equipped with aircraft, etc., supplied by the Air Ministry on repayment.

There is in existence what may be described as an Empire chain of Service aerodromes eastward, in Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Trans-Jordania, Iraq, India and Australia, with an air base at Singapore in course of construction.

In addition, certain of the Dominions, Canada, Australia and South Africa, maintain Air Forces of their own, with which the Royal Air Force maintains close liaison.

* Auxiliary Squadrons are administered on a basis somewhat similar to that of the Territorial Army, each squadron being provided with a small nucleus of regular personnel for instructional and administrative purposes. Otherwise, they are composed entirely of non-regular personnel, the units being linked with the large industrial centres. Special Reserve Squadrons are maintained at between half and one-third regular personnel, the remainder being reserve personnel obtained by the enlistment of skilled artisans, who come up for short periods of training.

† No. 1 (Fighter) Squadron has been formally disbanded in Iraq and will be reformed at home as one of the fifty-two Home Defence Squadrons.

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**The Mobility of the Air Arm.**

The organization of British air power on a mobile basis is the primary policy of the Air Ministry to-day. The responsibilities of the Royal Air Force for Imperial Defence are increasing so largely, that to fulfil these requirements by distributing squadrons throughout the Empire might in ten to fifteen years necessitate approximately 100 per cent. increase of the present number of squadrons. An alternative method of satisfying these requirements at a cost compatible with the country's resources is to increase the mobility of air squadrons so that any part of the Empire may be reinforced as circumstances may dictate. This is the policy which is being adopted, and three main lines of progress are being followed to achieve this end: firstly, by the development of air routes and bases throughout the Empire; secondly, by technical improvements which will increase the endurance and reliability of aircraft; and, lastly, by the development of large airships to carry aeroplanes and personnel.

This mobility of the air arm will be of direct benefit to the Dominions in their problems of quick communication and local defence; and in so far as the Dominions can assist this policy by the provision of air bases and airship masts, and the development of air routes, they will also be contributing to their own advantage and security.

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**Co-operation between the Royal Air Force and the Dominion Air Forces.**

Schemes for co-operation between the Dominion Air Forces and the Royal Air Force were prepared at the Imperial Conference in 1923 to ensure standard methods of training and development throughout the Empire. Good progress has been made since then towards bringing these schemes into effect.

1. A considerable number of Dominion Air Force officers have attended courses at the Staff College and other Royal Air Establishments.

2. Quarterly letters are sent to the Dominions reporting all matters of interest which have occurred in the Royal Air Force at home and abroad. Information as regards technical developments is included in these reports.

3. The Dominions can send officers to obtain short service commissions in the Royal Air Force, who after four years' service can return to their own countries, becoming reservists in the Dominion Air Forces.

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4. The Governor-Generals of the Dominions can nominate a certain number of Cadets for the Royal Air Force Cadet College at Cranwell for commissions in the Royal Air Force. Similarly, graduates of Dominion Universities can obtain commissions in the Royal Air Force. It is hoped that the Dominions will take all possible advantage of these facilities, as the inclusion in the commissioned ranks of the Royal Air Force of a proportion of officers educated in the Dominions is felt to be of considerable value.

At the 1926 Imperial Conference further schemes, suitable to the particular requirements of each Dominion, were discussed.

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**Light Aeroplane Clubs.**

Six light aeroplane clubs are now actively at work—at London (Stag Lane), Birmingham (Castle Bromwich), Manchester (Woodford), Newcastle-upon-Tyne (Cramlington), Leeds (Sherburn-in-Elmet), and Southampton. They have a total membership of over 600 flying members and 400 associate members.

All the clubs are meeting with a considerable amount of success. A certain number of gift machines have been presented, and with these an increasing amount of flying instruction is being given. Already the number trained *ab initio* who have qualified for "A" licences is considerable.

In addition to the above clubs which are Government assisted, two others have been formed without assistance, one of which is known as the Seven Club, consisting of members owning their own machines, and another known as the R.A.E. Light Aeroplane Club.

The importance of the Light Aeroplane movement from the point of view of building up a potential reserve of Pilots whose services can be called upon for immediate training as service pilots on the threat or outbreak of war needs no emphasis.

Two Light Aeroplane clubs have been formed and are running with great success in Australia. Enthusiastic support has been given to these clubs, and the Australian Government, impressed with the importance of the movement, has decided to form five more.

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The conclusions reached by the Imperial Conference on the subject of Defence may be summarized as follows :—

**Imperial Conference Conclusions.**

1. The resolutions on Defence adopted at the last session of the Conference are re-affirmed.

2. The Imperial Conference regrets that it has not been possible to make greater progress with the international reduction and limitation of armaments referred to in these Resolutions. It is the common desire of the Governments represented at this Conference to do their utmost in pursuit of this object so far as this is consistent with the safety and integrity of all parts of the Empire and its communications.

3. The Conference recognizes that, even after a large measure of reduction and limitation of armaments has been achieved, a considerable effort will be involved in order to maintain the minimum standard of naval strength contemplated in the Washington Treaty on Limitation of Armament —namely, equality with the naval strength of any foreign Power. It has noted the statements set forth by the Admiralty as to the formidable expenditure required within coming years for the replacement of warships, as they become obsolete, by up-to-date ships.

4. Impressed with the vital importance of ensuring the security of the world-wide trade routes upon which the safety and welfare of all parts of the Empire depend, the representatives of Australia, New Zealand, and India note with special interest the steps already taken by His Majesty's Government in Great Britain to develop the Naval Base at Singapore, with the object of facilitating the free movement of the Fleets. In view of the heavy expenditure involved, they welcome the spirit of co-operation shown in the contributions made with the object of expediting this work.

5. The Conference observes that steady progress has been made in the direction of organizing military formations in general on similar lines ; in the adoption of similar patterns of weapons ; and in the interchange of officers between different parts of the Empire. It invites the Governments concerned to consider the possibility of extending these forms of co-operation and of promoting further consultation between the respective General Staffs on defence questions adjudged of common interest.

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6. (*a*) The Conference takes note with satisfaction of the substantial progress that has been made since 1923 in building up the Air Forces and resources of the several parts of the Empire.

(*b*) Recognizing that the fullest mobility is essential to the effective and economical employment of air power, the Conference recommends, for the consideration of the several Governments, the adoption of the following principal :— The necessity for creating and maintaining an adequate chain of air bases and refuelling stations.

(*c*) Impressed with the desirability of still closer co-ordination in this as in all other spheres of common interest, and in particular with the advantages which should follow from a more general dissemination of the experience acquired in the use of this new arm under the widely varying conditions which obtain in different parts of the Empire, the Conference recommends for consideration by the Governments interested the adoption in principle of a system of mutual interchange of individual officers for liaison and other duties, and of complete air units, so far as local requirements and resources permit.

7. The Conference recognizes that the defence of India already throws upon the Government of India responsibilities of a specially onerous character, and takes note of their decision to create a Royal Indian Navy.

8. The Conference notes with satisfaction that considerable progress in the direction of closer co-operation in Defence matters has been effected by the reciprocal attachment of naval, military and air officers to the Staff Colleges and other technical establishments maintained in various parts of the Empire, and invites the attention of the Governments represented to the facilities afforded by the new Imperial Defence College in London for the education of officers in the broadest aspects of strategy.

9. The Conference takes note of the developments in the organization of the Committee of Imperial Defence since the Session of 1923. It invites the attention of the Governments represented at the Conference to the following resolutions adopted with a view to consultation in questions of common defence at a meeting of the Committee of Imperial Defence held on May 30th, 1911, in connection with the Imperial Conference of that year :—

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" (1) That one or more representatives appointed by the respective Governments of the Dominions should be invited to attend meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence when questions of Naval and Military [the words " and Air " would be required to bring the resolution up to date] Defence affecting the overseas dominions are under consideration.

" (2) The proposal that a Defence Committee should be established in each Dominion is accepted in principle. The constitution of these Defence Committees is a matter for each Dominion to decide."

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# "BATTLESHIPS IN ACTION"*

## THE NEED FOR AN AUTHORITATIVE NAVAL HISTORY

THERE are three ways in which the past can be made to serve the present and the future: it can be recorded in the form of plain, unvarnished history, from which the reader must draw his own conclusions; or the historian may interject a running commentary giving his interpretation of events; or, again, the professional student may concentrate on a definite problem, read accounts of those epochs and incidents which seem to bear on it, and endeavour to apply to new conditions such lessons as he can deduce.

It must always be a temptation to the historian to indulge in the second method of dealing with the past, and there can be little doubt that a narrative interspersed with comments is far more readable than one confined to bald facts; but—and it is a very big "but"—when it comes to handling such an intricate and technical subject as modern naval warfare, it needs a wealth of professional knowledge in support of a sound judgment and an unbiased mind to interpret great events fairly and usefully.

Mr. H. W. Wilson is a recognized authority on naval history, and he has had a journalist's acquaintance with the Navy and naval officers; but, able writer and painstaking recorder though he is, the amateur betrays himself repeatedly when, in his "Battleships in Action," he ventures into the realms of things technical and tactical; while in dealing with that most intricate and debatable of all naval actions, the Battle of Jutland, he shows such bias and lack of comprehension of its professional aspects as must tend to make the naval reader suspicious of the whole work.

This, however, would be unfair. In Volume I, a *réchauffé* of his "Ironclads in Action" and "The Downfall of Spain," the author is at his best. He gives us a clear and interesting account of the birth and development of the iron warship, of the advent of the turret, of the initial struggles between guns and armour, and of the evolution of under-

* "Battleships in Action" (2 Vols.). By H. W. Wilson. Sampson Low, Marston & Co, London. 42s.

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water attack. He also shows how each of the changing types of warship were tested in action, and how they fared in such historic encounters as the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, the battles of Lissa, the Yalu, Santiago and the engagements off Port Arthur in the Russo-Japanese War, culminating in Tsushima. There is, moreover, such a wealth of information about operations between ships and forts that one wonders anew how the lessons of history came to be so utterly ignored as they were when the ill-fated Dardanelles campaign was launched.

The " ironclad," although conceived as early as 1836, did not materialize until 1854, when, as the result of the destructive effects of shell-fire at the Battle of Sinope, the year previously, both the British and French proceeded to build floating batteries which were essentially " coast attack ships " —in fact, the forerunners of the large monitor as we knew it in the late war. Three of these queer craft took part in an attack on a Russian fort, and their armour withstood severe punishment by the smooth-bore shore guns so effectively that the future of the armour-clad iron ship was assured. Four years later the first British sea-going ship of this type —the famous *Warrior*—was laid down by the Thames Iron Works at Blackwall. Those who saw that arresting play " Milestones " at the Royalty Theatre may remember a model of this vessel in the foyer. It is pathetic to recall that just at this time (1912) the last battleship to be built on the Thames, H.M.S. *Thunderer*, was being completed by the same firm, whose affairs were then in the hands of an official receiver. She, too, is now to be broken up.

The author records how, for some years, armour bested the gun. Then began a duel between " attack " and " defence," which has lasted until a stage has been reached when it may be said that it is impossible to make a ship completely impervious to direct hits with modern A.P. shell from the heaviest naval guns and yet give her adequate armament, speed and fuel capacity. The matter is, as he says, one requiring sound judgment to hold the balance correctly between attack and defence ; it also calls for a very clear appreciation of what is the *object* of building a particular type of warship ; this, in turn, requires to be clearly understood not only by the designer and the constructor, but also by the tactician.

Mr. Wilson remarks on the " great fire power without



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adequate defensive qualities " of our battle cruisers in the Great War, but it is open to question whether their future functions had been clearly defined before they were built. As super-cruisers they proved their efficiency at the Battle of the Falkland Islands, when clear weather gave their high speed and long range guns every opportunity. As fleet units, the battle cruisers were needlessly large and powerful to drive in the enemy's light forces and reconnoitre his main fleet unless they encountered their German counterparts. Then, it is true, the British ships were at a disadvantage defensively ; but, it may be asked, were our battle cruisers expressly designed to fight the German battle cruisers, or were they intended to use their speed and gun power in order to gain contact with the enemy and then hang on to his flanks, supported by the battle fleet, and only to engage heavy ships when in a position of decided tactical advantage ? The latter may have been quite a wrong and impracticable idea, but, if it existed, then it is quite clear that, as a type, they were never intended for the rôle they attempted to fulfil in the early stages of Jutland.

The advent of armour, not unnaturally, stimulated efforts to attack the ironclad in her weakest part, and we see the development of successive under-water weapons—the ram, the mine, the spar-torpedo, and the self-propelled torpedo. We are reminded of the " extravagant importance " attached to the first of these at a time when armour was still ahead of the gun, as typified by Persano's " almost childlike faith " in the *Affondatore*, a so-called turret-ram built in England for the Italian Navy. Incidentally, when the opportunity came to use her ram against the Austrian line-of-battle ship *Kaiser* at Lissa, his courage failed him, although he had his antagonist at his mercy.

It is also curious to note that in the late war, although no modern heavy ships had rams, ramming was revived as a definite form of attack against submarines. The battleship *Dreadnought* rammed and sank *U29*, while our light craft were fitted with a knife-edge vertical projection to their stems for the same purpose. In addition, ramming, deliberate or involuntary, became a feature in destroyers' actions, the most notable instance of the former being that when Commander E. R. G. R. Evans in the flotilla leader *Broke* rammed and sank the German destroyer *G42* in the Dover Straits. Nevertheless, it has, of course, long been apparent

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that the opportunities for using such a great cumbersome excrescence by heavy ships will be few and far between, and that more efficient gun armament and the powerful long-range torpedo have rendered attempts by them to ram each other likely to prove suicidal.

The self-propelled torpedo is essentially the most scientific under-water weapon so far devised by the wit of man, yet it has always had to take second place to the gun because, ultimately, sea power rests on the ship with the predominant " broadside," to use the old-fashioned term. The earlier torpedoes were very inferior and erratic weapons, and the author records the fact that at the Battle of the Yalu (1894), although the opposing fleets mustered seventy-six torpedo tubes between them, the weapon had no influence on the action, and a better use for their weight could have been found in a larger number of guns or a greater supply of ammunition. It is very much open to argument whether, in spite of the greatly improved speed, range and explosive force of the modern torpedo, its room would not be more valuable than its company in battleships and battle cruisers. The moral influence of the torpedo at Jutland, for instance, is unquestionable, and in the destroyer it proved an effective weapon under suitable conditions, but the teaching of naval warfare generally seems to be that it has very seldom been of value to the big ship.

Criticizing the British torpedoes at the beginning of the late war, the writer makes the extraordinary allegation that " whereas the shell exploded too quickly, the torpedo exploded too slowly and was apt to rebound and leave a water cushion between its head and the target, whence the effect it produced was comparatively small." It is quite true that our torpedoes left much to be desired, for reasons which, perhaps it is as well, are covered by the Official Secrets Act ; but this explanation, ingenious though it is, is so far from being a fact that one wonders if someone may not have been pulling his leg !

In gunnery matters, the author is at times obviously out of his depth. More than once he alludes to our " defective range-finding instruments." In point of fact our *range-finders*, the product of years of experience and experiment by naval experts in close association with the famous British firm of Barr and Stroud, compared very favourably with the German instruments. Whereas our rangefinders worked, and

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still work, on the horizontal base and " vertical cut " principle, the Germans went in largely for the stereoscopic principle which depended unduly on the human element. The latter often failed them at the psychological moment, with the result that they have practically abandoned their type of range-finders in favour of ours. In *range-keeping* appliances we were certainly their equals and probably their superiors, while the *laying* system of our capital ships, Sir Percy Scott's Director, was very much in advance of anything the enemy possessed.

The amateur is very liable to confuse range-finding, range-keeping, laying and spotting. At very long ranges the gun—or rather the fall of shot of a salvo from several guns—is the real range-finder, and with the most complete set of instruments in the world, range-keeping, as well as initial hitting, will often devolve largely on the spotter. Where our ships had had proper opportunities for training, their gunnery was quite the equal of the best the enemy could produce. The battle cruisers seem to have suffered in this respect during the earlier stages of the war, partly, no doubt, from the lack of facilities for target practice at their base in the Firth of Forth until the outer defences were complete. The battleships, on the other hand, were continually practising in Scapa Flow, and their good shooting, especially that of the 5th Battle Squadron, which had but lately left the Northern base, is borne witness to by Hipper in a gunnery report made to his Commander-in-Chief after Jutland. In this he says* :—

" The fire of the English battle cruisers did not cause to our battle cruisers damage of a serious nature. As the fall of shot was rarely close to our ships, it is not possible to convey an accurate estimate of the spread of their salvoes. In contrast to this, the fire of the *Malaya* battleships and equally, later on, that of the main enemy† was most effective (*produit une impression excellente*). Their salvoes fell ' absolutely dense ' (*tir centralisé*) . . . and gave proof of the care by which the English have eliminated from their guns all the influences which increase dispersion of shot and of the really remarkable way in which their laying system has been organized (indicative of alignment in training in conjunction with alignment in elevation).

" If the English did not obtain better results it is on account of the bad quality of their shell, and particularly of the insufficient power of their burster."

† *I.e.*, the main battle fleet.

* A translated copy of this document came to the present writer through a French source.

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This hardly bears out the author's sweeping statement* that the " British ships showed a marked inferiority to the Germans " in gunnery. At Coronel, which he quotes and as he explains elsewhere, our two principal ships were old and poorly manned and the crews had had little practice, while the enemy force included two of his crack gunnery ships. None of the main deck guns in our vessels could be fought, and the German cruisers had an overwhelmingly superior upper-deck armament.

In connection with this action, Mr. Wilson has fallen into the same error as Mr. Winston Churchill, in his " The World Crisis," with regard to the value of the *Canopus*, when he says that she " could have rendered good service." The 12-inch guns of the old battleship could have been comfortably outranged by the 8·2-inch guns of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, while she was so slow she could not even run away. Although rated a battleship, her side armour was no thicker than that of the *Good Hope*. In fact, the only logical conclusion would appear to be that, had she been engaged, we should have had to lament the loss of yet another ship and six or seven hundred more officers and men.

There are a number of other errors in technical matters in these volumes, but we must pass on to tactical questions. Here the author seems so desirous of emphasizing the importance of the " spirit of initiative " and " bold measures " that he condemns the lack of them in season and out of season. Although he quotes Nelson's words, " Do not imagine that I am one of those hot-brained people who fight at an immense disadvantage without an adequate object," he is inclined to ignore this sober attitude ; or, because he lacks tactical and technical knowledge, he fails to perceive the " immense disadvantage " where he makes comparisons between Nelson's dash and what seems to him undue caution on the part of certain more modern leaders. For instance, he implies that Togo missed an easy victory by not adopting " the boldest measures " when, on February 9th, 1904, having attacked the Russian fleet under the guns of Port Arthur, he did not follow up his initial success. The writer observes that the Japanese suffered severely from the fire of the shore batteries, and elsewhere he has shown repeatedly the disabilities under which ships labour in competition with land artillery. It should be evident to him, therefore, that they

* Vol. II, pp. 5, 6.

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would have had to pay a very heavy price in attempting to achieve such a victory; moreover, Togo dared not gamble with Japan's main fleet. Had he suffered severe losses the result of Tsushima the following year—indeed, the whole course of the war—might have been very different.

At the right moment the great Japanese Admiral showed himself to be a leader to whom "bold measures" decidedly commended themselves.

In dealing with Jutland, Mr. Wilson is in the unenviable position of a person who has already committed himself, in his writings, to a certain line of criticism based on a very superficial knowledge of the facts and conditions. His early manifestations in the Press of causes and effects in regard to that battle having been shown to be largely in error, it is regrettable that in this new account instead of having the courage to admit his mistakes, he aggravates his offence. The account is very biased and the lessons he attempts to draw are frequently derived from a distorted representation of facts. According to him, practically nothing the British battle fleet did was right, while the battle cruisers were invariably handled in accordance with the highest Nelsonic traditions.

Such a one-sided presentation of history does infinite harm, and the partisan attitude of writers like this is very much resented by those with the good of the country and the honour of the Service at heart. Space will not permit of dealing with all his mis-statements or false deductions in detail, but one or two glaring instances may be quoted.

The author rails against the "British battle tactics . . . involving adherence to the line of battle in line ahead, in one long, inflexible formation."* He even goes so far as to say† that the British battle fleet lacked the flexibility of the German one because our ships could not do a 16-point retreat together. All this is pure exaggeration. Our main fleet as deployed at Jutland had a fast battle squadron at one end and the battle cruisers at the other, whereby independent activity at its extremities was provided for, if conditions permitted, but, and the author chooses to ignore this point, although it is brought out clearly in the Official History, owing to low visibility it was most inadvisable for part of the fleet to lose touch with the main body; in fact, if every divisional leader had "assumed the initiative" and started

* Vol. II, p. 130. † Vol. II, p. 153.

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off on a course of action of his own, the fleet would very soon have been in a state of chaos and the German Commander-in-Chief would have had the very opportunity he sought to engage part of our fleet with his combined one.

Within itself the British battle line was highly flexible. Actually quick turns, such as that to avoid the torpedo attack at 7.21 p.m., were made by sub-divisions of two ships instead of by single ships, *because* it made the fleet more flexible and the large number of ships easier to handle.

The writer inveighs against the delay in deploying the British battle fleet* and criticizes a " system of tactics which demands the enemy's exact course and position before taking up battle formation." Does he really suggest that a system of tactics can be devised which *will* enable the Commander-in-Chief to engage in battle formation in a position of great tactical advantage (as our battle fleet did at Jutland) without knowing where the enemy is? He seems to lose sight of the fact that the German Fleet having deployed long before the main action was joined, thereby engaged at the greatest possible disadvantage.

In general, he contends that our battle fleet did not press home its advantages and follow hot on the heels of an illusive and retreating enemy. In order to have adopted the course of action which he advocates, it would have been necessary to have completely ignored the danger of under-water attack from torpedo and mine. Would the British Commander-in-Chief have been justified in doing so? Evidently the best tacticians of the day were of opinion that he would not, for, without exception, they all showed profound respect for those weapons, and it must be remembered that hardly any of our capital ships were " bulged " at that time. Perhaps our admirals were all wrong and Mr. Wilson and those who still think with him are the better judges, but in writing history it is eminently desirable to present things in their true perspective.

The account of the Belgian coast operations is meagre and the author's conception of the utility of the 12-inch monitors, which were really the miniature battle fleet in those waters, are quite out of keeping with the facts. It is true that they were slow, but a ship which can navigate in and out of the narrow harbour of Dunkirk at night, be turned in the basin, and taken alongside a crowded jetty under her

* Vol. II, pp. 149, 150 and 152.

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own steam, as the monitors were, constantly, is not quite the unmanageable and futile craft she is represented to have been.

The author has duly appreciated the importance of good staff work at the Admiralty and the deplorable results when there was a lack of it, but he does not always apportion blame correctly. For instance, he implies that our naval intelligence service failed to detect the sailing of the German battle fleet from the Jade prior to Jutland. Actually the fault lay in another staff department which repeatedly ignored or failed to make use of a certain form of intelligence, with the result that the Commander-in-Chief was sent information of an entirely misleading character* which vitally affected his subsequent movements. Sometimes the ablest Chief of Staff and best intelligence service may be let down by a stupid and self-opinionated head of a department, but it is to be hoped that Staff College training is eliminating the species.

" Battleships in Action " is a work which attempts far more than its name implies and the effort has proved too ambitious. There can be little doubt that it is too big a task for any one man to produce a comprehensive record and to deduce the lessons of naval warfare since the birth of the ironclad. Mr. Wilson has made a gallant endeavour to do so, and the concise form in which he chronicles events should be of real value to those who will not be led astray by wrong deductions and technical errors, but in the hands of the uninitiated these volumes might be very misleading.

The production of such a work as this emphasizes afresh the need for an authoritative naval history covering, at any rate, the period of the late war. To be of value, it must be compiled by a small staff of professional experts who must be free to point out mistakes and draw up principles for future guidance without fear or favour. This could, and should, be done quite impersonally. The study of war by the rising generation of officers can never advance so long as criticism of the action of senior officers who are still alive is taboo, for fear of hurting the latters' feelings. The amiable " Official History of Naval Operations " now being compiled under the editorship of a well-known poet and man of letters, has so far proved too bulky for popular consumption and of only limited value to the professional student who is seeking authoritative opinions on the lessons of the war.

* Official History, Vol. III, p. 326.

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The War Office does these things better and has a distinguished military writer and a staff with war experience in charge of the official Military History, but the Admiralty seem to take little interest in the naval one. In fact, their only contribution to the latest volume, which has so far appeared, was a note to the effect that some of the principles advocated were directly in conflict with their views; yet this History is being compiled under the auspices of the Committee of Imperial Defence !* One may well ask what *is* a long-suffering public paying for and what *is* the student looking for authoritative information about naval warfare to read? It is not merely the naval officer who has to be catered for. True co-operation between the Services can only be attained if each is honest with the others in admitting failures no less than in advertising successes. The Admiralty would be well advised to make an end of their " ostrich " attitude, scrap their one futile effort at war history—the so-called official " Narrative of Jutland "—and restaff the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence with officers possessing a practical knowledge, not merely of how to write history, but also of modern naval warfare, tactics, and weapons.

[* In this connection the nation as a whole is far from happy at the part played by the Admiralty with regard to the official accounts of the battle of Jutland, nor can it readily be understood why the record of that action, prepared by such a competent authority as Captain (now Rear-Admiral) J. E. T. Harper, C.B., M.V.O., was suppressed. —ED.]

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# MOBILITY AND THE MECHANIZATION OF FIRST-LINE TRANSPORT

By Lieut. W. B. V. H. P. Gates, R.A.S.C.

## 1. The Question of Mobility.

### (*a*) *Civilized Warfare.*

THE state of "position" warfare which prevailed during the greater part of the late war was due primarily to the comparative immobility of the large forces engaged. Yet the transport problems disclosed, difficult as they were, will appear simple in comparison to those of any future conflict. Each year fresh additions to the load tables of the Division are made, the vehicles of its transport increase; while over all spreads, like an ever-darkening cloud, the growing menace of aerial attack. Little imagination is needed to foresee the chaos, the confusion, which will result from powerful and determined air attacks, combined with accurate and aerially observed artillery fire, upon the crowded and slow-moving traffic of the lines of communication, especially during a retirement.

Even movement at night, although conferring a certain degree of immunity from air attack, does not afford protection to traffic on *fixed* lines of communication, where long range harassing fire is likely to become more and more effective.

The only solution appears to be that of "leaving" the roads whenever possible, and at any rate with first-line transport, which would do much to simplify transport arrangements, and enable more movement to be made by day. In this way congestion or blockage would be reduced, and the speed and control of traffic increased. Railways, being in many respects more vulnerable to air attack than other lines of communication, are likely to be amongst the first to suffer dislocation from this cause. Any serious breakdown would at once add to the importance of road systems, so that every reason exists for these to be relieved of as much traffic as possible.

Apart from the question of air influence, there is little doubt that the army of the future will be forced to depend more and more on a cross-country system of mechanical

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transport for its supplies and movement if it is to retain the initiative in offensive action.

It is obvious, for example, that a force transported by mechanical transport for fifty miles or so cannot debus and go into action unless its limbers and tool carts are with it. The aim of true mobility can therefore only be achieved when these essential vehicles are capable of the same speed and radius of action as those carrying the troops to which they belong. This can best be brought about by the mechanization of first-line transport, which should be the first step in the evolution of an army sufficiently mobile for operations at high speed over long distances.

### (*b*) *Savage Warfare.*

So far we have discussed the transportation services—or, rather, their present ineffectiveness—only in their relation to their employment in a European war, or where the combatants are equipped with the most modern and scientific weapons. Our regular army is, however, organized in peace primarily for use in small wars. It is therefore likely to be required, at least for a number of years, not for operations against well-armed forces, in which the chief factors to be considered are those connected with fire power or its equivalents, but against poorly armed forces where questions of climate, terrain and supply become of paramount importance. Our campaign in Waziristan, together with the recent war against the Riffs and the disturbances in Syria, serve to remind us of the truth of this, and to stress the importance of carefully studying such operations, in view of the fact that we may at any time become similarly involved, either in Palestine, Iraq or elsewhere. All these campaigns, and many others of the past, which come readily to mind, present instances of a guerilla type of warfare, in which ill-armed but highly mobile bands, exploiting the natural defences of their country, have defied the better-armed but less mobile forces of an invading or occupying power.

During the recent march of General Gamelin's column to the relief of Soueida, in the Jebel Druse, the difficulties of this form of warfare were well demonstrated, as were also the respective merits of horse and mechanical transport vehicles, the two instruments by which an army endeavours to increase its mobility. Here the large force of cavalry employed made the water problem the hardest of many which

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had to be solved, while on the other hand the mechanical transport was far from satisfactory, and on several occasions, instead of increasing the speed and mobility of the force, actually delayed it. The ground surface of the tracks traversed by this column, although not exactly difficult, was, however, too much for the mechanical transport vehicles which accompanied it, especially for the heavy 7-ton lorries carrying the tanks, which constantly broke down and delayed the column. The tanks themselves and armoured cars were also rarely capable of proceeding other than upon the main route, on account of the roughness of the surrounding country.

Much of the reconnaissance and protective work which, had these latter vehicles been of a suitable type, could have been carried out by them devolved therefore on the cavalry, thus aggravating the water question, and materially affecting the speed and the radius of action of the column as a whole.

The failure of the mechanical transport was undoubtedly less attributable on the whole to the terrain than to the types of vehicle employed, which had little power of movement on bad going, and were therefore neither able to leave the beaten tracks nor to average any degree of speed upon them. Given a suitable type, there is not the slightest doubt that mechanized vehicles will promote efficiency in operations carried out under adverse climatic conditions, which normally cause heavy wastage in animal and man power, and in certain cases prevent the use of the former altogether—tsetse-fly country, etc. Moreover, the use of animals on the long lines of communication often necessitated by operations in uncivilized countries is a direct incentive to the inhabitants to ambuscade the supply columns. Mechanical transport vehicles, offer no such attractions, and in consequence are less likely to be attacked, apart from the fact that they are also not nearly so vulnerable as animals.

### 2. The Instrument of Mobility.

#### *The R.A.S.C. Rigid-Frame Six-Wheeler.*

This vehicle has been evolved by the experimental branch of the R.A.S.C. as a result of some years' patient and exhaustive research work. The Renault, of trans-Sahara fame, which had various serious defects militating against its military utility, served as the basis of these experiments. In the latest types of R.A.S.C. six-wheeler, of which the

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THE R.A.S.C. RIGID-FRAME SIX-WHEELER.

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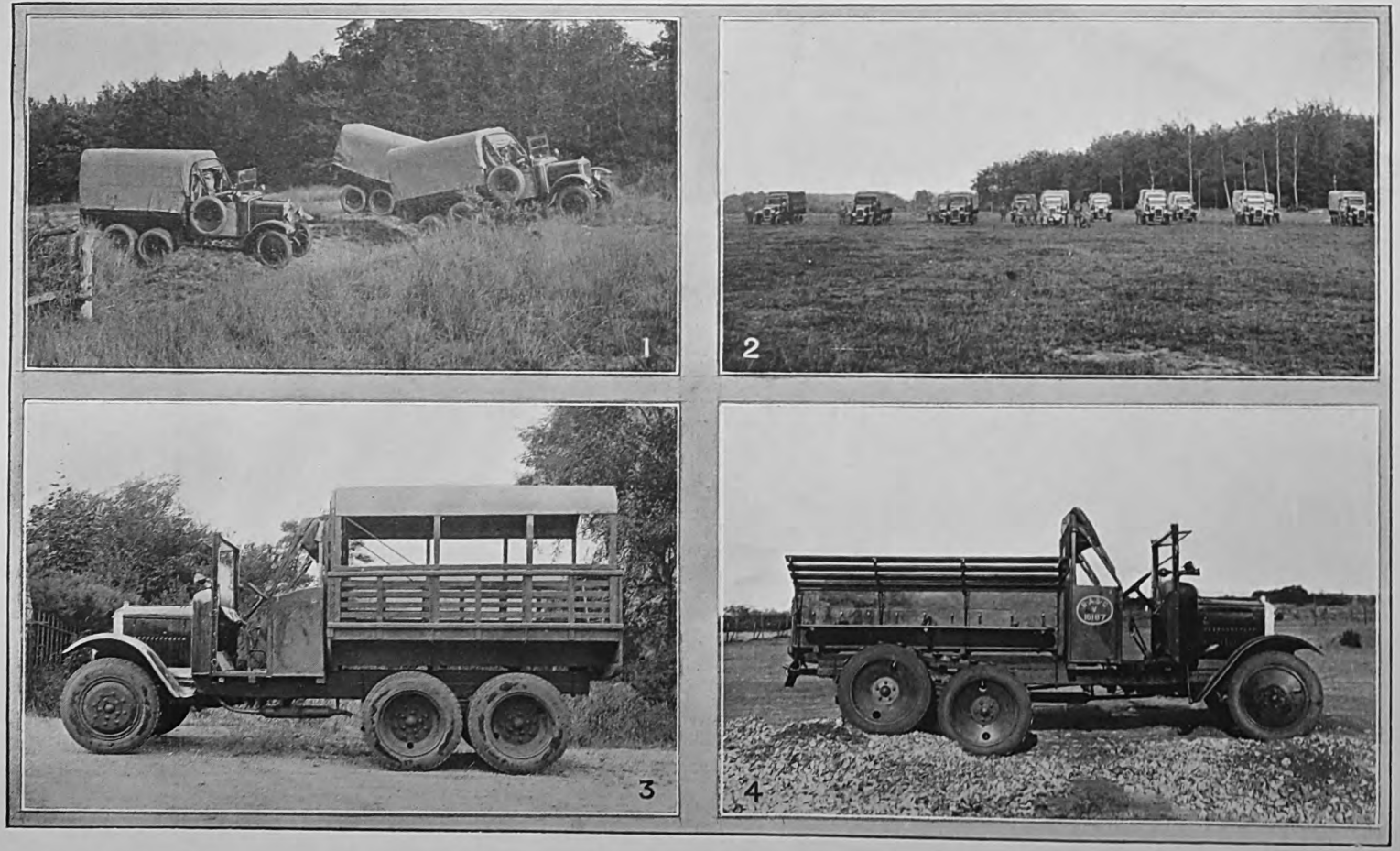

1.—Three Vehicles taking ditch in line. Note slant of rear wheels of vehicle on right, each wheel at a different horizontal slope.

2.—A Group of Six-wheelers.

3.—Vehicle with latest type body.

4.—Vehicle with "Overall Chain" fitted. Note actuation of rear spring and both rear axles; also way in which the wheels accommodate themselves to contour of the ground.

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vehicle made by Morris Commercial Cars, Ltd., is an example, a W.D. patented suspension has successfully eliminated these previous defects, and has resulted in the production of a cross-country vehicle of the first order. These machines are now being manufactured by most of the leading commercial vehicle firms, and fall into two classes :—

(*a*) Light, carrying 30 cwt. or over on the road ; 20 cwt. across country.

(*b*) Medium, carrying 60 cwt. or over on the road ; 40 cwt. across country.

The six-wheeler has carried out all the tests to which it has been submitted to date, including the negotiation of 1 in 2 slopes, banks, ditches, bogland and deep sand. The method of suspension of the rear axles ensures that under all conditions of tractive effort the weight of the vehicle is equally distributed on the ground by all four driving wheels, the pressure per square inch being quite low. A form of chain has been evolved which can be fitted round the twin-tyred rear wheels on each side. This materially increases the cross-country ability of the vehicle by reducing sinkage and increasing adhesion. It is simple and inexpensive, does not damage the tyres nor detract from their cushioning effect, and can be fitted or removed in a few minutes. It is not dependent on any particular degree of tension, and, since the pitch of the links is immaterial (there are no sprockets), the limit of wear is dependent only on the life of the pins connecting these. The chain is only needed under the worst conditions of bog and similar difficult " going," thus incorporating, in some measure, the semi-track principle in a high-speed road vehicle.

It appears to have also, apart from its military value, a great future commercially, especially for colonial work, and in this lies the solution to the whole problem of the mechanization of our first-line transport, which must depend entirely upon the essential factor of a large civilian reserve to meet the requirements of mobilization. Another great asset, apart from its comparative cheapness, is that standard chassis and components, which are used in the everyday manufacture of commercial vehicles, are employed in the construction of these machines. The absence of this essential, together with both its high initial and running expenses, renders the semi-track machine unsuitable for commercial purposes on a large scale at home.

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A still more valuable characteristic of this type of six-wheeled vehicle, both from the commercial and military point of view, is that by virtue of the reduced rolling and impact resistance, and the elimination of wheel spin effected by the double axles, it is able to carry loads practically double the weight of those carried by the same chassis on the normal single axle, at comparatively little extra running cost per mile.

Other important advantages which accrue from the same causes are :—

(*a*) Reduced tyre wear, due to elimination of wheel spin.

(*b*) Since axle loads are light, pneumatic tyres of reasonable size can be employed.

(*c*) Damage to road surfaces for the same reason is greatly reduced.

(*d*) Skidding is practically eliminated, and braking power is greatly improved.

(*e*) A remarkably smooth suspension is given, as only one-half of the movement of the rear wheels due to road inequalities is transmitted to the frame, irrespective of spring action, thus reducing wear and tear of the vehicles and damage or jolting of load.

It can readily be seen from the above considerations that in a mechanical transport vehicle satisfying all these commercial and military desiderata we have at last an instrument of mobility which may well revolutionize modern warfare.

### 3. The More detailed Advantages of a First-Line Mechanical Transport System.

The general advantages of the " Light " six-wheeler as a replacement for the animal first-line transport vehicle are as follows :—

(*a*) *Enormously increased speed and radius of action, with greater cross-country ability.*

(*b*) *Increased load capacity, both in weight and bulk, per unit vehicle.*

The advantages conferred by (*a*) and (*b*) will—

(i) Enable formations conveyed by " bus " columns to be accompanied by their transport, or in the case of rail moves would permit the latter to proceed by road in the majority of cases.

(ii) Render workable a system of central cooking, by

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which the day's supplies, consisting of cooked food in hay-boxes, are brought up every twenty-four hours on five or six vehicles per battalion.

(iii) Enable weight, to the extent of approximately 2 stone, to be taken from the cavalry trooper and 10 lb. from the infantryman respectively, this being carried in the " B " echelon vehicles, being delivered as and when required, and this without any increase in the establishment of the transport group.

(iv) Permit of the mechanization of machine-gun platoons complete, with guns, ammunition, and crews—one vehicle per sub-section—making it a highly mobile tactical entity.

(v) In cases of emergency, enable bodies of troops, complete with machine guns, to be carried by first-line mechanical transport vehicles, from which the loads have been dumped for collection later.

(vi) Solve the question of the carriage of the infantry anti-tank weapon, when this has been evolved, and the provision of reconnaissance cars for all arms.

(*c*) *Greatly reduce road space, etc.* Horse transport lines are extensive, afford good targets to aircraft, and are extremely difficult to camouflage effectively. On the other hand, mechanical transport vehicles at rest or on the move can be more easily and quickly concealed, and take up less road space. Their speed will often enable them to use longer alternative routes, and will reduce the actual periods during which they are congesting the lines of communication.

(*d*) *Greater Controllability.* Horses are not always easily controllable under fire, and require constant attention. By movements they tend to give away their positions.

(*e*) *Decreased vulnerability.* The target presented is smaller, less conspicuous, more easily camouflaged, and far more rapid in movement. Horses are very susceptible to rifle and gun fire, and gas attack, but the actual " mortal " area of a machine is comparatively small. With horses there is always the danger that one of the team may be struck, and in its fall seriously injure the remainder.

Puncture-proof pneumatics, which will stand up to rifle fire, etc., and the number of rear tyres (eight in all) fitted to the six-wheeler, will reduce the danger of immobility from tyre trouble.

(*f*) *Less attention when not in use.* Although mechanical transport requires a larger establishment of artificer personnel



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than its equivalent in animal transport, the daily work required from the actual drivers, when their vehicles are not being used, and when these have once been thoroughly greased and adjusted, is negligible in comparison with that necessitated by the daily routine of animal care and management. Similarly, the time required for refilling vehicles is considerably less than that required for resting, watering and feeding animals, so that, providing vehicles are in good condition, they can be worked more continuously and for a greater number of hours daily during a period of particular stress.

(*g*) *Lighter supply requirements*. Although the organization of petrol supply presents far greater difficulties than that of forage, the actual bulk to be carried on the lines of communications when the system of supply of this all-important commodity has been once firmly established will be considerably less. As petrol is easily handled by pumps, much manual labour will be obviated.

(*h*) *Provision of material and personnel*. The question of completing the army in time of war with mechanical transport drivers and vehicles will be a far easier one in the future than the corresponding provision of animals and men accustomed to them, which would be required to complete the existing establishment; this, of course, being due to the growing tendency to replace animals by motors.

(*i*) *Financial economy*. Cost of upkeep per ton mile much lower after initial outlay has been written off than in the case of horse transport.

## IV. Thoughts for the Future.

Whether or not the armies of the future will fight solely in "land ships" is hard to foresee. One can safely say, however, that within the lifetime of the present generation much will be done to increase the speed and mobility of land forces, by improvement of their transport and the lightening of the actual weight carried into action by the fighting man.

In any case, mechanization in European armies has progressed rapidly since the Great War. The French, ever quick to see the possibilities of a new idea, have instituted the Division Légère, a form of "Embussed" Division, complete with horses, guns and first-line transport.

Several of our Field Artillery Brigades have already been mechanized; similarly the Divisional Trains, the

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Divisional Ammunition Companies, and Anti-Aircraft Artillery Brigades.

The next stage in this universal development will no doubt be the gradual mechanization of first-line transport, with vehicles perhaps of the " light " six-wheeler type, followed by the replacement in second-line transport units of the 30-cwt. lorry by " medium " six-wheelers. It is fairly obvious that a radical change of this description will entail a considerable re-orientation of existing ideas as to transport in general, and its employment and maintenance in particular. Ample scope will present itself in dealing with these questions for originality and imagination, and full play must be given to these qualities if a satisfactory and permanent solution is to be found.

It has been truly said that in order to speak a language well one must think in it ; similarly, in evolving an efficient mechanized first-line transport system, one must think in the right terms and work on the right lines. The employment of a machine as a substitute for an animal necessitates the consideration of widely dissimilar factors. If the new system is to be fundamentally sound, it will be essential to organize and construct it, in some respects, on entirely fresh lines. A timely appreciation of this fact, combined with due foresight as to future requirements, in the initial organization of mechanical first-line transport will do much to ensure economy, both in money and effort, and to provide our Army with the most efficient system, with the minimum loss of time.

There is little doubt that the army of the future which, other factors being equal, is the best provided for in this respect will be the one to be reckoned with most. It is, therefore, obviously of the greatest importance to gain first place in the race for greater mobility.



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# AIR PROBLEMS

## (1) Imperial Air Communications.

THE subject of communications is of such importance from the military point of view as to warrant some record being made here of those factors which have a direct bearing on military considerations, and which were dealt with in the statement made by the Secretary of State for Air before the delegates of the Imperial Conference.

Sir Samuel Hoare was careful to point out that the civil and military aspects "are inextricably connected and that the development of Imperial Air lines, whether by aeroplane or airship, is a vital factor in the problem of Empire defence." He started by stating two broad propositions. Firstly, that the Empire is in urgent need of better communications; and, secondly, if the communications are to be improved a sustained and united effort will be required.

In dealing with the air routes, both in operation and prospective, he dwelt on the incalculable advantages, to both military and civil communications, of the air route from Cairo to the East, stretching to Australia and New Zealand.

After making tentative suggestions as to how each Dominion could best direct its efforts in helping towards the creation of the Imperial Air lines, Sir Samuel Hoare went on to say that in the meanwhile, we in Great Britain should be interesting ourselves in forging the link between London and Egypt. "Already," he said, "we have made considerable progress with the development of flying boats that will be suitable for the passage of the Mediterranean, and attention is being constantly given to the difficulties that have hitherto blocked the way to an England-Egypt service."

The flying boat has been made the subject of discussion in the pages of this magazine, and it has been pointed out that the future development of this type is of very great importance to us as an Empire on account of the very long stretches over sea that our air communications must inevitably follow. Apart from this wholly significant factor, the importance of the development of this type from the point of view of the future defence of our sea communications throughout the world must take primary place.

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Sir Samuel Hoare proceeded to suggest a way in which the military and civil aviation of all parts of the Empire might best co-operate at least for the pioneer work. He proposed that the Royal Air Force should undertake a certain number of Service flights in conjunction with the civil lines, and that the Governments of South Africa and Australia should allow their Air Forces to co-operate with us. If that were done, not only should we be obtaining valuable military training for our Service units, but we should also be making possible the experimental transport of mails and passengers over a large section of the Empire. This proposal involved nothing more than co-operation between one Government and another and between military and civil flying. If a certain number of pioneer flights could be successfully carried out in this way, he was certain that the formation of regular civil lines would follow, as in the case of the Cairo-Karachi Service. He further stressed the value which these Empire air routes would have in adding to the mobility of the Air Forces, and in making our air defences more flexible and *mobile*, enabling us to concentrate our forces at will where and when required.

(2) AIRSHIPS.

The recent experiments in releasing aeroplanes from airships marks a still further advance in the development of this type of craft. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that the stage has now been reached when it can be confidently stated that the future potentialities of this type have been definitely proved. These experiments are of very great importance when we come to estimate the value to be derived both in peace and in war of this new form of air transport. Great emphasis is laid on the importance to us as an Empire of any new development which will give increased mobility for defence and a means of speeding up communications. From the military point of view, the airship as a carrier for aeroplanes will assist in various directions. For purposes of air reinforcements and of rapid concentration of aircraft at threatened points, an airship will be capable of carrying a number of aeroplanes with their personnel and thus extend their mobility and radius of action. An airship will also assist in the more difficult problems of defence against air attack. In this connection fighting aircraft attached to airships will be able to start from the airships at a height instead

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of from ground level, thus saving valuable time. For civil purposes the manœuvre of flying on and off may become to an airship service what the mail exchanging apparatus is to railways. If mails could be dispatched to and picked up from an airship in flight by aeroplanes working from places within a certain distance of the normal route, it is clear that the saving in time which could thus be secured would be very great, and would not be dependent on the airship having to break her flight at a large number of intermediate stations.

Many years of further experiment and development must elapse, however, before we can hope to see such a service in being. The airship has yet to demonstrate that it is capable of carrying out these military and civil functions in a more practical way, and until such time as the two new airships have been in commission and opportunities afforded them of proving their airworthiness a final verdict on their value must be left in abeyance. It is to be hoped that the vast expenditure that will inevitably have to be made in the development of the airship will prove to be fully justified.

It is interesting to note that it is proposed that one of these new airships shall fly to and from India for a full period of trial; it is also hoped to make demonstration flights to the capitals of the Empire.

### (3) Limitation of Air Armaments.

At a recent meeting of the League of Nations it was decided to establish a committee of experts to examine the economic consequences of a general limitation of civil and military aircraft, and generally submit observations and suggestions on the economic consequences of any scheme for the limitation of air armaments which would take account of civil air navigation.

It was subsequently explained that there was no wish to limit the progress of civil aviation; the problem to be solved was how to limit the military effect without interfering with civil progress, seeing that certain machines might easily be converted into a useful type of "bomber."

Two questions arise from this. Firstly, is it possible to limit the military effect without interfering with the civil progress? Secondly, would the civil machines be of very great military value without extensive alterations? To these two questions the answer would appear to be in the negative, for without entering into technicalities it is obvious

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that this is so from even a most cursory glance at the problem. It might, however, be worth while remarking that in so far as these civil machines are concerned their employment in war as offensive aircraft would appear out of the question where opposition from Fighter Aircraft can be expected. That they would have their uses cannot be denied, but these would be restricted to duties connected with the conveyance of personnel, despatches and work generally on lines of communications.

What in our opinion is of more immediate importance is the extent to which the vast ground organization (in the way of aerodromes, workshops, etc.) connected with civil aviation could be utilized in the event of war. In addition, the aircraft manufacturing resources that could be immediately turned over to the production of war types, are likely to have a considerable bearing on the question of air superiority. The reserves of flying personnel and of mechanics, is a further important item. There is no means of retarding the growth of these potential resources without affecting the growth of civil aviation. The problem is one bristling with difficulties that appear insurmountable.

The limitation of military aircraft is quite another matter, but no such limitation can ignore the potential air power possessed by any particular country in respect of its resources in aviation generally ; and in determining the quota of Regular Air Forces the commitments of defence must take primary place.

### (4) Air Force Accidents.

The recent unfortunate sequence of accidents in the Royal Air Force has caused considerable uneasiness in Parliament, and in fact, to the nation at large. The *Daily Mail* has a pertinent leader on the subject headed " Why ?"

The question is not an easy one to answer, even the Air Force themselves find it difficult to give an adequate explanation. One aspect of the case is perhaps worthy of consideration. The R.A.F., unlike the Navy and Army, numbers among its officers a large number of non-regular personnel, who join for a short period and then go on the reserve, obviously a most economical arrangement for the nation, which at small cost is in a position to call upon an adequate supply of pilots in case of emergency. The question however, arises, " What type of youngster is it who joins

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the Air Force under these short-service conditions?" Presumably one of an adventurous turn of mind, endowed with natural courage, but not one who has given a very serious degree of thought to the forming of his life's profession.

To give up some of the most important years of his life to a job which will in all probability lead to nothing, smacks rather of the happy-go-lucky temperament. And most assuredly that type of temperament is the one most likely to bring a pilot to grief in the long run; most assuredly the R.A.F. is not a profession in which it can ever be permissible to take chances either in the matter of attention to detail or in one's mode of living. Tradition, too, may have something to say to it, and it is unlikely that the sense of duty, of *esprit de corps*, is as strongly developed in the non-regular as in the regular personnel. The system is excellent, the equipment better, perhaps, than that of any other country; the regular Air Force affords chances of quicker promotion than almost any other profession in the land, and should attract the best of our youth. Is then the non-regular element the weak spot in the R.A.F.? This theory may be quite wrong and no doubt statistics are available to prove or disprove it. But if our point of view is correct, the remedy may lie in a closer co-operation between the R.A.F. and civilian air-lines whereby the means of giving some security of tenure in their profession at any rate for a considerable, number of years, will be afforded to *all* officers of the R.A.F.

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# BEER

By "Peter Kay."

NEAR the eastern frontier of Burma, which is the eastern frontier of the Indian Empire, lies a hill station. It stands at a height of nearly six thousand feet. The climate is something like that of the Riviera, and life in it, pre-war and in the days of this story, was very good.

As far as frontier stations went this was a very good one. There were about half a dozen of us in it—the local civilians in charge of the administration of the district, Military Policemen, Doctor, Forest Officer, District Engineer. In the surrounding jungles lived the representatives of various timber firms, and these very cheery folk came into Headquarters periodically for their necessities; these visits were always the occasion for a general "bust," when we made the very most of life and played each other at every game we could think of. That was where the beer came in. Play a good, hard game of polo, or tennis, even in a coolish climate like that; go out for a long morning's snipe shooting and . . . you will finish up with a thirst that you ought to be very careful to leave behind in *this* world.

Now, beer is the best of all drinks to kill a thirst like that; millions of good Britons will agree with me. But let it be beer from the cask, bright and clear. Beer from a bottle is a different matter altogether. And though draught beer is brewed out East, it will not last long before it turns sour. There was enough for the stoutest heart in far-off Mandalay, but we, in our little frontier outpost, were too far off to get it. We were an odd three hundred miles off the railway; it would have gone bad long before the patient bullocks could drag it to us, plodding slowly at ten or a dozen miles a day.

We were mostly young in that station, generally in hard condition, and we felt our privation deeply. All our spare time was spent in games or sport of some kind. Afterwards we would all meet at the little Club, drink bottled beer, and wish it was the other kind. From which you will see that Fate was deliberately testing us—positively asking to be circumvented. It was at one of these cheery meetings that the great idea was born.

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I do not know who its parent was. That didn't matter much; once the idea arrived we were all busy helping it. Most of us had our parts to play. A cask was to be bought in Mandalay. From thence it was to be railed to the Military Police Rationing Post at railhead. There the Burman official in charge of the township would provide a cart and bullocks. This latter would proceed without delay and as fast as possible. On the far edge of the village tract would be another cart in waiting with fresh bullocks, which would take it on immediately. And so on, from tract to tract, never stopping throughout the whole three hundred miles.

But we didn't stop at that. Dear no! Himself, the Head of the District, would find it convenient to work off a necessary gathering of the neighbouring chieftains, fifty miles down the road, . . . just as the beer was passing. It had to be done some time—why not then? That would ensure the interest of every petty official, every chief. His next below was keener still. Revenue work would take him a hundred miles from Headquarters. Our District Engineer was an enthusiast (he always was); he was going a hundred and fifty, . . . to inspect a bridge. All these would return with the beer, in the train of that almost royal cart.

What was the Army doing? Something you may be sure. Small parties of men would be returning from leave about then. One or two men from each, . . . cheery little Gurkhas who knew the language, . . . should accompany the cask over every stage, travel with it, push it forward, sleep beside it and guard it from the bands of Chinese mule-men who, by the aid of a gimlet are so clever at tapping the barrels of rum in the dark of the night. Rum for those same Gurkhas, be it said, so they, too, would have an interest; one does like getting one's own back.

Was that all? It was not. The Military Police have a most efficient force of signallers. Helio by day and lamp by night, and their forte is field work. How, then, could the youngsters be better employed than by keeping up communication over the last hundred miles of road?

And, as ponies always want exercising, a party of Mounted Infantry with spare ponies would go down the road for a score of miles to exercise their ponies, and bring in the laggards of our party.

Such was the scheme, as sound and fool-proof as we could make it. It was all worked out in early November;

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the beer was to come along at Christmas, when all the jungle men would be in from the jungle.

We talked of little else in the interim. We, in our turn, were trying Fate. We were positively " asking for it."

* * * * *

Offices were closed, work shut down, and the Christmas holidays had begun. The beer had started ; it had reached the first telegraph office on the road. It had not reached the signal line yet, but that was only a matter of hours.

We, in Headquarters, were not idle. Every man had his job. Our best shot went out to get woodcock ; with him followed the man with the best dog, because the dog wouldn't work for anybody else. They carried with them the accumulated shooting secrets of the whole station. I have never known men give away their secret shooting grounds so freely before or since. A large party went out to procure the necessary number of snipe. Snipe *do* take some hitting, but those fellows must have had at least twenty cartridges for every bird required. Men threw open their magazines and deluged them with cartridges ! There are partridges in that land, grey, black and the bamboo partridge, so a party went for partridges. I saw them start ; there must have been several hundred beaters. Some of the timbermen were told that if they didn't produce a barking deer they would be hounded out of the station. They must have lost their nerve because, between them, they produced seven. For days before the twenty-fifth all the talent of the cook tribe haunted the Deputy Commissioner's cookhouse. It was there that the breakfast, the Eastern eleven o'clock breakfast, was to be.

Whenever we could find an excuse we wandered over to the Deputy Commissioner's house next the Club. We always found our way into his dining-room. At the end of the room was a large trestle to hold the beer barrel, and in front of it lay a hammer and a spigot—one of those brass ones with a key to turn the tap. The good man had been carrying the key in his pocket for weeks.

* * * * *

Christmas morning ! The beer was sighted. The beer was about to arrive. We had had the news of it the night before by lamp from the signallers, when a frenzied Mounted Infantry orderly had galloped in from the receiving station

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with the news. And now it was positively at the door, only a couple of miles down the road. We all rode down to meet it.

I think there has never been such excitement in that country before or since. Certainly, in the dark days which were coming, the bazaar rumour that the *Emden* had flown up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay left people comparatively cold. It was one of the " fifth days " when the country folk come into the town to sell their produce. The road through the town was thronged with crowds of cheery Shans and Burmans, quick to see a joke and all knowing what was afoot. For some reason or another the *whole* of the Military Police was down there, too ; Gurkhas, Sikhs, and Shan Sepoys, with their womenfolk, all smiling, just taking a walk. Here and there John Chinaman smiled benignly from the background. . . .

A commotion down the road ! Distant cheers and happy noises ! We couldn't gallop because of the people, but we trotted on, yelling. And then we saw it—the dear old Deputy Commissioner, the Commandant, both his Subalterns, the Engineer, and a crowd of others who has joined in from Heaven knows where. Behind them a bullock cart, two podgy-faced little Gurkhas, and a heated Shan, dressed to kill, in his best silks and twisting furiously the tails of his bullocks. Round them, over them, all about them, floated the crowd laughing, shouting, gesticulating—Shan, Burman, Sikh, and Gurkha, ponies, dogs, men and women *and* . . . a barrel of beer.

* * * * *

There was something extraordinarily dignified about that old man. Not that he was in the least bit old really, though older than us young ones, and he had grey hair. He was also one of the most courteous gentlemen I have ever met. Tact was a part of his composition.

The speech he made was of the very shortest. He knew that we would be able to hold back only with difficulty once we saw the beer tap running. It had all been worked out. A few words and the Deputy Commissioner was to draw the first tankard for himself. Then we would all draw ours. " The King "—the only toast for such an occasion—and then to breakfast. . . .

He took the key from his pocket. It was a clumsy brass

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key and it positively seemed to shine in the radiance of his smile. He turned to the barrel, that beautiful, large, bulging barrel behind him, and fitted the key. The tap had been hammered in, the bung had been loosened, the District Engineer held the tankard. . . .

Those of us nearest to him half rose from our seats; those behind stood up; farther back they stood on their chairs. In silence he turned the key. . . . Not a drop flowed out!

* * * * *

The silence was suffocating. Suddenly it broke. From all down the table we rushed at that miserable barrel, arguing, explaining, protesting. We turned the key round and round; we loosened the bung still farther; we shook the traitorous thing while all the time the storm of argument and protest raged on. The Commandant's men had been in charge *all* the time; a man had even travelled with it on the train. He could trust every single one of them. Turn the tap this way. Hit the beastly thing farther in. . . . The cart had never stopped once on the road, except that one place where the carts were late. . . . Hit the tap again. . . . Dammit! Pull the damned thing out.

. . . . Not a drop. . . . . "Except that one place where the bullocks were late," . . . where the fresh bullocks had been an hour late, . . . late in coming, . . . where the cart had had to wait, . . . an hour, . . . at night.

Oh, John Chinaman, you devil, *you devil*. So it was you, was it? With your beastly little augur you've beaten us all. . . . And you can never trust a native. How long *had* the cart been delayed? They *said* an hour. Maybe it was three. The Pathan is a clever thief. They say the Mesopotamian Arab is cleverer still. But for sheer, devilish, cunning *Chinese torture* the Chink has 'em beat every time. . .

Madly we searched the cask. But what was the good. The heathen Chinee just bores his little hole. He drains off all the liquid he wants and then, since he's the cleverest carpenter in the world, it's not difficult for him to plug the hole again, shave the head of the plug with a knife like a razor and stain it to the surrounding colour. You'll never find where a cask has been tapped. . . .

There's something in being British anyway. We went back to our breakfast and we *ate* it. It was a hideous meal. We *hated* our bottled beer.

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Himself of the brewery was quite a cheerful person. He had been very amused by our little comedy and interested in it. He had even taken the trouble to send off the beer personally from Mandalay station, and so it was only in the nature of things that he should wire on Christmas morning: "Hope you liked the beer."

This duly arrived while we were at breakfast. It was handed to the Commandant, who opened and read it.

Many soldiers have a bit of a temper; the Commandant had a large lump of one. The wire he wrote in reply was scorching to say the very least of it. But being, as he showed a few months later, a very perfect knight, he tore it up and merely replied: "The damned cask arrived empty." As the reply was of no consequence he did not mark it "Urgent."

Now, we have two classes of telegrams in Burma, "Urgent" and "Ordinary." On Christmas Day and the day following only "Urgent" ones are transmitted. Thus it was that the wire arrived at Mandalay two days later.

* * * * *

Himself of the brewery opened it. He stared at it for a moment; then he shouted with laughter——

"Macpherson," to his assistant, "those mugs have been had."

Macpherson had no soul above trade, so he merely replied: "Were they our mugs?" . . . But the reply, inane as it was, met with no correction. Himself had seized a telegraph form and was writing swiftly. . . .

* * * * *

That evening the Deputy Commissioner was returning from office. There is always an accumulation of work after the holidays; he had had a heavy day and was tired. As he entered his house he suddenly saw the Commandant rushing up the drive. In his hand he waved an enormous hatchet; he was brandishing it noisily and making noises. The Deputy Commissioner effaced himself hurriedly . . . .

But as wilful murder is as serious in the East as anywhere else the Deputy Commissioner emerged again, cautiously. The cask, now relegated to the ignominy of the back verandah, was in the clutches of the Commandant. The Commandant was hacking at it furiously with the hatchet.

The Deputy Commissioner approached still closer, but very carefully. An iron hoop flew off the cask and clattered

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noisily on the stone floor ; that shook him, but he pressed on. The top of the cask was riven with one smashing blow and its sections flung aside—followed a mass of straw. *Straw*, from a *cask !*

It was then that the Deputy Commissioner picked up a telegraph form which had fallen from the Commandant's pocket. He looked towards the Commandant, who screamed, " Read it, read it."

The cask rolled over as the Deputy Commissioner read . . .

The telegram read, " Break open outer cask. Beer is in smaller cask inside." From the wreckage arose the Commandant, breathless, hatless, covered with straw. In his arms he clutched a barrel of beer !

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# THE ARMY OF A NIGHTMARE

*(With apologies to Kipling.)*

By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart.

A NIGHTMARE is defined by the dictionaries as a dreadful dream in which the sleeper is weighed down by a sense of oppression and helplessness, and its cause is usually ascribed to the stomach being overloaded through supping " not wisely, but too well." This definition aptly describes the dominant feelings of those who study the history of the war of 1914-18—the impression of an overpowering weight of numbers under which the art of the great captains was suffocated, and the utter helplessness of the combatants to break loose from the fetters of trench warfare. In quite a different sphere and manner, the same " nightmare " sensations of oppression and helplessness filled the minds of many who watched or took part in this year's training of the Army at home.

The similarity of sensation leads one to search for the connection, for if this can be established and its cause discovered, warfare may be freed from the incubus which has clogged its course in recent generations, its old lightness and mobility restored. A survey of military history reveals that mobility has yielded to stagnation whenever the means of defence have acquired a material preponderance over the means of offence. A closer analysis of the last century shows also an ever-increasing paralysis of mobility, and of generalship as an art, in proportion as armies grew larger and as the means of fire-power were developed, especially the machine gun. It will remain one of the curiosities of history that only one student of war, a Polish banker, M. Bloch, foresaw the inevitable consequences of this drift—the trench deadlock which came about in the autumn of 1914. Perhaps the reason was that most of the distinguished military students of war were so occupied in trying to discover the secret of Napoleon's system, in order to apply it on the battlefields of the future, that they forgot to keep an eye on the changes in material conditions, which would render void their application. Perhaps also the film of change passed so slowly before their faces, because of the retarding influence of conservatism, that it was not easy to realize that the picture had altered.

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I was reading Lord Dundonald's " Life " recently, and there found him aroused in 1884 to the value of machine guns by the direct experience of being charged by the Mahdi's spearmen at Abu Klea. And in reply to a letter of his, Colonel Knollys, a military writer of the time, says, " Machine guns seem to be undervalued by the military authorities. . . . Lord Wolseley, I know, is personally a believer in machine guns, or as it may be termed concentrated essence of infantry." Significant words—not only because they epitomize the value and motive of the machine gun as we understand it to-day, but because they show the difficulty of even a great reformer—and he, moreover, with the powers of a Commander-in-Chief, hastening the sluggish course of military progress. Napoleon said that " in war, it is *the man*, not men, who counts " ; for a modern army we might paraphrase this by saying that " in peace, it is *the system*, not the man, who counts." In 1884 a few enlightened thinkers could foresee that machine guns were " concentrated essence of infantry "—exactly thirty years later we went to war with two per battalion. So little was learnt in thirty years, even though the Russo-Japanese War cast a still deeper shadow athwart the future. The Germans appreciated the lesson a fraction, no more, better than the French and ourselves, but this fraction was enough to upset the balance of warfare, and tilt it downwards to rest, and long remain, in the slough of a trench stalemate. The machine-gun's domination of the trench battlefields of the Western Front was universally, if tardily, recognized. It is true that ultimately, when the whole manufacturing resources of nations had been devoted to the production of munitions, a tremendous artillery bombardment could sometimes quell the defending machine guns sufficiently for the infantry to make a bound forward, at heavy cost. But the heaviest artillery bombardment could never suppress the menace—always as the barrage lifted some enemy machine gunners would emerge from dug-outs or open fire from shell-holes, and even a solitary machine gun would prove its power to hold up a whole infantry battalion, even a brigade. Later the tanks, when at last developed, cut a path for the infantry more economically and with better effect, but although themselves invulnerable to machine-gun fire they could not altogether crush these deadly scorpions of the battlefield, some of whom survived to take toll of the vulnerable infantry who followed the tanks.



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The tanks could even capture a position, but the traditional procession of infantry had to make the sacrificial offering to ensure the omens of victory.

After the war the military authorities said: "Trench warfare is finished with; we shall train for moving warfare." A most admirable sentiment, for trench warfare was inevitably the negation of generalship, the triumph of mud over mind. But as trench warfare had been created by the machine gun and barbed wire, two paralysing agents which the tank had been developed to cure, and as tanks formed but a tiny fraction of the reconstructed armies, it is a little difficult to understand the grounds for this belief in a revival of moving warfare. So strange are the processes of thought that some of the leaders who were most anxious to restore mobility, seemed also the most averse by instinct to the one means which could gratify their desire. This paradoxical attitude was even held by commanders who had stood out in the war as men possessed of the real flair of generalship, who with accustomed instruments revealed by quick and sure action that like the great captains of the past they were imbued with the principle of mobility. Thus a couple of years ago I was told confidently that the scheme of tank-proof localities had nullified the menace of the tank—until the tanks surmounted and penetrated these chosen localities as a proof to the contrary. Then the split trail for field-guns was announced as the antidote—disillusionment came when I saw anti-tank shoots at Larkhill and found from the analysis of five separate shoots that the average was 1 hit in 22 rounds! If this was the case when firing under tranquil conditions, at one or two slow-moving and deliberately manœuvred dummy tanks, it was not difficult to estimate the decrease of effect when, as in war, the tanks' direction of approach was uncertain, when the target was a swarm of tanks in a swift nerve-shattering onrush, and when the target was simultaneously pouring a hail of fire at the gunners. In naval gunnery practice before the war about seventy-five per cent. of hits was registered; under war conditions this fell to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.! Such is the influence of nervous strain and other battle factors.

Finally, last winter I was told that the ·5-inch machine gun had sounded the death knell of the tank, but by the autumn, after practical test, there was a marked silence as to this latest patent remedy. This eager and ever buoyant

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hope for an antidote to the tank comes curiously from the lips of soldiers who sincerely desire a return to moving warfare, wherein the art of command and the keen eye for an opening can again find scope. I wonder if they realize that the discovery of an antidote must quench all chance of a renaissance of mobility and doom us to a perpetual reign of machine-made slaughter. And if so the professional soldier will be subordinated to the " big business " organizer.

If the tank should be laid low, the machine gun would be left undisputed master of the battlefield, and the possibility of attack decay and perish before an immovable defence. For if the vast artillery bombardments of the war could not subdue the machine gun, there is no hope that we could succeed with our present slender scale of artillery, whose effect is still further diminished by the greater difficulties of observation and registration in open warfare as compared with the static conditions of 1914-18. Only one conclusion can be drawn from this hard fact—that with our present proportion of artillery there is no chance of infantry advancing in normal country against an enemy adequately equipped with machine guns. The alternative is a lavish use of tanks, but here again we have not a tithe of the machines required for such a purpose, even for our small expeditionary force of four divisions. And if we had, it would be wasteful folly to expend them in bolstering up an arm which is a debit rather than an asset on the balance-sheet of battle. Infantry can no longer conquer a position defended by hostile machine guns. They do not even hold it when conquered—as our official doctrine recognizes when it lays down that the machine guns, with the artillery, are the framework of every defensive position. If it be said that I am stretching the term " framework " beyond the meaning intended by Field Service Regulations, I would reply that the strength of a building rests in its framework not in the surface-covering of plaster.

The effective rôle of infantry is now limited to " mopping up " the ground that the tanks have conquered and to holding it if possible during the brief interval before the machine guns can be brought up. And with the development of the six-wheeled carrier, even this transitory rôle disappears, for the machine gun can be rushed forward more quickly than the infantry. True, in certain abnormal country—woods or mountains—infantry on foot are still necessary and are



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still an effective offensive arm when the thickness of the cover gives them a protection they otherwise lack. But such ground is only a fraction of the land surface of either Europe or Asia, and it is surely irrational to base the composition and policy of our army as a whole on the peculiar conditions of the North-West Frontier of India.

These truths were thrown into bold relief by this year's training, when by far the most convincing exercises were those of the divisions where only a single infantry brigade was available, but where the tanks, artillery and machine guns were on a scale hitherto employed for a whole division of three infantry brigades.

My belief is that the year 1926 will be in history a landmark in military evolution, and the cause lies in the invention of the Morris six-wheeler. The one slender justification for preaching mobile warfare to an army with but a handful of tanks had lain in the immobility of the machine gun. If war had broken out, there was just a chance that, if operations could be kept fluid, the hostile machine guns might be slow in getting up or moving to cover the threatened spots on a wide front. But through the cross-country six-wheeler, the machine gun has become mobile—and warfare, as a consequence, irredeemably static, unless and until our army is fundamentally recast.

Painful and direct experience has engraved the power of the machine gun on the minds of soldiers, and it is easier to appreciate its effect when made mobile than it is to realize the menace of the tank, which few of our troops ever experienced as a weapon against themselves. In this year's exercises, the tactical issue nearly always turned on the action of the tanks, but the lesson is still obscured by the natural pride of the other arms, by the fact that we only possess a handful of tanks, by umpiring rules which have no relation to gunnery results or war experience—if a gun gets off two rounds at a tank within 600 yards and at 6 m.p.h. the tank is put out of action ; if over 6 m.p.h. four rounds are necessary. The optimism of these rules is astonishing in the light of the anti-tank and naval gunnery statistics I have quoted earlier. Their existence, however, can still obscure the logical truths that armour plate is inherently a better protection than the human skin, that an engine is better motive power than a man's limited muscular energy, and that a mechanized " combatant " can carry an indefinitely more

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powerful armament than a man, who can only carry a rifle or part of a machine gun for a short distance. But every soldier with war experience knows too well the resisting power of machine guns ; a moment's reflection on our present artillery and tank strengths will show him the hopelessness of an infantry attack in future against a position held by machine guns ; and the knowledge that the machine gun has now been endowed with mobility will tell him that there is no longer a chance of finding an unguarded avenue on the hostile front which their machine guns cannot close more quickly than our own infantry can reach it.

Let it be remembered also that the " stupendous " German machine-gun strength of the war only reached 142 guns per division at its peak, in the winter of 1917-18. It was but a third of this figure at the time of our bloody repulses on the Somme. What if the German Command, when it adopted a defensive rôle on the Western Front, had been inspired with sufficient originality to convert the majority of these " defensive " divisions from an infantry to a machine-gun basis—revolution instead of slow evolution—retaining only a small proportion of light infantry in them as scouts and skirmishers. If our infantry could not break through a divisional front held by 142 machine guns, could they ever have hoped to make an impression on a divisional front composed of 1400-2000 machine guns ? The question has only to be asked for us to realize that our constant checks would have become checkmate.

From the past let us turn to the present and future. If the machine gun is master of the modern battlefield—in the absence of tanks—and infantry makes so limited a contribution to the military object, why do we retain 136 infantry battalions to only 4 tank battalions, 2,176 infantry platoons to only 136 machine-gun platoons ? Rationally, there is no answer and we stand convicted of spending over £40,000,000 a year on an army the bulk of which gives neither offensive nor defensive value in return. Practically, there are several excuses and it is just to examine them.

First, the fact that the authorities now in power are burdened with the legacy of their predecessors. I cannot feel that the historical verdict will be very favourable to those responsible for the reconstruction of the army after the war. In 1918 the experience of the combatant was dominated by the machine gun, the tank, smoke and gas.

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But the post-war rebuilders of the army cried " Back to 1914 " and reduced to a shadow equipment and training in all these new elements. Even with the machine gun, which could not be regarded as a trench-warfare novelty, this depreciation occurred—the Machine Gun Corps was " axed " and a mere platoon of eight guns was allotted to each battalion. The present authorities, faced with the task of restoring the true proportions, have a far greater handicap—because the opportunity of rebuilding on new foundations was lost. To modernize a structure that has once taken form is a Herculean labour under the pressure of financial stringency and vested interests. The second excuse, in fact, is that of vested interests—in the best sense of the phrase. If we converted most of our existing regiments into tank or mobile machine-gun units, we should not only need less men, but the increased expenditure on machines would have to be met by discharging the large surplus of men in order to apply the cost of their pay to a more practical object. We can fully understand the reluctance to cause this hardship, and we know too well the clamour that always arises when the pursuit of economy even for greater efficiency, changes from an abstract ideal to a concrete demand on the individual. But as the whole is greater than the part, is it right to keep the security of the nation in jeopardy while the soldiers affected are slowly reconciling themselves to the inevitable ?

A third excuse is the rapidity of mechanical progress, whereby the latest product of to-day is obsolete to-morrow. We have marked time for eight years now, and if we are to await mechanical finality we shall wait for all eternity. If the Navy had acted on this argument it would still be equipped with the wooden sailing ships of Nelson's day. Faced with the certainty that our existing Army cannot advance against machine guns, except under exceptional conditions, the plea of " experiment before production " rings hollow.

The best excuse, and the strongest obstacle, is the Cardwell system combined with the reluctance of the Indian authorities to accept any modern machines—whether tanks, dragons, or anti-aircraft artillery. The Cardwell system, which served a useful purpose in its day, is now obsolete, although venerated by many politicians who do not understand that its rules are like fetters riveted on the Army's " limbs." Although mechanical units could more effectively control the greater part of India, the Indian horizon seems

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to be limited to the North-West Frontier, despite the fact that any serious invasion would now assuredly come through Persia and Baluchistan, which are already practicable for the movement of a mechanized force. A way out of this impasse can only come either by a broadening of the Indian horizon or by an abandonment of the Cardwell system. It is a mockery that trained dragon-drivers, drawing tradesmen's rates of pay, should be drafted to horse-drawn units in India, there to forget their training and learn to drive horse teams, to their own discouragement and the nation's cost. While we recognize the difficulties which confront those who are responsible for the progress of the Army, and pray that they may be given strength and wisdom to attain their goal, the experience of war tells us that a clear view of the goal is an essential aid towards reaching it. Here, outside suggestions may at least help to focus the vision. On what pattern is the Army to be recast? Like an athlete who has run to fat it must reduce its infantry corpulence and develop its mechanized sinews. In the light of their present restricted uses we see that the proper rôle of infantry is that of land-marines; for the duties of "mopping up" and for hill and wood fighting a quarter of their present strength would be ample. The reduction would enhance their usefulness for while we could never provide the transport to mechanize the present numbers we could convey a proportion of land-marines as part of a mechanized force. At the moment we are trying to mechanize the transport of infantry in order to carry their weapons and equipment, and the sight of a string of fast cross-country motor vehicles crawling behind a 2-3 m.p.h. column on foot is as painful an anachronism as it is a pitiable waste of mobile vehicles. Nor does the harm end there, for so long as the infantry form the mass of the army, and go on foot, so long will the Army be tied to the pace of the slowest foot-soldier.

When an employee is no longer able to perform his work it is cheaper to pension him off at once, and fill his place, than to retain him as a clog on the efficiency of others. By reducing the proportion of infantry we could not only increase our tank strength, and hence our offensive power—at present negligible—but also increase our defensive power by converting the balance of the infantry into mobile machine-gun units and land-marines. The conversion has become immediately practicable through the practical success under test of the

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new six-wheeler, which is essentially a commercial product and so ensures a reserve for war expansion.

To judge by the views of many regimental officers with whom I discussed the question during this year's training, the change would encounter less opposition than is commonly supposed, for few had any doubts that the supremacy of the battlefield had passed to the tank and machine gun. Instead of creating new units it would be best simply to change the pattern of existing ones, so combining the moral asset of historic traditions with the moral and material tonic given by improved weapons.

The "Die-Hards," for example, going to battle in armoured machines, would still be "Die-Hards"—but harder to kill.

Even for the proportion of infantry who are kept, as land-marines, to fight on foot there must be a change. Not only must they be motor-moved to the scene of action—the foot-slogging soldier is as quaint a survival in the modern world as a hansom cab—but they must develop their battlefield mobility. For machine guns, if less effective, will still be an obstacle in hilly or wooded country, and to overcome them "the men who fight on foot" must become light infantry of the Peninsular type, agile groups of skirmishers who will exploit to the full the tactics of infiltration and manœuvre. When infantry are reduced to a rational proportion this high standard will become practicable, particularly if we save more time for tactical training by bringing our drill up to date—basing it on modern tactical movements instead of on those of Waterloo, as in the existing drill system. What infantry lose in numbers, they will gain in status; the hollow mockery of calling them the "decisive arm" is no compensation for being treated as mere camp followers to the tanks or the artillery barrage, and to be the picked light infantry of the future mechanized army is a greater distinction than being the "cannon-fodder" mass of the present. While it is clear that the indigestible mass of infantry is the cause of our military nightmare, and equally obvious that this must be reduced, it is not so clear what diet we need for the future. The six-wheeler has proved its practical worth, and there are sure grounds for beginning at once to convert part of the infantry surplus to mobile machine-gun units on this basis. But although this will greatly increase the defensive and delaying power of our army, it does not solve

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the problem of augmenting an offensive power which at the moment is represented only by four tank battalions. We should hasten to increase their number, but we must also recognize that the present Vickers' tank is both an interim and an expensive weapon. My own view is that the course of progress will branch out from this starting point, in two directions—to a larger tank, strongly armoured and with a heavier armament, and to a much lighter machine-gun tank or car, which will gain security from its dispersion, its mobility, and the numbers which its cheapness will make possible. The first will be an artillery—or battleship—tank, and form the offensive base for the second—a cavalry, or destroyer, tank. The prototype of this second class may be the Martel-Morris tankette, or it may be a cross-country armoured car. Experiment has not yet reached the point at which we can begin equipping our forces with a standard machine, but it is urgent that we should press on the trials, for until then we must realize that the striking power of our army is practically nil. And we must also realize that our object is not to produce a mere reconnaissance machine, but to replace the now paralysed infantry.

The French Infantry Manual of 1920 pointed the way, although the practical progress of the French Army since the death of General Buat has lagged behind. Red-hot from the forge of war experience, it laid down the cardinal truth that fighting strength could no longer be valued in "rifles," but by the number of automatic weapons. Each *groupe de combat* consists of one light automatic, and the men of the group only exist in relation to that weapon, according to whether their individual rôle is "to move it, serve it, feed it, or protect it." Under present conditions thirteen infantrymen are allotted to bring each light automatic into action, but the Commission which prepared the manual took a longer view and speculated whether "this law would lead in the future to further reducing the group, to constituting it of two or three men enclosed in an armoured and mobile shell." The law thus enunciated illumines our path in the future. For it is obviously cheaper and more effective if a light automatic can be brought into action by two or three men in "an armoured and mobile shell" than by thirteen unprotected men on foot. Both, dismounted, have equal defensive power, but the first has great and the second no offensive power. Taking the Martel-Morris as

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an example, the annual cost, including depreciation, of a machine with a crew of two, would be no more than that of three existing infantrymen. But whereas an existing infantry battalion of a thousand men is incapable of attack against a machine-gun defence, a battalion of three hundred two-man tanks would swamp any defensive position in moving warfare—on which basis our army is being trained.

Our expeditionary force of four divisions is essentially a striking force, except that in reality it has no striking force save against ill-armed or savage foes. Its purpose in case of another large-scale war is, as in the past, to strike a rapid blow in aid of our Allies while we are expanding the national forces at home. If our Allies of 1914 regarded the six divisions of the British Expeditionary Force as a mere drop in the bucket, what value can they attach to the four present divisions of infantry in these days when the machine gun dominates the battlefield? With them man-power is cheap, but mechanization expensive. With our highly paid professional army, the conditions are reversed. A wholely mechanized expeditionary force of the same cost would be not merely a valuable, but probably a decisive reinforcement in any struggle between the conscript armies of other powers. And because of this, we should be an immense asset towards European peace, by discouraging the zest for war of any foreign Power.

The production of such an "armoured and mobile shell" will cause another revolution of the wheel of progress. For as the infantry disappear before the present machine gun, so will this lose its own target, and value, but itself remaining a target for its own enemy, the tank, it must disappear—or, acquiring armoured protection, become a form of tank. Thus the result of the triumph of the machine gun is to hasten the coming of tank armies. Improving upon the legendary phœnix, a newborn offensive power is rising from the ashes of the defensive overlord of the battlefield.

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# THE MILITARY ROMANCE OF KASHMIR

By Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

FOLLOWING close on the *esclandre* of Mr. "A" and the horror of the turpitude of his European entourage, came the death of his aged uncle Lieut.-General Sir Pratap Singh, Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir, Friend-of-the-English, Free-from-Fear, as his sonorous titles ran. He passed to his funeral pyre regretted by two generations of English visitors to his romantic valley and mountain kingdom. Much has been written of his curious personality, and because he held high honorary military rank in the British Army it was assumed that he was a soldier of prowess. A soldier, however, he certainly was not, though a wise and astute ruler, and a descendant of a soldier of fortune, ruling amid the crumbling remains of an ancient military system that dated from the French military adventurers, and which during his lifetime was reborn as a more compact and more modern force. Thus reborn, it was destined to render great services to the Crown, and in the late war served so far afield as East Africa and Trans-Caspia, and so early as 1857 had taken part in the Siege of Delhi. It was for the notable deeds of his forces that the honorary rank of Lieutenant-General was conferred on him.

The whole story of this army during the last hundred years is one of great romance, and curiously enough it retained till quite recent times some traces of those French adventurers aforesaid, who after the Revolution and the decay of French power in Southern India, served in so many of the armies of the Native Princes. To follow its story it is necessary to go back to the stormy days of murder and counter-murder and outrage unthinkable, with which the Sikh capital at Lahore was torn, in the period succeeding the death of the great Ranjit Singh, the Lion of the Punjab, a period which culminated it will be remembered in the Sikh leaders throwing their mutinous army against the British, and which ended in their destruction by Sir Hugh Gough at Sobraon. Later, there followed the annexation of the Punjab, after the second attack on the British, and the Sikh defeat at Goojerat. It

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is not necessary to follow the details of this period further than it affects the story of the Jammu Army. The famous or rather infamous brothers of Jammu were three Dogra Rajput soldiers of fortune at the Court of Ranjit Singh, who by the force of his own prowess, was overlord of all the hill states that bordered on the Punjab. The brothers commanded large contingents in the Sikh Army, and Rajah Gulab Singh of Jammu, the eldest brother, is often heard of at the head of his own troops during the period of the First Afghan War, when the British passed to and fro between Kabul and Lahore, and the Sikhs were nominally an active ally in the war. The armies of Ranjit Singh and also the contingents of the Jammu brothers had many troops trained and clothed like Europeans and organized on European models. Avitabile and Allard will be remembered as two of the more famous continental generals in Sikh employ.

During the intrigues of the Durbar period, two of the brothers, Suchet Singh and Dhiyan Singh, lost their lives, but Gulab Singh, the wiliest of them all, survived, and with a well-trained army, nominally the servant of the Sikh Durbar, had no intention of taking part in the inroad on the British, not at least on the information before him. So he held aloof, and kept in communication with the British authorities. When the British occupied Lahore, after the Battle of Sobraon, he withdrew to the Jammu hills in his own barony, which lay between the Punjab and Kashmir, and proffered his assistance and friendship. Kashmir itself was a Sikh province, and had been wrested from the Afghans only a quarter of a century before by Ranjit Singh. Eventually, by what was probably a wise and statesmanlike act, the British Government, who were intent on preserving the Sikh state, made Gulab Singh an independent prince, and as he was prepared to shoulder some of the war indemnity that the Sikhs could not pay, he was given also the country of Kashmir on the far side of the Jammu hills.

By this act, much criticized at the time, but which we have never repented of, the State of Jammu and Kashmir alone of India principalities marched with the outer boundaries of India, having both China, Afghanistan, and what afterwards became the Russian province of Shighnan and Roshan on her borders. Gulab Singh therefore found himself on the frontier of India, as his great grandson Hari Singh is to this day. And frontiers demand armies.

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Gulab Singh had to co-operate with the British and expel the Sikh Governor of Kashmir before he could get possession, and then he had to make his power good on the uttermost confines of his mountain state. His army, largely modelled on and dressed like the regular Sikh Army, was trained by one Colonel Alexander Gardiner, long after affectionately spoken of as *Gordana Sahib*, whose life has been so picturesquely written by Colonel Pearse. Old Gardiner was an artilleryman, and organized a great force of artillery for Gulab Singh. This army had troopers in French helmets and cuirasses, horse and foot artillery in more or less British uniforms, with infantry grenadiers in the sugar-loaf caps of the early Georgian and late Potsdam pattern. It spent miserable badly-fed days in Gilgit and in Ladakh, and it bordered the Afghan tribes of the Black Mountain.

It actually marched with one " Dick Laarence," afterwards Sir Richard Lawrence, and one of the brotherhood, to Delhi, to take part in the siege in '57. It was not in fact a very notable contingent, but still, come it did, and in considerable numbers, an outward and visible sign of the way the cat would jump, in the farsighted opinion of the Maharajah Ranbir Singh, who had just succeeded his father Gulab Singh. Not long after the Mutiny a Jammu contingent served with Sir John McQueen in the Black Mountain, the *Kala Taka* of frontier story, coming from the Kashmir frontier station of Muzuffernagar, close to the present motor road to the Happy Valley.

The old numerous and rather ragged army that Gulab Singh had left, lived on with its Guard and its Line, horse, foot and artillery till the end of the 'eighties, underpaid and without pensions, gradually becoming a danger to law and order, and a sad drain on the finances of a state that wanted its money for better things. But it was there with its memories of old Khalsa days, the Bodyguard, the Regiment of Victory, the Gurkhas of the Sun, the Lightning Battery and the like.

Then a change came over the scene. The restless activity of Russian agents was causing trouble on the passes beyond Gilgit and Chitral. Colonel Yanoff and his Cossacks came over the mountains, also another Cossack officer, Gromchevski. The Dorah Pass into Chitral, and the Baroghil into Gilgit saw the Cossack parties, small enough, for in that land of snow and rock, on the roof of the world, armies cannot

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be fed, but big enough to be magnified a hundredfold in the bazaars of Kashmir and Northern India. Even the ruler of Kashmir was mixed up in rumour and conjecture. In the general measures for protection of the Kashmir frontier, the army was to be reorganized, and indeed the state itself was to be put through the mill of reform. The Government of India contributed some of its ablest European and Indian officials. Finance, Army, Public Works, Revenue, were all to be overhauled, with the assistance of the two younger brothers of the late Maharajah, Sir Amar Singh, the brilliant father of the present Sir Hari Singh, and General Sir Ram Singh, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and with the furtherance of the successive British Residents at the Kashmir Court. Sir Walter Lawrence and Sir Neville Chamberlain, to give them their present titles, undertook the Revenue settlement and organization of the army. Sir Walter Lawrence's measures brought happiness to many a rent-racked homestead, and Sir Neville Chamberlain, the Military Adviser, had many anxious years in reducing the large army that had quite outlived its original object and model, and was far too large and yet unorganized for present needs.

The army consisted, for the most part, of the Dogra or hill Rajputs of the State of Jammu, the race to which the Jammu brothers belonged, and at that time Europeans, though well known in Kashmir, rarely penetrated to the close-kept hills and fortress of Jammu. To the Dogra officers, hereditary military servants, the ideas of reductions—reductions by English foreigners—was by no means acceptable, and Colonel Chamberlain's task had its dangerous moments. Many a whiskered old hidalgo from the hills had some very strong protests to make, but happily the work was done without *contretemps* and with as much satisfaction as reductions can ever give. The Jammu Dogras of to-day who find a lesser opportunity of employment in the Jammu and Kashmir Army come to the British-Indian Army in larger numbers, and gain great credit thereby. But Dogras are not the only ingredient of the Kashmir Army. There are many Moslems in the State of Jammu, own cousins to the Hindu Dogra, living sufficiently near to the highway of the Punjab to have been converted by invading Islam as were most of the Rajput races of the Punjab plains. It is always a controversy whether Dogra is to be regarded as a name denoting a country or a name denoting a Hindu race. The

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best local opinion will say that the Moslems of Jammu are Dogras, too. But besides the Moslems, there is one other interesting component. There are several battalions which take Gurkhas and one composed of Gurkhas. Why, is an old story. The great Gurkha inroad which was swallowing up all the hill states for many hundreds of miles, a hundred and ten years ago, reached as far as the confines of Jammu. When the British broke the Nepaul inroad in 1816, the long fringe of mountains that border the Himalaya proper was relieved from a sore bondage, so much so that, to this day, if any official does a high-handed act, the countryside will say, " Oho! the Gurkha rule has come again." When the Gurkha invaders were evicted, many of them who had settled on the land or otherwise remained, enlisted in the Sikh Army, and eventually in the Jammu Army, some coming fresh from Nepaul for this purpose, which they continue to do to this day.

The reorganization of the Jammu and Kashmir Army was somewhat interrupted by the campaign against Hunza Nagar in 1892, when the Kanjut robbers and local chiefs disturbed by the Cossack visit, were brought back to their allegiance to their overlord of Kashmir. The storming of Nill Fort that year will be remembered, when Captain Aylmer and Lieutenants Boisragon and Manners-Smith stormed the fort and the neighbouring *pâris*, and earned the Victoria Cross, with men of the 5th Gurkhas, the Bodyguard Regiment, and a few Bengal Sappers and Miners.

It was not long after this that the writer arrived at Jammu to help form and train the artillery of the new model army. By this time the Hunza Campaign was over, Colonel Algernon Durand had more or less settled the political difficulties of the frontier, and we were engaged in getting the troops thoroughly trained and organized. The Jammu and Kashmir Army had now been largely reduced and divided into two portions—the Imperial Service troops and the Regular Army. Imperial Service Troops was the name, abandoned after the late war, for the troops of the various native states, which each had offered to maintain for the defence of the Indian Empire. They were the result of the wave of loyalty emanating from the Russian War scare of 1885, which succeeded the Penjdeh incident. The various Indian states proffered men and money, and eventually offered to bear the expense of maintaining a portion of their troops at

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a standard more approaching that of the troops of the Indian Army. A squadron of cavalry, two mountain batteries, and six battalions were reorganized for this Imperial Service Contingent, of which half was usually serving on the Gilgit Frontier, which incidentally was the Imperial Frontier also. This small state of Jammu and Kashmir was carrying out in peace time an Imperial liability, a duty which no other native state and its forces were called on to do, or indeed were in a position to do. The Regular Army, known as the " Riglars," consisted of a smooth-bore mountain battery, with white pack ponies, that usually garrisoned the fort of Hari Parbat in the Kashmir Valley, a squadron of Bodyguard Cavalry, and three battalions of infantry with a company of sappers. The " Riglars " led a simple life of guard duty at the palaces and in the mountain forts of the state, unharassed by the attentions of officers deputed by the Government of India to superintend the training of the Imperial Service Contingent. They carried the old percussion musket, and pouches, and the battery of Horse Artillery was a thing of joy for ever. It would gallop over the plains, its light brass 6-pounders a-bounding, the gunners astride the off horses as in the old Bengal Horse Artillery, slap into action, fire its guns with a coil of smouldering rope, and limber up again. The officer commanding was incidentally the chief of the pig-sticking organization, and would turn out his gunners armed with hogspear to beat for pig ; in fact, a very valuable unit.

In this State of Jammu, so recently as 1893, the touch with the past of romance still remained. The older officers could drill their men in French, the relic of the drill taught by the French adventurers from the Sikh Army. The cuirasses and the grenadier caps were still to be seen in the arsenals. Men still told stories of Alexander Gardiner, who had lived in a house next to my quarters on the high cliffs and walls of Jammu, looking over the River Tawi. How he would sit dressed in 79th Tartan, with pugaree of the same, beside a long table covered with the costumes of the races of Central Asia, which he would assume in turn, for he passed many years there before he had won through to India from the north. How because the sinews of his throat had been severed with a sword cut, he must always clamp his throat before he ate or drank, and many another story. Across the great high gorge of the Tawi, on one bank of which stood the grey-walled city, was the Bhao Fort. Here big

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brass cannon of Gardiner's casting were stored and kept in high condition in the belief that the British did not know of their existence, in the charge of old master-gunners as old as the guns.

Among the many figures of note in the ranks of the officers, quite the most remarkable was the Quartermaster-General of the Jammu and Kashmir Army, one General Devi Deen, an Oudh Brahmin, a Pandy of Pandies with a remarkable history behind him. He was in his Eastern way just such a fine figure of a man as Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, whom many will remember as Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and Colonel of the Blues, an old officer of John Company's mighty Army. Curiously enough, General Devi Deen, who stood six-foot-three in his gouty boots, wore the same medals as Sir Patrick. As a trooper in the 3rd Light Cavalry, the Regiment that commenced the Sepoy Mutiny, he had served in the First Afghan War and had actually ridden with Sir Richmond Shakespeare over the Bamian Pass beyond Kabul—which men then wrote Cabool—to meet the returning ladies and prisoners. He had been present at the Battle of Maharajpur when the Gwalior Army was destroyed, and he had served in both the Sikh wars, having lost a thumb at Aliwal. Dashing in where angels fear to tread, I had asked him of the Mutiny, hoping for some stories of what went on in Delhi under the puppet Mogul, but here General Devi Deen's memory always failed him. He had never heard of it, and thought he must have been on furlough at the time, and his old eyes would twinkle amid his bushy dyed eyebrows and great black whiskers. There was an evil story extant that while occupying an earlier incarnation as postal contractor he had discovered the dies of the old circular Kashmir stamps and had started the era of reprints, so he had obviously some of the traits that go to make a good quartermaster-general.

There were several old mutineers sunning out their days at Jammu. Men from the regiments at Sialkot and Jhelum had fled there and been given asylum. I had one old acquaintance who had been inside Delhi, and who had some curious stories of what went on within the blood-stained walls and in the mock court. But it was always the same story, " a wind, an evil wind, blew, and we were blown with it," which is undoubtedly the story of the bulk of the rank and file. A wind blew, . . as it may blow again.

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The army of the new model was to see lots of soldiering. After the Hunza Campaign came the Defence of Chitral, in which Jammu troops were concerned, and also in Colonel Kelly's famous march to the relief, over the snowbound Shandour Pir, and the great gorges and precipices of that strange highland district that leads to the Roof of the World. One of the batteries I had trained, took part in the Tirah Campaign, and then war more or less passed from this army till the Great War, when the Imperial Service Contingent, somewhat reduced since the days of the disturbed frontier, took a very active and distinguished share. But whether it soldiered or whether it did not, half its numbers were always on active service, or at any rate, frontier service, in Gilgit under very arduous conditions of long distances and great cold. So far away was Gilgit before British officers brought food supply and transport to a state of high organization that troops going to Gilgit never expected to return, and if a corps were under sentence to go there, many would be the deserters. In the older days there would be the struggles with the fierce tribesmen of Tangir and Darel, though once a Dogra General, one Boop Singh, whose name is still a household word, taught them an enduring lesson. To those who collect medals it should be known that there are two very interesting old medals, struck in Ranbir Singh's reign, to commemorate victories in Tangir and Yasin. They are occasionally to be had as the reward of diligent search.

Among his Majesty's Indian Orderly Officers in 1926 was a Dogra from Jammu, one of seven sons of an old officer, a penniless blue-blooded old hidalgo of ancient lineage. At my suggestion and with the acquiescence of his brother who commanded one of the Imperial Service mountain batteries, and to the disgust of the old father, the boy was sent to enlist in the 37th Dogras, where he has risen to great distinction as the senior Indian Officer of his battalion, with the rank of captain, and a grant of land, a career which was only to be attained by leaving the eyries of the ancient mountain home.

But the old order changeth, General Devi Deen has long since been gathered to his fathers, and there can be no one left who went to Delhi either with "Dick Laarence" and the Jammu Contingent, or borne there by the wind of mutiny that blew so strangely. Nor can there be anyone who can shout "*Portez vos Fusils*" to the Regiment of Victory and its percussion muskets, or who cares about the reserve of

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buried cannon that may still lie in the fort that towers on Hari Parbat Hill above the Dhall Lake in that beautiful valley of Kashmir. Kashmir is still the most beautiful place in the world, and still the happiest playground, whose stalwart inhabitants too long enslaved have never had military heart enough to be fit to serve in their own army, alongside their twin subjects of the Jammu province. The towers and bastions of the city of Jammu, with its setting of temple spires and snowy mountains still looks out over the Punjab from the gorges of the River Tawi, and no doubt the salutes from the Bhao Fort will re-echo for the new Maharajah, which is a suitable ending for the story of the army that once was Gulab Singh's, and for which Alexander Gardiner cast cannon and made ammunition, a story of old-world romance. It is also the story of why the late Maharajah Pratap Singh, the most unmilitary figure in the world, for all his other kindly and kingly qualities, held the rank of Lieutenant-General in His Majesty's Army. He and his two forbears could certainly say with Lyall :—

"Now my frontiers march on the Himalay snows
And my landmarks stand on its loftiest crests
Where the winds blow soft on the pines below
There shall my legions halt and rest."



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# ADMIRALTY BI-CENTENARY

By HORACE WYNDHAM.

FEW of those who, as they pass by it, glance in casual fashion at that familiar London feature, the Admiralty, are aware that the building's two hundredth anniversary will shortly occur.

Of course, the Admiralty, as an institution, has existed much longer than a mere couple of hundred years. Until, however, it came to Whitehall, the "Navy Office"—as its predecessor was known—"functioned" in Duke Street, Westminster. The present Whitehall site was originally occupied by Wallingford House, a mansion erected by Viscount Wallingford, a couple of years after Charles II ascended the throne. As such, it made a certain amount of history. Thus, at one time Cromwell held councils there; the dissolute Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was born within its walls; and Abraham Cowley, the poet, lay in state there on the night before his funeral in the adjoining Abbey.

In 1722 Wallingford House was bought by the Government, and demolished and rebuilt and renamed; and, when completed, was taken over by the Admiralty of the day. Thomas Ripley, the architect entrusted with the work, had a curious career. A Yorkshire lad by birth, and of humble parentage, he walked to London to seek his fortune. This process he started by opening a coffee shop in Cheapside. He then became a carpenter, and secured the post of clerk of the works at the King's Mews. Here he enlisted the patronage of Sir Robert Walpole, who employed him to build (or at any rate to improve) Houghton Hall, and Woterton House, Norfolk. Just before receiving this commission, he had been appointed to succeed Grinling Gibbons as "Chief Carpenter to His Majesty's Works and Buildings." He had an official residence at Hampton Court, where he died in 1758.

When Ripley built the Admiralty, labour and materials were evidently very much less costly than they are nowadays, as his original estimate for the entire work was only £22,400. A good deal of time, however, was occupied in carrying it out, since it was not until 1726 that the building was finally completed. The design met with a considerable amount of adverse criticism, being fiercely gibbeted by Pope and Horace

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Walpole ; and another authority rudely dubbed it a " clumsy pile." Still, everybody seems to have admired the handsome screen in front of the courtyard. This, however, was not Ripley's work at all, but was subsequently added " by the decent hand of Robert Adam, to veil its homeliness."

The æsthetic objection (and which still holds good) to the Ripley elevation was that it was unduly squat and heavy, and dwarfed by pillars and columns out of proportion to the rest of the edifice. With regard to the interior, however, no great fault can be found, for the entrance hall and principal offices are certainly dignified and well planned.

The most important of the various rooms is the big one on the left of the hall, where Nelson's body lay in state, brought there on the night of January 8th, 1806, by barge from Greenwich, rowed by a crew belonging to the *Victory*. Nelson's portrait (painted at Palermo by Guzzardi) is still preserved, as also is one of Pepys.

The " diarist," however, was never employed in the present building, as the " Victualling Office," where he commenced his career, was then established in Duke Street, and he did not become Secretary of the Admiralty until 1686. By the way, present-day civil servants will be interested to learn that it is recorded of him that " he was often at his desk at four in the morning." To this zeal is probably due the fact that he found time for his literary labours.

Although Pepys was largely concerned with accounts, he appears to have had so poor a head for figures that it is recorded of him that, when he was first appointed, " he engaged a mathematical tutor to teach him the multiplication table." On entering the Government service (before the happy days of " bonuses ") his salary was the modest one of £50 a year. When, however, he became " secretary for the Affairs of the Navy," it rose to £500 a year, and he managed to leave a considerable fortune to his nephew.

The corridors and passages leading to the " Board Room " have been trodden by a host of great captains in their comings and goings on the business of the Fleet. Within its walls, hung with maps and charts and sketches, decisions that have made history have been settled, orders and counter-orders affecting the fate of nations issued and withdrawn, and victories and defeats reported and discussed. Among the yellowing and time-stained despatches kept in the Admiralty's Archives are several of remarkable interest. As showing

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that the tough old sea-dogs of a former day were handier with their swords than with their pens, here is an official memorandum from Sir George Rodney to the Governor of Barbadoes :

> " DEAR GENERAL,—
>
> The battle is fought ; the day is ours ; the English flag is victorious. We have taken the French admiral, with nine other ships, and sunk one.
>
> Yours, etc."

But the palm for sailorlike brevity must be awarded to the following :—

> " SIR,
>
> We have met the French Fleet, and taken, sunk, or destroyed ships as per margin."

A present-day victorious commander would want a couple of stout volumes in which to say less.

At one time the " Board Room " at the Admiralty was frequently the scene of official banquets. The most remarkable thing about these functions is that the " hostess " was a lady who lived under the " protection " of Lord Sandwich, who then held office as First Lord. This fair (but frail) member of her sex was a milliner's apprentice, whom Lord Sandwich did not, although a married man, scruple to take into his own family. After presenting him with half a dozen bouncing pledges of affection, she fell a victim to an assassin's bullet. What happened to her was, she was shot outside Covent Garden Opera House by a clergyman. This was the Rev. Mr. Hackman, who had previously served as a captain in the Army. It seems that he had become desperately enamoured of Miss Ray, and when she " very properly spurned his unwelcome advances " (as a contemporary account puts it) he made up his mind to shoot her. As a result, his own career ended on the gibbet at Tyburn, his execution being witnessed by James Boswell and a number of literary celebrities.

It is not astonishing to learn that, after this scandal, Lord Sandwich was compelled to resign. When he left the Admiralty he was succeeded in office by Keppel, whom he had tried to ruin and had brought to a court-martial for alleged maladministration. As a matter of fact, it was Sandwich who was really at fault. In his day " influence " counted more than anything else. As Sandwich had plenty

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of this, he was "jobbed" into a succession of snug and well-paid appointments and without any regard to his fitness for them. He became First Lord in 1747, but "delegated the duties of the office to Anson." Despite the fact that he was frequently denounced for corruption and light conduct, in an age that was far from straitlaced, he held office for eleven years. But in those mid-eighteenth century days the whole system of naval administration was suspect. Appointments were openly sold to the highest bidder; "profiteering" was rampant; and rascally contractors made ill-gotten fortunes. Lord Howe refused to accept a command while Sandwich was at the Admiralty, declaring that "under such a chief, his honour was not safe"; and Rodney also quarrelled with him.

In 1827 the control of the Admiralty was taken away from the Board of Commissioners and given to the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV. The appointment was a "job" of the worst sort, for its Royal occupant was quite unfitted to discharge its duties. In fact, the Duke of Wellington, who never minced his words, openly declared that he "did little beyond jaunting and cruising about more expensive and foolish than in any way serviceable." When a big bill for "travelling" was submitted to him, the Duke, as Premier, endorsed it with the curt observation, "not allowed." After this snub his Royal Highness retired, and the direction of affairs reverted once more to a body of "Lords Commissioners" as at the present time.

With the long passage of years, the business of the Admiralty (much of which was carried on at Somerset House, and another portion in the City) increased so greatly that additions had to be made to the original building. During the last twenty years fresh tentacles have been thrown out on to the adjoining Horse Guards Parade, and there is talk of still further extensions being required before long.

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# THE TRACK OF THE AVALANCHE.

By "Jabb."

IT was snowing and the ski-runners staying at the Alpenhof at Brandis had gone to the nearest practice slopes. Snow soon began to fall so thickly that they all returned for lunch. Not long afterwards the doors of the lounge swung open and there entered the day's new arrivals. Some proceeded to their rooms; others dropped into vacant chairs; four or five, spying old acquaintances, headed for them. One of the latter, a tall, thick-set man, some thirty years old, of unassuming, but awkward appearance, made towards a group in one corner.

"Well, Hilda!" he exclaimed, attempting a smile, "who would have thought of seeing you here?"

A fine, athletic looking girl, of about twenty-five years of age, showed equal surprise.

"So, it's you, Wilfred, of all people! I never thought of meeting you in Switzerland!"

Neither seemed quite at ease, but the girl turned to her companions: "Allow me to introduce Mr. Lancing to you. . . . Wilfred, let me introduce you to Captain Thruxton, of the Dorset Light Infantry, and his brother officers, Mr. Waygood and Mr. Meacham. You know my cousin, Miss Isabel Dacre, I think?" She continued: "Captain Thruxton and his friends have been so good as to invite Isabel and myself to join their ski-ing party; awfully good of them, too, as they are rather star performers."

There was a pause, which left Hilda Wilbraham ill at ease. Lancing, however, ended by inquiring: "I say, Hilda, do explain how it is you've got here."

"I suppose you think I didn't want to tell you of our plans," she answered significantly. "Well, you know when last we met we talked about ski-ing, I said I had been out twice, but that I missed last season and thought it unlikely I should get out this year. Well, three weeks ago, I was unexpectedly asked to join my cousin here. So there we are. Now you might say what's brought you here."

"Oh," answered Wilfred, "the merest chance. I had skied a little before the war, and when the doctor told me that

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I was overdoing my work at the college, I decided to come here for my health. That's all."

He soon went off, and Hilda explained her acquaintance with him.

" Mr. Lancing is an old family friend, and we see a good deal of him at home. He's amazingly clever, and a Fellow of St. Mary's College, Cambridge, where he discovers all sorts of wonderful chemical processes and dyes."

" He looks deuced clever," said Thruxton. " But what's he like of ski ? Shall we invite him to join our party ?"

" Well," replied Hilda, " I should say he's pretty poor—an absolute novice, I fancy."

" Really !" said Thruxton. " Will he want to come with us ? We can't afford it if he's such a rabbit."

Hilda was in a quandary. Isabel was up to the best of English lady ski-runners. Hilda herself had been improving rapidly ; so the five of them made a fastish, lively party. She dared not ask Lancing to run with her friends while, secretly, she wished to avoid too much of his company. Truth was that Wilfred during the late summer had proposed to her, and had been staved off with somewhat evasive replies. At bottom she liked the man, yet her tastes, which ran to athletics and dancing rather than to books, had not, at that time, seemed to coincide with those of the rising scientist. She got up abruptly to join her aunt.

" A fine girl, that !" Thruxton exclaimed to his friends ; " if she's as good at tennis and rides as well as she can ski, she's cut out to be a good sportsman's wife."

Meacham assented. " She's not what you would call a beauty, but has an attractive face, a fine figure, plenty of spirit, and knows how to wear her clothes."

A week went by and Lancing was more and more left alone by Hilda. He approached Mrs. Wilbraham, asking her whether her niece did not wish to have anything further to say to him. Mrs. Wilbraham was embarrassed, for she realized the position quite clearly. Hilda, she thought, was entirely overcome by the sport of the snow, and so fascinated by the prowess of her new friends, that she could not think of anybody else or of any other subject. Wilfred seemed relieved. On the other hand, he began to perceive that Thruxton was now more than a mere admirer of Hilda's increasingly growing skill on the snow.

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One evening Lancing was surprised by Thruxton's invitation to do the Steckliberg Pass with his party next day. At first he hung back, but Hilda came up and urged him to accept.

"Wilfred, don't be shy; we really want to see how you ski nowadays. I am going, too, so come and look after me. Do!"

Wilfred's mind was made up; he would go.

The day broke with light snow falling above 6,000 feet, a typical Alpine morning during unsettled conditions. The hotel manager, Monsieur Petri, tried to dissuade the party from venturing on the Steckliberg during such weather. But Thruxton turned a deaf ear. Lancing, not liking to refuse in front of Hilda, also determined to go.

The weather, however, cleared somewhat; intermittent sunshine broke into the valley, though white, broken cloud slowly rolling from south to north denoted a warmer current passing over the colder air below. On such a day any major ski expedition might have been postponed, but the Steckliberg Pass was so well known that three parties had already left Brandis for the tour.

The start was long delayed. By the time the party was clear of the village, not a sign of the preceding caravans was seen; the latter were well over one hour ahead. The sun slowly came out; it grew warm. Two of the party were not in the best of trim; Waygood had been dancing too late, so had Isabel. The path was steep and slippery; the ski had to be carried through a long wood. Then, after another hour's climb through single trees, open snow was reached.

There came a lazy feeling of *föhn* in the air.

"Confound it," muttered Thruxton to Meacham; "I believe the weather's turning queer. In another hour this rotten warm wind will soften the snow right up to the top of the Pass. Then we may run into fog on the north side, when it gets colder, for the clouds will lie all day beyond that ridge. However, we've got the tracks in the snow, so we'll stick it."

No one felt that this was a day of days; yet no one was inclined to hang back. At length, they reached the familiar rocky outcrop known as "The Kennels." There they lunched; it was not exactly the usual merry picnic, for the slothful caress of that south wind numbed the brisk feeling normally engendered at such heights. Occasionally, a heavy

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woolly cloud drifted past, blotting out the view; then it would clear and reveal the grey cliff of the Steckliberghorn to the west of the Pass or the jagged shale pinnacles of the Rothfluh that flanked it to the east. To the south the view was a jumbled panorama of tangled cloud and snow-covered peaks. Here and there the sun fathomed a valley out of an occasional patch of blue sky.

After lunch they resumed the well-marked track to the ridge. Meacham, leading the party, hailed Thruxton. "I say, Gerald," he remarked, "those beggars must have been over here at least two hours ago; you can see that their tracks have been touched by the warm *fōhn*, and if these clouds keep on piling up from the south, we might get into difficulties on the far side of the Pass."

Thruxton was all for pushing on, for he dared not admit that he disliked the job.

"Well, I'm not going to turn back. Neither do I see much fun in sliding home over this southern slope when this infernal wind has softened it. We'll have the tracks all the way down. That's good enough, and I feel it can be done quite comfortably."

Through rifts in the slowly moving mist they could see what lay around; the girls marvelled at the play of the light and shade on the sharp ridges and clean-cut gullies of the Rothfluh overhead, while in front of them the Steckliberghorn would flash out fantastic in the fleeting sunbeams. Overhead, the movement of tumbling cloud across openings of deep blue sky grew still more enchanting. At last, with a thrill of surprise, they found that during that steady plod they had approached the summit. At the very top the mist cleared altogether, and a few minutes of grateful sunshine could be enjoyed. To the north of the Pass, yet well below their feet, there stretched across the valley, as Thruxton had rightly divined, a long uneven vista of restless cloud above which stood up the more distant summits like a line of islands over a grey, stormy sea. Here and there through a great rent would appear the flank of some nearer hillside. Then farther away, the wind fitfully swept the curtain away, and through the cleft appeared, away down in the distant valley all bathed in the anæmic sunlight, the snow-swathed woods and pastures round Schimbad, their ultimate destination. To Meacham the sight was reassuring; the cloud was on the move and thin. The girls would have lingered, but the air was keen

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and the men, in no mood to waste time, begged the party to prepare for the descent. Bindings were tightened, mufflers put on, and the party faced the slope to the north-west.

The first two hundred yards down were clear and sunny, while the wind was brisk and keen. The slope looked tempting enough. Tracks of preceding ski stood out in the snow, till they vanished into a patch of mist that seemed to be filling a shallow gulley in the middle of a broad slope which lay between the party and the steep boulder-strewn slope, known as the " Nutmeg Grater." They slid down the first slope from the Pass with ease, Thruxton leading with two bold telemarks from the very top. Lancing alone fell on reaching their first check. Thruxton groaned audibly at the sight.

" If we have to take this fellow all the way down to Schimbad like that, we shan't get home even in time for dinner ! Can't the beggar move twenty yards without falling ?"

But Lancing himself felt that this was sheer bad luck ; that he could do better, for the fall was due to nervousness in trying to check his course while they were all looking at him. His confidence returned slowly. The tracks next led across towards the foggy hollow. On the other side the mist seemed to grow thinner and the scattered rocks of the " Nutmeg Grater " could be seen ahead. The hollow was crossed without much difficulty in spite of bad light. First doing an easy turn behind a boulder and luckily avoiding a difficult ledge, Lancing accomplished the descent without a fall. Then he came up with the leader on the far side.

Having done with this hollow, which enjoyed a doubtful reputation owing to two narrow snow-shoots, which threatened it from the foot of the Steckliberghorn above on the left, Meacham imagined the main objection to their tour to be over. But a fresh difficulty now arose. The old tracks diverged, following as many courses as there had been skiers. This was awkward, for unless the cloud lifted completely from below, it must be difficult to strike the right course over the featureless slope stretching far away down alongside the " Nutmeg Grater." This latter tangle of snow and rock, in view of the bad light, Meacham wisely proposed to avoid. But the course required skill and a good eye, for should he follow the wrong track he would infallibly come back beneath the Steckliberg snow-shoots. Earlier in the day or in harder

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weather there could be no risk from them. But, in such doubtful conditions, in order to enjoy full security, it was necessary to keep well away to the left and swing right, next descending downwards, and only cross the suspect slope low down where the gradient grew gentler and due warning might be had of trouble coming from above. Such trouble at the bottom, moreover, would only occur at one point.

When Meacham headed across the slope, the mist was no obstacle, but it was strange country and the number of tracks confused him. He was also thinking of the girls; by keeping higher to his right he could give them an easier and shorter run than by going first left and down, then across the lower gradient. So he took the highest track of all, Thruxton following, Hilda coming next with Wilfred behind; last came Isabel with Waygood. Meacham particularly instructed Waygood to look after the girls, while Thruxton, in a voice audible to the whole party, also enjoined him to see that " the professor " was not left behind.

The snow turned out to be indifferent. The fresh fall of the previous day, under the effects of *föhn*, was heavy. Meacham was utterly at fault in taking the slope as he did under such conditions. Half-way across the ski were running poorly, the surface of the snow grew sticky, progress was slow, and the mist seemed inclined to return. At this moment a low murmur came from the Steckliberg above; then a growling hiss came over the snow. The mist, still clinging to the gullies above, deadened all sound, preventing its full significance from being realized. Of a sudden, through the mist, the slight rumble grew into a roar, not yet loud, but insistent. Within a few seconds fragments of frozen snow-crust sizzled through the air behind Meacham's ski. Thruxton, suddenly aware of the danger, wavered. He felt he could not turn in time; he dared scarcely advance. Meacham now stood on a swell on the slope which would divert the rushing mass behind him. But Thruxton had reached a bottom of the dip thirty yards back; he stood in the very focus of danger. Hilda, behind him, was on higher ground, but speechless at the sound which instinctively she knew meant deadly peril. She seemed glued to the spot, just able to see Meacham waving frantically to her to go back. Motionless she watched Thruxton with the utmost coolness bend down to loosen his bindings. With a hideous swish the first sheet of frozen snow, a foot deep, the forerunner of

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the avalanche, was on the party. Wilfred, realizing that the roaring, hissing mass was being deflected in front of the girl by the rise on which she stood, made for her with a shout not to move. The pair behind, hearing only the sound and not able to distinguish anything beyond the rise in front scarcely knew which way to make. Like some inhuman sigh, the rush of air brought by the main avalanche, swirled by. It forced Meacham down sideways. By an effort he leant up against it, righted himself, stood firm, though his cap, torn from his head, had vanished. But a side eddy of the rushing avalanche had swirled upwards to where Hilda stood; she was staggering in the wind. Her ski were swamped; she fell and Lancing struggled up the rise. When he got there she had gone; she had been carried down the slope. He scarcely saw that Thruxton, too, had disappeared in the drift.

The rush of the driven air had swept all the mists away. The snow ceased moving; it bubbled and seemed to boil, then gradually settled. Wilfred tried to call Hilda, but his voice came as a meaningless croak. The sight of a ski tip sticking up above the broken surface brought him to his senses. Floundering to the spot, he was soon tearing at the snow with his hands. A terrified head came up. Hilda, alive, was struggling to free herself. Though seemingly uninjured, on clearing herself of snow, she found she could not stand, and felt a sharp pain in her right knee. As she was turning faint, Lancing released her ski, propped her up on her rucksac and left her to Isabel.

Soon the three men were searching for Thruxton. Grasping their sticks by the point, they probed the snow where they thought their companion might lie. A shout from Meacham at length proclaimed that he had encountered something. They slid to the spot and, clearing the snow, came upon Thruxton lying doubled up and unconscious. They freed his head and tried to bring him to the surface. He was severely injured, his right leg badly broken, and his left hand was doubled back, as though caught in the act of protecting his head. The look of anguish on his features was not good to behold; clenched teeth, revealed by parted lips, and half-closed eyes, explained the terror which had overtaken him. Slowly they brought him to the surface. His rucksac was ripped open, his coat split, with one sleeve torn away. By collecting rucksacs and sticks, they managed to make some resting place on which to lay the injured man.

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Waygood was able to produce a flask of whisky. A dose of this, combined with the pain of moving the broken limb, drew a slight groan from Thruxton. He slowly revived. The next problem was what to do with him. Meacham and Lancing returned to Hilda to see how she had fared. The girl's injury, combined with the shock, had reduced her to a helpless condition. Meacham shook his head: "It's no use trying to carry her down; we're all shaken by this business and just cooked. For my own part—forgive my putting it bluntly—I think you, being the weakest runner, will have to stay by her, while Waygood remains with Thruxton and I shall push on to Schimbad to get help."

Lancing assented by his silence.

"What about Miss Dacre?" asked Waygood.

Isabel was looking white and unstrung. Meacham hazarded the suggestion that she had better start; he would follow. So Isabel slid away alone, heading for a clearing far down below to which converged many old tracks. Meacham watched her. The girl was tired and the experience of the avalanche had upset her balance: she was falling clumsily.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Meacham, "look! she's done. That's the devil. One of us will have to look after her, too. The first thing, however, is for me to push off and get help. Waygood must go with the Dacre girl, and you'll have to stay alone with the casualties. There's no way out of it. But Thruxton's life depends on my getting down in what for me will have to be record time."

Thruxton could now speak weakly and the plan was adopted. Waygood, before going to Isabel, took off his jacket as Meacham had done for Hilda; they piled all their mufflers under Thruxton's head and shoulders. Then Meacham turned to go. He soon caught up Isabel, helped her up, and signalled to Waygood to look after her. Lancing watched Meacham start; he watched him shooting down towards the clearing, going well and fast. Waygood had rejoined Isabel, again in distress; they were going very slowly.

The weather was clearing, the *föhn* abating, but the cold was growing. Wilfred began to feel the chilliness of the air as the frost increased. The heat of the climb, the fatigue and strain of his experience had shaken him. He longed for comfort and warmth, but there he stood on an icy mountain

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slope between a seriously injured man and the girl of his heart, who, apparently, was giving him up for another. To keep himself warm he could only move across from one to the other. Conversation with Hilda was difficult; the shock had reduced her almost to incoherence. She was in pain, and once she whispered about Thruxton. Lancing attempted to make her understand that the man was safe. But she did not understand until, regaining momentary self-possession, she sat up and asked what had happened to the soldier.

Finding it irksome to stay long with either, Lancing would ski from one to the other as best he could, attend to the sufferer, then return whence he had come. But the cold was growing; it was nearly four o'clock. Spent by his exertions, he began to feel that fatigue must drive him to remain with either of the crippled pair. Hilda, suffering from the cold as well as from her knee, was in tears when he last found her. Thruxton was lapsing into renewed unconsciousness. Wilfred himself, losing all sensation in the left hand, was falling into a state where he felt his very hold on life to be shaken. Slowly dragging himself to where Hilda lay, he took off her gauntlets to rub her hands between his own. She was still conscious, but beginning to wander. A great sensation of pity came over him. Yielding to emotion he leant over her. As he gazed into her open eyes and watched her lips framing some unintelligible words, he forgot where he was; the snow faded from his mind; the cold he no longer felt. The grey eyes drew him like a magnet. A vision of that early autumn evening when he had striven to extract that supreme promise from her lips was all he knew. He bent yet farther down, slowly, slowly, till his warm breath fanned her cold cheek. In an instant a tinge of colour shot over her features; the sparkle of life gleamed in her eyes. With a passionate exclamation, "No, you shan't!" she summoned her remaining strength and struck him on the left cheek. Weak though the blow had been, Wilfred recoiled as though slashed with a whip. He gasped. Cold, fatigue, mental anguish, gripped him again. He slipped back on the snow with his head bowed on his hands. Tears of misery dripped to his coat to congeal slowly into a tiny trickle of ice. Rousing himself, he approached Hilda. Avoiding her gaze, he pulled on her frozen gloves and tucked away the cold hands. Then, with half-buckled ski on his feet, he stumbled

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down to Thruxton. Reaching that spot, he had neither strength nor will to do much more, but let himself sink down close to his rival on the snow. He would gladly have surrendered his whole being to the frost, if only to find forgetfulness.

With the growing cold of approaching night, the *föhn* had ceased, as is its wont. The woolly, clammy, vapours had risen until they floated as hard and isolated shapes in the cold, deep blue above. To the west a towsled line of clouds, their ragged outline flecked with silver and gold, were waiting to do homage to the setting sun. A rosy glow, every minute stronger, had struck the Steckliberg cliffs; purple-black the gullies showed up against the orange and rust-tinted rocks. Slowly the dead whiteness of the snow below became suffused with warmth. Spreading farther downwards, the three seemingly lifeless figures received that reddening caress of a relenting nature which seemed to proclaim that the cold should not claim those lives that night. Feeling the setting sunbeams stealing over him, Wilfred struggled against the torpor of the frost; he sat up. Mechanically he poured the last drops of the flask between Thruxton's lips. He looked around, yet shivered as his gaze turned to where Hilda lay. But the splendour of the sunset soothed him and he seemed to forget. Still the air was growing colder, and he fell at last into a half-dazed, half-frozen state, where nothing mattered.

Through the stillness from below came a faint sound of human voices. Such was Wilfred's apathy that he did not hear. The call was repeated, growing louder, yet it failed to stir him. In another ten minutes the rescuers stood by him, two guides from Schimbad, a young Swiss doctor, and four villagers. On seeing them Wilfred at length grasped the situation. He tried to stand, but could not, until old Hans Kettlen, the Schimbad guide, poured brandy down his throat.

On reaching Thruxton, the doctor hurriedly examined him. It was manifest that he imagined it might be difficult to save his life. He had already seen to Hilda, where naturally, things were better. Two toboggans brought up by the villagers were lashed with a pair of ski. On this kind of sleigh the girl had been placed. Three of the rescuers began to take the improvised ambulance downhill, while the doctor was attending to Thruxton. Then the remainder of



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the rescue party arrived. The same process was repeated with ski and toboggans, but Thruxton was too far gone, and he had to be lashed to the sleighs. Hans Kettlen and another man then took hold of Lancing, and helped him down hill. Night had come. When nearly down Wilfred, scarcely able to speak, had to be carried over the last slopes. Hilda and Thruxton were brought down somewhat later and in total darkness.

Rooms and attendance were awaiting all three patients. Hilda was taken off by the manageress, whilst Monsieur Petri himself put Lancing to bed. The latter, naturally, was the lightest case; serious fatigue, frostbite in the left hand, and shock to the system was the medical verdict. A few days' treatment of the injured fingers would suffice. Nevertheless, he was far more shaken by a blow that the doctor could not diagnose. Hilda was suffering from a badly wrenched knee and complete prostration. In addition, she was frost-bitten in her toes and fingers. Thruxton's case was, of course, far more serious: a broken thigh, broken ribs with lesser injuries and shock from cold; his life was in danger.

* * * * * *

At the close of the ensuing Easter vacation, Wilfred Lancing received an invitation from Mrs. Wilbraham to spend a few days at her cottage situated near Hindhead. At first he felt some hesitation in accepting the invitation. Hilda, he knew from another source, had fully recovered from her adventure on the Steckliberg. He had further learnt that Thruxton had long ago returned to England, but was still unfit to do anything. It was said that he would remain slightly lamed, and was resigning his commission with a view to living with his father, Sir Alfred Thruxton, on the latter's estate in Shropshire, which he was going to farm.

Wilfred accepted the Wilbrahams' invitation. On arriving at the cottage, he received a pleasant welcome. Mrs. Wilbraham did all she could to smooth away the temporary estrangement. But it was some time before the embarrassment of the situation as he remembered it at Brandis passed away. He never referred, except in the vaguest of terms, to that afternoon on the Steckliberg. As for Thruxton's name, that was never even whispered.

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Nevertheless one evening, after playing golf with Hilda, he could no longer restrain his feelings, and made some remarks about their adventure on the Steckliberg Pass. Hilda seemed no longer averse to going through the details of that day. After further hesitation, Wilfred at last ventured to ask her somewhat timidly if she remembered hitting him in the face on that occasion. To his astonishment she replied that she did not; he saw that she stared at him in blank surprise, if not almost in anger.

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed, "that you did not shout at me 'No, you shan't!' and then hit me?"

Hilda thought long; she flushed. Finally her mind was made up, she looked at Wilfred and began: "I'll tell you the truth. Two nights before we went up the Steckliberg I had been dancing with Gerald Thruxton. As we left the floor, I could see from his face, and still more I could feel, that he meant to propose to me. At the moment I was annoyed with him, partly because I was beginning to realize that his was a selfish and patronizing nature, and partly owing to his constantly making disparaging remarks about you. When we were sitting out down the corridor off the lounge, he was behaving in a manner I didn't like; I resented his whole attitude, I told him so. But he just laughed at me, and then he began to put his arm round me. It's then that I said 'No, you shan't!' and it's true I hit him. If I repeated the words and the action on that dreadful afternoon below the Pass, it must have been a vision of that evening that was haunting me. I did not know what I was doing. Will you ever forgive me?"

"Well," said Wilfred after a pause and ignoring her question, "why did you come on that Steckliberg expedition, if you were so annoyed with Thruxton?"

"Why," said Hilda, "that same afternoon, before he asked you to come, I overheard him saying to Mr. Meacham that he was going to ask you and that he meant to take jolly good care to make you look an utter ass on ski in front of Isabel and myself. Mr. Meacham laughed and said that he thought you could ski better than he, Thruxton, imagined; so, when Gerald asked you to come on that tour, I determined to see that you should have fair play. You know," she added quickly, "I had refused to go with him the day before."

"Do you mean to say that you never realized that I very nearly kissed you as you lay on the snow below the Pass?"



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She looked at him and quite honestly answered " No."

Her word carried conviction, and daylight slowly came into Wilfred's mind. He bent forward towards her and then in a low tone asked : " Would you hit me if I were to try to do so now ?"

Her answer was simple. She looked him fair and square in the eyes, dropped her gaze, and slowly inclined her head towards him.

Three days later a happy pair were sitting in Dove Cottage garden making plans for the future.

" Hilda," said Wilfred, " next winter I think I can manage to take six weeks' holiday. Shall we go ski-ing ?"

" Yes," was the answer, " provided that we go elsewhere than to Brandis and that I never again see the Steckliberg Pass."

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# FOX-HUNTING FOR THE INFANTRY OFFICER

By "VIVE LE SPORT."

(In producing this article the writer hopes in a small measure to do something to help keep fox-hunting alive amongst the officers of Line Regiments. It may well be asked, "What are the writer's credentials?" The humble credentials of the writer are that he is sufficiently hard up to know the difficulties of trying to hunt on a small income, and is sufficiently keen, both to go on doing it and to want to help others to do it.)

OF the young aspirants to commissions in the Army nowadays, only a very small percentage have had previous experience in the hunting field; this is chiefly due to lack of opportunity. We must remember that we live in a mechanical age and that most boys are brought up by parents who own cars and not horses. It is only natural that the first desire of the young officer, brought up as he has been in a mechanical environment, should be to acquire a small car.

This desire to own a car is inevitable, and it is of no use trying to discourage it, for any attempt to do so would only meet with failure. As a matter of fact, the possession of cars by a large number of officers is a great asset to a regiment both for work and for the playing of games.

There is no doubt that in all of us the hunting instinct is present in varying degree. Since prehistoric times man has been the hunter, and it is only through over-population and lack of means and opportunity that this instinct is to-day latent in so many of us. It remains therefore for those of us who realize the importance of fostering the old fox-hunting spirit amongst present-day officers, to see how best we can turn this latent instinct into burning desire.

In many cases commanding officers, even though they may not hunt themselves, give every possible encouragement to their subordinates to do so. First and foremost it is this help from commanding officers, which is absolutely vital, if hunting is to be a real going concern in the regiment; for no young officer, keen though he may be, likes continually to ask for hunting leave if he feels that the granting of it is given reluctantly. Added to this a large number of brigade

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and higher commanders not only hunt themselves, but are really anxious for the officers of the different regiments in their brigades and divisions to do so too.

Let us now turn to the difficulties to be faced in getting officers, who have never hunted, to make a start. The difficulty no longer exists once the ice is broken, except in a very few cases, because once a taste for fox-hunting is acquired it is enduring.

How often have we been told, " This is such a bad country, there is so much wire and too much woodland," or again, " It is too expensive " or " Nowadays one is too busy to hunt." In fact, any reason except the real one—" I do not want to hunt." Those who are keen on the chase know perfectly well that wherever one is quartered the hunting is good enough if one is keen enough to go out.

In every battalion there are, apart from those who hunt and those who do not, two types of hunting officer—the one who says " I am keen and enjoy it, and if the others do not want to hunt it is their funeral." The other type says " If only we can get the younger members of the Mess to join in it will be to their own advantage and to the general good of the regiment." This latter type is right, and to the former we emphatically say " persevere in trying to get others to join you in the sport you love so well."

Let us, first of all, discuss the question of horses.

" There's a nasty word called ' can't,' that does an infinity of mischief. One can't 'unt without eight 'osses, one can't do without two 'acks ; one can't ride in a country saddle ; one can't do this and one can't do that—hang your can'ts. . . . Surely the man with one 'oss is better off than the man with none !"—*Surtees*.

Mr. Jorrocks invariably managed to hit on the essentials in his famous sporting lectures. The first essential to-day is to get officers sufficiently worked up to make them want to try their hand at fox-hunting, and having done that to get them mounted by hook or by crook.

Broadly speaking, there are four categories of horses to be obtained :—

(1) Privately owned.
(2) Government chargers allotted to the regiment.
(3) Horses from artillery or cavalry.
(4) Hirelings.

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Of these there is no doubt that some are more suited to certain officers than others.

1. *Privately Owned Horses.*—This doubtless is the ideal for the majority, but owing to financial stringency it is in many cases out of the question. If, however, a private horse can be maintained it is well worth it, because pride of ownership and greater interest are bound to result, and this adds considerably to the pleasures of hunting.

2. *Government Chargers Allotted to the Regiment.*—Amongst these horses are to be found animals which make capital hunters, and by allowing their use the authorities have done all in their power to help the embryo fox-hunter. A charger can be hired for general purposes by the quarter for £3; the only extra expenses to the officer being the cost of shoeing, the soldier-groom's wages as laid down in King's Regulations, and such additional forage as may be considered necessary by the responsible officer in charge.

3. *Horses from Artillery or Cavalry.*—If there are not enough chargers in an infantry battalion to meet the requirements of officers anxious to hunt, it is still possible to obtain a horse. Every battalion is affiliated either to a cavalry regiment or to a field artillery brigade, and at the close of manœuvres in the autumn, horses can be obtained and despatched to battalions. The Commanding Officer of the infantry battalion has to arrange that the horses receive an extra ration of at least 2 lb., but preferably 4 lb., of oats per diem. The cost to the individual who hires the horse is 15s. per month, plus 7s. for shoeing and the cost of the two pounds of oats per day.

4. *Civilian Hirelings.*—This again is a useful class of horse for a certain stamp of officer. There are some whose purse is reasonably long, who love a day's hunting, but who for various reasons do not wish to be bothered with looking after and exercising a horse of their own. To these we say indulge your whim to the full and continue to hire; from your own point of view you get all you want and you are rendering a service to your brother officers by saving stabling accommodation in barracks.

We would here remind the one-horse man, who wonders whether his horse can do two days a week, that "more 'osses are ruined from the want of work than from the excess of it."

Now, as regards saddlery. The ideal thing to do is to go to Sowter's in the Haymarket and be measured for a couple

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of roomy hunting saddles, but as this would cost about £28 we cannot recommend it for the poor man. If the beginner can persuade a relative to give him such a saddle he will have something which will be useful all his service.

There is, however, another way, but it takes time. Make a point every time you pass a small saddler's shop of looking in and asking if they have a second-hand Sowter for sale; sooner or later you will find one, probably moth eaten in the lining, but if it is structurally sound pay the £3 3s. you will be asked and send it straight to Sowter's to be restuffed, and the girth straps repaired. This will cost about 25s. It is advisable to buy new girths.

For a civilian we admit that fox-hunting is an expensive luxury, but for the soldier we definitely do not regard it as such. This is due to the generosity of Masters of Foxhounds on the one hand and to the facilities afforded by the Service on the other. In now considering detailed expenses we will in each case allow an ample margin :—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Shoeing for six months at 7s. a month ... | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Groom's wages for six months at 10s. a month ... ... ... ... ... | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| All-in expenses (corn, hay, bran, linseed) for six months at £4 a month ... ... | 24 | 0 | 0 |
| Stabling for six months at 5s. a week ... | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Saddlery repairs ... ... ... ... | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Hunting subscriptions (share of) ... ... | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| | £39 | 12 | 0 |

A total of say £40 or rather less than £7 per month. The foregoing figures can, we find, frequently be reduced. It should be remembered that this refers to feeding a private horse, but if a Government horse is used the figure would be reduced by £30 for stabling and forage, whilst £8 must be added for hire of horse for six months and extra oats. This makes a total of £18 spread over six months.

We are emboldened to say a few words about etiquette in the hunting field, but must emphasize that what follows is intended for the beginner who has not been out with hounds.

When first one takes up hunting one is genuinely frightened of doing the wrong thing and of incurring the wrath of the M.F.H., but half the misdemeanours which occur are due to either ignorance or over-keenness and not to any wish to annoy. Sometimes one has felt ill-used on

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being sworn at by the Master, but remember " None but an 'untsman knows an 'untsman's cares."

Older men can help a great deal by taking the new joined subaltern or beginner out with them once or twice and acting as a pilot. To the old hand it may seem irksome, but he will reap his own reward when he sees the same person a few months later, riding hard when hounds are running, but with restraint and consideration ; and with an acquired knowledge that every day's fox-hunting does not mean a fox breaking from covert the moment hounds are thrown in, followed by a racing hunt on a breast-high scent.

It is even possible that after these few months the young entry will have realized that jealous riding will almost certainly lead to spoiling what might otherwise have been a good hunt.

The best advice we can give to the beginner is as follows :

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

When at the covert side, do not go wandering about, but keep still. It is by wandering about chattering that you may easily spoil the day's sport by heading a fox back into covert. By keeping your eyes open you may be lucky enough to see the fox go away ; if you do, keep quiet, count six and then halloo.

When hounds are well away, for your first few hunts, it is as well to keep an eye on someone who knows the ropes, and be guided by him as to the pace you go, learn the art of pulling up at once and of not riding close to hounds when they have checked. It so often happens that at a check people will start talking about their horses and praising the way they have jumped this and that fence. The important thing at a check is to keep absolutely still until hounds have picked out the line and really got going again. Horses moving about distract the attention of hounds from their work and so prejudice the chances of further sport.

We believe that one of the worst offences in the hunting field is to kick or ride over a hound. We most emphatically say never at any cost risk doing such an unfortunate thing ; it is invariably the best hound in the pack which suffers. One may apologize to the Master, but apology is a very poor consolation to a M.F.H. for the loss of the best hound in his kennels.

Mr. Jorrocks has given us an infinity of reasons that make men hunt ; some of these are undoubtedly better than others. We remember asking a young sportsman what sort

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of a day he had had, and he replied, " Absolutely wonderful, we had thirty-five jumps." The tactless man is immediately up in arms and asks what on earth the number of jumps has got to do with it. Technically he is right, but when dealing with a beginner who has thoroughly enjoyed himself, there is no need to rub it in. The main thing is that someone has really enjoyed himself and is very likely now keen enough to go on hunting. In due course he will naturally learn something of the intricacies of the science of fox-hunting, how to pick out the beauties of hound work and all the other countless delights of the chase. But to tell someone who has enjoyed a day's hunting that he has enjoyed the wrong things is a form of brutality that is ungenerous coming from an experienced sportsman.

Let us assume that we have now got anything over ten officers in the battalion who are hunting regularly, and see what the benefits are.

The most noticeable thing is that the whole conversation of the Mess changes towards matters sporting, not necessarily of horses and hunting, but all forms of sport ; this in turn leads to an increased activity in the sports concerned. The main benefits which accrue to individuals are, apart from their own personal pleasure, that an eye for country is acquired, also the power to ride straight and overcome difficulties and to become self-reliant. Finally, it gives opportunities to meet officers of other units whilst enjoying a common sport. This, undoubtedly, leads to a co-operation in the field far closer than anything which can be attained when the only meetings which occur are official. We most emphatically believe that the greater the number of officers who will hunt, the better will be the powers of leadership of the regimental officer.

In a previous paragraph we have rather laboured the point that there will be many bad days, when perhaps the only obvious lessons may be patience and endurance, but we must here say that those glorious days when everything goes right do in fact actually exist.

We have arrived at the covert side on one of those late January days, when foxes are fit as well as hounds and horses. It is a rare scenting day we believe, and our belief is justified, for hounds are hardly thrown into covert when there is a crash of music and a fox is immediately afoot.

The music grows fainter as hounds reach the far side of the covert, and we are wondering whether the old thief will

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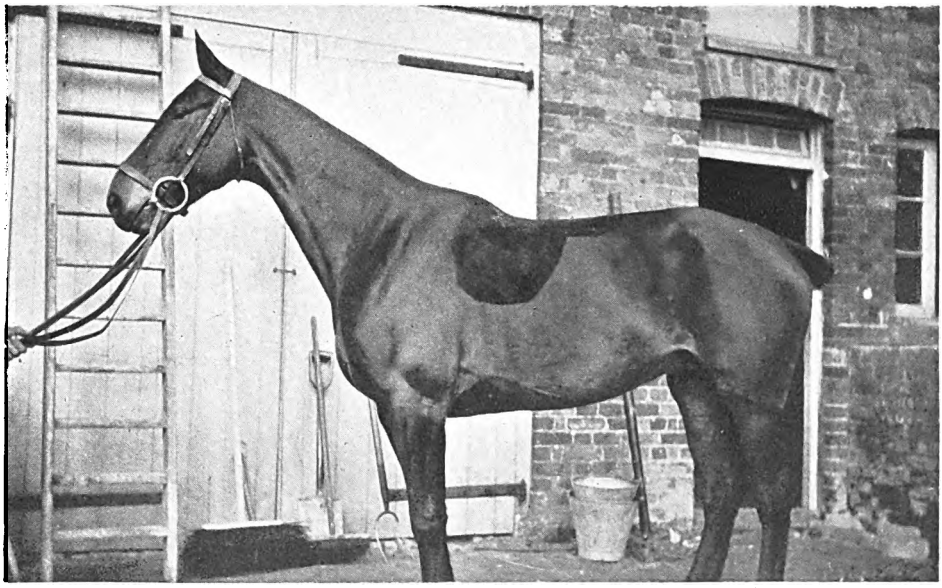

ONE OF THE "RIGHT SORT."

[*Photo Gale & Polden, Ltd.*

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY, BORDON, DRAGHOUNDS.

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be headed, or whether he will get away; with hope strong in our minds we edge along the covert side in time to see Reynard stealing away over the plough down in the hollow. Then follows a blood curdling view halloo by one of the hunt servants. Hold hard is the cry and give hounds a chance to get out of covert and settled to the line. Out they come racing on a breast high scent; it is obvious we are in for a good thing. Cramming hats on our heads away we go. For the first few fields followers are perhaps apt to jostle each other and then twenty or so of them settle down for a real fast hunt. For these twenty the pace is perfect, hounds are comfortably in sight, and if only we can keep there it will never be necessary to go out of a smart canter.

Our horses instinctively seem to realize that we are in for a good hunt, they know all about it and are taking no foolish risks at their fences. For twenty minutes this continues and we are hugging ourselves for joy.

The fox appears to be heading for the main earth in North Top Wood away up on the hills; if this is so and he is not headed it looks like a ten-mile point. Now some horses begin to flag, there are only seven or eight beside the Master and his servants left with hounds. It seems that the pace cannot last, the big brook has been left behind and now it is all uphill going. Will he reach the earth or will hounds kill him? Suddenly we see the fox, he is dragging his brush and it looks as if the end cannot be far off. Three more fields and the racing pack view him and we feel sure we shall kill. Two fences on, the fox fails at a wall, tries again, he gets over, but only to be run into in the next field.

Yes, it was a great hunt and for some of us it was the first time we were in at the death. But now we know for ourselves that first early delight of being in at the finish. We are now firm disciples of the chase and will try to persuade others to take it up too.

> "Hounds stout, and horses healthy,
> Earths well stopp'd, and foxes plenty."

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# "NATIONAL DEFENCE": A REPLY*

By Capt. F. A. S. Clarke, D.S.O., The Essex Regiment.

THE writer read with some interest the article entitled "National Defence: A Plea for a Single Service," which appeared in the October number of The Fighting Forces. "Sabreur" seems to have expected that a host of difficulties would arise in the minds of his readers; they certainly do in the mind of the present writer who notices that the author escapes them behind that facile phrase, "It is outside the scope of this paper to touch on the details of this proposal." No doubt he has thought them all out, but when asserting that "this is the only way to organize the fighting services on a basis that is fundamentally sound," he might have given his readers some outline of how he proposes to organize, command, and administer his "National Defence Service," and what type of training he proposes to adopt to prevent its personnel becoming jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none.

The present writer does not intend to deal with the question of the "agglomeration" required to-day for reconnaissance, that is again left to the reader's imagination, which he may stimulate by reference to F.S.R., II, Sections 33/6. The suggested reconnoitring unit would require a large mess, and a superman to command, train and administer it in peace and war.

The proposed redistribution is to divide the services into three branches:—

(*a*) Defence against invasion.
(*b*) A striking force.
(*c*) A trade protection force.

To (*a*) are allotted the ships of the Fleet, the single-seater fighters of the R.A.F., and the anti-aircraft artillery of the Army. Which ships, the Battle Fleet? Why no bombing aircraft to attack the enemy's aerodromes, nor coast artillery for defence of naval bases and important ports? No details as to (*b*) are given, but the disadvantage of the Services meeting only in cinemas is noted. As to (*c*) nothing

* A letter from "Sabruer" regarding this article will be found in the "Correspondence" pages.—Ed.

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is said except that under existing conditions this requirement produces the evils of division of command. Many failings, but no remedy.

We are not told if these branches are to be under one Ministry of Defence. If not confusion would surely increase, for there would be not one navy but three navies, not one army but three armies. Again, is each branch to be sub-divided into land, sea, and air sub-branches, and the former into arms, and is material and personnel to be interchangeable between appropriate sub-branches of the main branches? If sub-branches for land, sea, and air are formed, we are no better off than at present, if not, presumably an officer will be trained to command a submarine, a squadron of aircraft or a tank battalion. Or, possibly command of a " reconnoitring unit " would be considered an excellent stepping stone to the command of a light cruiser.

The problems of Empire defence are many and diverse. There does not seem to be any advantage in endeavouring to organize according to function as there are so many possible situations to be faced that the Services cannot be arbitrarily divided, and moreover the suggested functions are inter-dependent. The Battle Fleet and its auxiliaries prevents invasion by sea, and by the " cover " it provides makes possible the despatch of an expeditionary force overseas, and at the same time keeps open our vital sea communications. To which branch would " Sabreur " allot the Battle Fleet? The expeditionary force may be required to take part in the defence against air invasion either by attacking enemy bases and aerodromes or by denying certain areas from which enemy aircraft can attack this country. Further an expeditionary force might be required to proceed to Egypt for the defence of the Suez Canal, thus becoming part of the " Trade protection force."

" Sabreur " states that there is nothing original in this organization according to function, and gives the army in India as an example because it is divided into :—

(*a*) A covering force.
(*b*) A striking force.
(*c*) Internal security troops.

He goes on to say " But there is one big difference. In India the reformers only had to deal with officers and men of one Service—The Army, whereas my proposals embrace all

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three Services. But this difference is more apparent than real." The difference certainly is apparent, but we are not told why it is less real. To the present writer the difference between the regrouping of units of one service under the same command and administration for fighting on land with clearly defined objects, as has been done in India, and the regrouping of the components of three services into three forces all to operate on land, sea and in the air is very real indeed. The writer tells us that to get over this difference " all we have to do is to accustom ourselves to think of the fighting services according to their functions of attack or defence, instead of putting them into the purely watertight compartments of land, air, and water." This does not appear very helpful to the present writer. One is accustomed to think of the Services attacking or defending according to circumstances, but imbued with the principle that victory can only be won as a result of offensive action. Surely " Sabreur " does not mean that his " defence against invasion branch " is not to attack in order to prevent invasion. If this branch is for purely passive defence, presumably the " striking force " will do the attacking, if this be the case what is the use of differentiating between the branches as one branch might equally well deal with both. Even the " trade protection branch " will not gain its object by defensive methods by sea or air, and in some cases on land as well. Will not our communications by sea be kept open by seeking out and either defeating or blockading the enemy's main fleet and by hunting down raiders, etc. ? The defence of the Suez Canal might under certain circumstances require that an expeditionary force be sent to deny Palestine to an enemy. Why, therefore, take the units of the Services out of one watertight compartment and put them into others neither of which is capable of carrying out alone the functions allotted to it? Moreover, in view of what has been said above it does not seem very clear how one can " think of the fighting services according to their function of attack or defence."

Among the other " details " which the author does not mention is the question of a staff capable of dealing with his combined services. Surely the provision of a combined general staff is the first necessity even for the control of the three existing services by a ministry of defence. Evolution rather than a policy of " scrap the lot " is required, and

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the establishment of an Imperial Defence College a big step in the right direction.

" Sabreur " quotes Drake's famous command. The present writer was under the impression that the Royal Navy for some considerable period has acted up to this and that everyone aboard ship had his duty and place in peace and in action. Is not the desire of the Navy to gain control of its air service an attempt to apply this to airmen ?

He is not happy in his quotation of Sir W. Robertson whom he states " deplores the way the various arms—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—*are* kept apart," but the remarks quoted refer to the time when that officer first joined the Army in the late 'seventies of the last century, not to the present day.* The writer harps on co-operation, first it is a " catchword," later it is a " parrot cry," why is not clear, for even in a " single service " organization there must be co-operation between the component parts. The present writer has pleasant memories of co-operation between arms in peace and war, especially with the Royal Regiment of Artillery ; moreover, he was taken to Gallipoli and safely removed therefrom by the co-operation of the Royal Navy. Perhaps he is biased.

* See " From Private to Field-Marshal," pp. 16-17.

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# DIVISIONAL STAFF ORGANIZATION IN THE FIELD

By MAJOR L. URWICK, O.B.E., M.C., M.A.

DURING the course of the Great War much unjustified criticism was directed against the Staff work of our armies in the field. But there was one particular point which became the target of comment by soldiers and civilians alike—the failure to maintain co-ordination between the General Staff and the Administrative branches of the Staff. The necessity for the closest liaison between the various departments has been the subject of homilies at the Staff College and other instructional institutions ever since the conclusion of hostilities, a fact which suggests that those in authority are still not entirely at ease on the question. Some revision of our form of Staff organization is necessary if similar difficulties are not to recur in future wars.

The theory which dominated our principles of organization prior to 1914 is simple: "Whatever principles or organization of Staff duties may be adopted in the Army, the main object in view remains the same, viz.: smooth and efficient co-operation of every part of the force, directed with energy and determination to the defeat of the enemy. Given care, forethought, knowledge, and cordial goodwill throughout the Staff, this object may be attained with any reasonable organization."* The responsibility for co-ordinating the work of the different branches was definitely allocated to the commanders of formations: "The power and responsibility of co-ordinating Staff work at General Headquarters is vested in the C.-in-C., but as it is not desirable that the C.-in-C. should himself be burdened with this duty, he will delegate it to such extent as he may think fit to the C.G.S. . . . On similar principles, subordinate commanders will exercise their functions of command, and issue their orders through their senior General Staff Officer, to whom they will delegate to such extent as they may think fit the duty of co-ordinating the Staff duties of their command."†

* "Staff Manual," War, 1912, p. 14.

† "Field Service Regulations, Part II, 1909," p. 36.

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The chief weakness of this theory from the practical point of view is its reliance on sweet reasonableness and knowledge on the part of all members of the Staff. The "Staff Manual" admits that "the efficient performance of Staff duties is far more difficult in a new organization than in one which has existed for some time, and in which commanders and staff know each other well and are accustomed to work together."* But it is just this condition of mutual acquaintance which it is impossible to satisfy under war conditions in those armies which, like the British, are a nucleus designed for rapid and enormous expansion in the event of hostilities on a national scale. Large additions to the forces take place under pressure, and many individuals unaccustomed to and untrained for Staff duties are employed with the headquarters of formations. Moreover, the wastage of war and the necessary imperfections of peace-time selection result in rapid changes in the higher command. Inevitably and rightly, commanders with good fighting records in smaller units fill up the gaps. But such records do not imply any appreciation of the conditions and methods essential to good Staff work. In 1918 "rather more than sixty per cent. of the Divisional Commanders, seventy per cent. of the senior Staff officers, and eighty per cent. of the Brigadiers in the British Army were not *p.s.c.*"† That is to say, while the conditions making for effective co-operation are progressively weakened, the machinery for ensuring co-ordination becomes increasingly unsuited to this particular task.

One New Army Division made a definite attempt to get over this difficulty in the last months of the Great War. The Armistice brought the experiment to an end before any final conclusions could be drawn. But the experience gained is certainly suggestive of the lines along which a solution of the problem should be sought.

Briefly, the various departments were abolished as far as Divisional Headquarters was concerned, and the whole Staff was handled as a single unit. The instructions as to organization which were issued at the time read :—

"The Divisional Headquarters is one staff and the office is conducted as one office. The distribution of work in

* "Staff Manual," War, 1912, p. 10.

† Lieut.-Col. R. L. Sherbrooke. in the "Army Quarterly," October, 1925.



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higher formations into General Staff, 'A,' and 'Q' Branches, necessitates a similar nominal distribution of duties between Staff officers and clerical staff at Divisional Headquarters. Staff officers and clerks will, however, be thoroughly conversant with the duties of all branches, and with the office system as a whole. Questions must be dealt with promptly, and not postponed owing to the absence of the particular member of the staff who usually handles the subject."

The gist of this order is, of course, "the office is conducted as one office." The usual nominal distribution of duties was observed with one exception, the whole work of establishing the divisional office routine and of seeing that it was carried through by all clerks was handed over to the D.A.A.G. For this part of his work he reported to and was responsible to the G.S.O.1. equally with the A.A. and Q.M.G.

As far as possible, accommodation was made to conform to this conception of the Divisional Staff as a single unit. The G.S.O.1 and the A.A. and Q.M.G. invariably occupied opposite tables in the same office. Wherever possible, the remainder of the staff officers used a second office. The clerks were pooled. Standardized methods were drawn up for the conduct of all normal office business at Headquarters and were published to all Staff officers in the division. Whenever a change occurred in the staff, these instructions were handed over to the new arrival, and he was able to acquaint himself with the exact routine for the receipt and issue of all types of correspondence, the files in which it was maintained, the methods of destruction, and so on.

Emergency measures issued to meet sudden moves of divisional headquarters, active operations, and open warfare conformed to the same principle. The system was operated from April, 1918, to the Armistice. The division was one of the few which saw little fighting in the earlier German offensives of that year, but from August to the end it was almost constantly in action. It crossed the Canal du Nord and went on through Cambrai to Noyelles. Thence it was in the crossings of the Honelles Rivers. On the last day of the war it advanced nearly nineteen miles in contact with enemy rearguards, and finished in Southern Belgium a few miles from Mons.

Throughout the whole of this period, both under trench and open warfare conditions, the "single staff" principle worked smoothly and with increasing effect. It survived

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many alterations of personnel. The G.S.O.2, the G.S.O.3, and the A.A. and Q.M.G. were all changed. But since the methods of conducting the routine of headquarters were all worked out and on paper, it was easy for newcomers to acquaint themselves with the system as a whole, and to make such proposals for its improvement as occurred to them.

It was found, when General Staff and Administrative Staff Officers worked in the same office, used the same clerical staff and machinery, and the same files, that the task of ensuring co-operation became insignificant. The whole interworking of the staff was speeded up, especially in those matters of administrative detail which make all the difference to the comfort of troops in a command. Orders and information received from any branch of a higher command immediately and automatically became the property of all responsible Staff Officers at Divisional Headquarters. If a move was contemplated " G " and " Q " officers went ahead together to the new area to complete arrangements. On more than one occasion an area had been reconnoitred and preliminary instructions on all points issued to subordinate formations before Administrative Instructions had been received from Corps. And this experience was not confined to any one Corps, but repeated itself through many changes of higher command.

A single Staff Officer being in charge of all clerical methods, it was possible to remove one very fruitful cause of friction, the tendency to deny responsibility for documents. Every class of document, operation orders, telegrams, secret papers, confidential papers, routine matters of all kinds, whether concerned with training, billeting, clothing, equipment, or any other subject, had its appropriate routine. It was found possible, after a few months' working, to reduce this routine to chart form. All papers could be traced by means of this chart from their receipt in the divisional office till their final disposal by burning, repulping or return to England for file.

By similar means, correspondence to subordinate formations was enormously reduced. At this stage of the war the number of matters dealt with as " secret " had become very great. A subordinate formation receiving a " secret " document has (*a*) to acknowledge it, (*b*) to register it, (*c*) to file it. If, however, documents can be issued in the



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form of routine orders, all this office work becomes unnecessary, one thing provided, that such routine orders are not allowed to accumulate. " Extracts " of such portions of them as are of permanent value, suitably indexed, must be issued at fairly frequent intervals. In the division in question, every possible matter, even if it only affected two or three formations, was included in daily routine orders. In addition, there was a daily issue on a much smaller distribution of divisional secret papers, covering all secret routine matter, numbered consecutively in the same way as routine orders.

The difficulty of acknowledgment was overcome by placing upon units the responsibility of wiring headquarters immediately if they missed any consecutive number in routine orders or secret papers. Neither of these publications had to be registered or filed, being simply placed in a clip in consecutive order and destroyed up to date, as new pages of " extracts " were received from Divisional Headquarters. Accompanying these new pages of " extracts " was a supplement to the index. The Adjutant or Staff Captain concerned simply handed the " extracts " to a clerk with instructions to bind them into the file and to add the items on the supplement to the index.

All letters, whether " secret " or routine, received at Divisional Headquarters and of interest to more than a single formation, were simply redrafted into order form and marked " Divisional Routine Orders or Secret Papers." Since these publications were duplicated in sufficient numbers for issue down to any officer likely to require them, the amount of copying and office work in subordinate formations was very much lessened. At the same time, the two publications covered almost every matter, with the exception of operations and questions concerning individuals, about which any branch of the staff needed to communicate with the formations constituting the division.

A further direction in which the " single staff " arrangement was of great help was in the troublesome matter of returns. As long as the staff is departmentalized it is almost impossible to make one return serve two purposes. Immediately the Divisional Office was treated as a single unit it was found possible to deal logically with the question of " strength." Commanding Officers are human, and if asked to render a return of " strength " for working parties are apt to put in a figure which differs from their ration strength

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by fabulous margins. Apart from the alarm and despondency created by the apparently wasted condition of the units, this habit is a frequent source of irritation and friction between units and the staff.

" Strengths " for all purposes were based on A.F. B.213. Deductions were allowed for " details " absent from units, and for the normal requirements of their headquarters; while for purposes of indent for rations " attached " men were added. This principle, coupled with a consolidated Daily State and Casualty Report, enabled " strengths " for all purposes to be posted daily in the Divisional Office from a single return. Moreover, it was found that by making the daily states continuous in principle, *i.e.*, always starting from the strength of the previous day, a close check could be kept upon their accuracy, an important matter, particularly during operations. As a by-product of these arrangements the number of " details " absent from their units was materially reduced, and the interest of all branches of the Staff was enlisted in keeping down this source of wastage. In all, some forty daily, weekly, and monthly " returns " required from units were reduced to ten after the introduction of the " single staff " principle.

In the facilitation of office work at Divisional Headquarters, the machinery established proved a great help. War establishments strictly limit the number of clerks allowed in a division and are also not generous in matters of equipment; two typewriters were the maximum officially available. When a division is fighting, practically the whole of the urgent office work falls upon the G.S. Branch; conversely, when troops are " at rest " the administrative side is " full of sound and fury." Owing to the pooling of the staff and equipment, the whole strength of the office could be thrown into the task of immediate urgency.

Far less accommodation was required. It was frequently found that the whole Divisional Headquarters worked comfortably in billets indicated as their " G " or " Q " office by an outgoing division.

All Staff Officers, and especially the G.S.O.2, found themselves far less tied to their desks, and many points which would have been the subject of lengthy correspondence were cleared up promptly by personal interview. It was made possible for them to spend far more time actually with the troops, whether in the line or in reserve. And this in itself

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reduced the chances of misunderstanding, and reacted beneficially on the quantity and quality of the *effective* assistance which the Staff could give to the fighting soldier.

Owing to the reduction of correspondence, filing, and copying, all the brigade headquarters were able to reduce their staff some thirty per cent. and to make these surplus men available for the firing line. But despite smaller staffs, both officers and clerks acknowledged that the work was easier and ran more smoothly. One particular crime which was committed in most brigade offices at some stage of the war completely disappeared, namely, the display of large boards labelled "To 'G' Office" and "To 'Q' Office." No orders were issued on this subject by Divisional Headquarters, but the "single staff" doctrine worked its own effect by force of example.

Quite apart from its many incidental advantages, every Staff Officer who shared in the experiment was agreed that the main point was the closer co-operation between the various branches of the Staff which was enforced by treating the office as one. The whole Staff work of the division was accelerated. And the question which this experiment raises is one of organization principle which is common to all enterprises whether military, civil, industrial, or political. Where should sub-division end and unification begin? Or to put it in another way, is it reasonable to rely on "goodwill" for co-operation unless, at the same time, you establish machinery which enforces interdependence?

The whole issue has been obscured by two factors. The staff of our small peace-time army is more than adequate to its requirements. Care, forethought, knowledge, and cordial goodwill are reinforced by uniformity of training and experience in the case of the majority of Staff Officers. The despatch of the original expeditionary force in 1914 was a classic in brilliant Staff work, and the first six divisions were handled with a precision which remained a cause of wonder and admiration to those regimental officers who succeeded to the complex difficulties of Staff duty later in the war. There has, too, been a considerable service controversy as to the position of the General Staff. Sir Nevil Macready has a pertinent comment on this question: "There is a school of thought in the Army which would convert the 'General Staff Officer,' whether at the War Office or elsewhere, into a 'Senior Staff Officer.' This, from my experience, would

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be fatal, and in years to come might, owing to mediocre personnel, result in the failure of the administrative staffs, in which case I venture to think that no war could be carried through, however brilliantly its strategy may be conceived."*

The complexity and scope of Staff duties in a large national army inevitably involves the sub-division of work into departments. The attempt to make one department superior or senior to another is likely to decrease rather than to improve the chances of co-operation. At the same time, it appears doubtful whether the extension of this departmentalization down to divisions and brigades is a sound form of organization.

The division is our largest mobile formation. Where mobility is required, two separate and co-equal departments at headquarters are a handicap and a snare. The Staff runs more effectively as a single unit. In any future war, it is likely that the experience of 1914-18 will be repeated and intensified. Every advance in the mechanization of armies increases the dependence of strategy and tactics upon administration. On the other hand, the majority of formation commanders will not, after a certain interval, be trained in Staff duties. They will lack the necessary knowledge to co-ordinate the work of their staffs in detail. In any event, a good commander will not wish to interfere unduly with the internal work of his headquarters. He will look rather to the smoothness with which operations are conducted and to the comfort of the units in his command as evidence of its effectiveness.

If these conclusions are sound, they suggest that the present divisional organization should be modified, probably in the direction of appointing a single first-grade Staff Officer representative of all three branches. While the difficulty of providing an adequate supply of men with all-round training is an objection to such a scheme, on the other hand, the number of senior officers required for staff appointments of the first grade will be halved as far as divisions are concerned. Moreover, such divisional first-grade Staff Officers, when moved on to higher formations where the work is necessarily departmentalized, will take with them an appreciation of the value of close co-ordination and of the interdependence of the

* "Annals of an Active Life," p. 422, quoted from a letter to the Secretary of the War Office on the omission of the administrative services from the thanks of Parliament.

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work of the different departments, which will help materially in solving the problem of co-ordination in the main commands.

Whatever the solution suggested, however, it seems clear from the experience of the last war that the principles on which our staff is organized, while perfectly adequate for a small professional army, do not ensure the necessary co-ordination when that army is expanded into a national fighting force. Many of the troubles and disasters of 1915 and 1916 would have been avoided had it been possible to devote more time and attention to this vital subject. The place where the difficulty was most acutely felt was divisional headquarters. It is at divisional headquarters that departmentalization and consequent friction react most directly and most painfully upon the fighting troops. The experiment which has been described solved this problem in a particular formation. But its success depended to some extent on certain exceptional personal conditions which cannot possibly be guaranteed in every case.

Is it not time that we definitely abandoned the theory that co-operation may be obtained with "any reasonable organization, given care, forethought, knowledge, and reasonable goodwill"? Should we not seek to develop a machinery which enforces co-ordination even when, under stress of war, certain of these high qualities may be lacking in individual instances?

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# "... AND THEY WERE SCATTERED"

By KENNETH WATKINS.

ABOVE the cloud-banks the November sun shone clearly but coldly. The steersman looked anxiously at the mists below and slipped a piece of chocolate into his mouth, shuffling his feet a little in their thick felt-lined boots as an outlet for his nervousness. Then his gaze shifted, to rest upon the burly duffel-coated figure of his captain, who, with his mouth full of liver sandwich, was talking to the navigator. His eyes were vaguely troubled and perplexed, like those of a faithful dog, at fault, looking to his master for reassurance. In his heart he could hardly realize that this was no mere training flight, that the months of "working-up" practice were complete, and that he, Rudo Manesc, once a hard-working helper on his father's farm, later—by chance and the workings of the National Service Law—an under-officer in the Navy, was in very truth and at last a humble unit in the secretly trained and surely invincible Armada of aircraft speeding over the waters to destroy London, to break the power of England—an instrument of God's just vengeance, as the Chaplain had told them at that hurried early morning service before the final preparations were put in hand. He visualized (for he had some little education and an imagination and knew something of cities) the unsuspecting millions of the distant capital, hastening about their petty business, crowding into tube and bus and tram, lunching in a thousand clubs and cafés, cheating and being cheated, loving and hating, all unaware of the menace approaching on the wings of the wind above the pall of London's smoke.

To those millions "the diplomatic situation" was merely the inspiration of a few paragraphs in the evening papers, passed over in a hasty search for the winner of the 1.30. War to them was a memory of the past, an impossibility in the present, for the invader was dispensing with formal declaration of war until the fiftieth minute of the eleventh hour—that evening the expiration of a swift ultimatum, as climax to a suddenly inaugurated period of increasing international tension, would be followed within the hour by the first paralysing blow—ruthless, terrible, decisive.

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The fleet of airships—" commercial airships," the Government had called them—should do what the absence of aeroplanes, prohibited by treaty, made otherwise impossible. It was God's will. As far as human forethought and preparation could ensure it, the outcome was certain. Rudo, at least, had never doubted it. And yet—and yet—the barometer had been behaving strangely. The Navigator looked glum. Even the Captain's unvaried confidence seemed less genuine than usual. Rudo gulped down the last vestige of the chocolate and frowned. This was folly. They had all been overworking, they were stale, they were suffering from nerves. Everything would yet go well, if only they could win through the next few hours of flight without mishap, as they had so often done in the past. Heavens ! it was cold.

The Captain glanced at the altimeter. " Five degrees stern helm," he ordered. " Keep her up, fool. If you let her down below five thousand five hundred metres, I'll court-martial you when we get back. Warn your relief !" The needle flickered round as Rudo obeyed, and the great airship slanted gently upwards under the urge of the broad after-rudder. The Captain turned to the Navigator. " What's the latest weather ? Our wireless should have the evening report by now."

The pilot handed him a leaf off his signal-pad, and Rudo eagerly watched his face as he read. But he learned nothing ; the Captain merely grunted, took another huge bite of sandwich, and, crumpling up the signal, placed it in his pocket. Then he took up the head-phones. " Get me the Flagship," he said, and a moment later, " This is V.9. The Commanding Officer requests to speak to the Commodore."

Far to the north-west, a darker blot against the darkening sky, Rudo could see the Flagship, V.10, newest and largest of the air fleet. Within her forward car was their leader, that spare, dynamic, bemedalled little officer whose very presence seemed to straighten difficulties, to galvanize overworked men to impossible achievements. Now the Captain was speaking. " Yes, sir, I have just seen it. No alteration ? Yes, precisely ; I will pass it to V.5. Very good, sir. Yes, very indistinct. I shall hope to congratulate you to-morrow." That told one little enough. But now he was talking to V.5. : " . . . in view of weather report alternative Beta of paragraph three is to be—Beta of paragraph three—will you repeat ? Beta . . . damnation ! he's missed it. Here,

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Radio ! Get V.5 as soon as you can. Make a signal : ' Following from Commodore for V.5. : begins : carry out alternative Beta of paragraph three : ends : acknowledge.' " That didn't sound too well. " In view of weather report." The night was evidently going to be a snorter. However, all the more glory for the successful fleet on its return.

It was dark now. Rudo's " opposite number " came forward silently to relieve the wheel. " Keep her above fifty-five hundred," Rudo told him. " Steady as she goes—north forty west." Then in an undertone, " Keep alert—the owner's a little fractious." The face of his relief looked drawn and pinched with the cold. Rudo relinquished the wheel and huddled down at the after end of the car ; his feet and legs ached with long standing. Someone passed him a thermos of hot, strong, fatty cocoa, and the warmth of it spread through his frame so that he dozed and dreamed of their return.

He was roused by the pitching of the car ; colder than ever, he rose giddily to his feet. The voice of the Navigator came to him faintly as though his ears were muffled in cotton-wool : Navigator and Captain were clearly at issue. Finally the latter shrugged his shoulders and passed an order to the man at the wheel. The altimeter needle swung round once more as V.9 sought a lower level. The captain was cursing under his breath ; the clock beside the binnacle showed that it was eleven-fifteen, and even Rudo knew that in less than an hour they should be in position over London. " Let's hope they don't see us, or if they do, that they've no aeroplanes up," the Captain muttered. Below Rudo could see a faint cluster of lights—England ! Probably the coast of Essex or Suffolk ; he had spent a summer there as an officer's servant. He remembered a dark-haired, buxom serving-maid at the hotel, and a mild wonder crossed his mind, at the inscrutable ways of Fate. Fifteen months ago he had held her hand in the friendly darkness of a cinema hall ; now, in darkness once more, he looked down twelve or thirteen thousand feet upon her native place and shivered with cold, whilst she, perhaps, again sought the warmth of the cinema and held the hand of —was it George, the sandy-haired waiter ? Or William, the under-porter ? She had always had a weakness for William.

He relieved the wheel again, his deafness slightly eased by the lessened height. Things were obviously not going well. The Captain and Navigator had been joined by the

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First Lieutenant and Engineer, the latter with his moustache frozen and stiff from his climb, for he had struggled through the freezing blast from the after car. The men, said the First Lieutenant, were clumsy from the cold; two of them had collapsed. The engineers were exhausted, and grumbling and fumbling at their work. The sailmaker was suffering from frost-bitten feet and could not carry on much longer with his work on the gas-bags. The wind was increasing, the thermometer had dropped far below freezing-point. The pilot had no confidence in his landfall. It was the Engineer who first put into words the thoughts of all, who made the first tentative suggestion that it would be best to turn back while there was yet some chance of a safe return. But the Captain turned on him fiercely and stormed. Were they to slink home without discharging a bomb, whilst their comrades carried out the work? He swore he would place them over London before the night was out. Let the pilot see to his duties, and the engineer to his. A damned fine ship's company he had, who wanted to run home to bed on the first night of active service!

Rudo's heart was like lead. He was chilled and aching more painfully than ever, and in addition he was beginning to feel sick. The thought of his bunk in the warm, well-lighted quarters of the base drew him, but he braced himself at the wheel. V.9 must not fail. The hesitating realization of possible failure sickened him as no physical discomfort could do. If only the pilot could get his position; as it was they obviously didn't know within a few hundred kilometres where they were.

As if in answer to his worldless prayer, the Captain took up the buzzing head-phones. "What's that? You've picked them up? Here, Pilot, they've got the direction stations. Now you can get a fix." Over the intervening miles of sea the great direction-giving stations were throbbing out their signals, and V.9, tuning in after many failures, had caught them, had found guidance at last. The little group of officers fell into a tense silence as the navigator bent over his chart. At length he lifted his head; his face was ashen. Mutely he pointed with his pencil to the intersection of his lines.

The Captain exploded into a fury of oaths, banging his fist on the flimsy chart table. "Port your helm," he snapped at Rudo. "Take a new course: south fifteen west." He

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glared at his navigator in speechless rage. " C-c-consider yourself under arr-r-rest," he spluttered at length. The other shrugged his shoulders slightly. " Very good, sir," he said. " You won't relieve me of my duties, I presume ?"

As he spoke a bright beam of light shot up from the earth beneath. Others followed, wavering here and there with groping sweeps like the tentacles of some octopus seeking to grip its prey. The Captain's face grew suffused. He gripped the rail, staring out at this first sign of his enemy's alertness. Then for a moment, like a moth in the rays of a lamp, Rudo saw a minute speck drift across a bar of light. 'Planes !

Away to the southward the sky was suddenly splashed with light, and the sound of shell fire came faintly back to them down the wind. They were climbing steeply now, up and up to shake off the fear of those moth-like assailants with their devilish incendiary bullets. The Captain was peering downwards, tense and anxious. " The fool !" he was muttering. " Why the devil doesn't he get altitude !" Far below them, clear in the searchlight's beams, he could see one of the air fleet, and as he watched her she blossomed like some gigantic flower of flame, drooping slowly, then ever faster, earthwards. One final blaze, a flicker, and, as a cloud scudded above her—blackness.

" My God !" said the First Lieutenant in a flat voice. " V.10's gone !" V.10, the flagship ! Wiped out of existence. The fat, jolly mechanic who led the chorus at sing-songs, the little radio-operator from Rudo's home town, the Commodore himself and the fair-haired engineer—all in a moment. Now they were just twisted, scorched relics, their proud ship a heap of scrap for English rustics to gape at. And V.9 must leave them, must rise clear of danger, must save herself for her work—and her vengeance.

At over six thousand metres they could feel safe from the searching aeroplanes. Nose to the south, V.9 fought the rising gale, hopelessly struggling Londonwards. Rudo lurched suddenly, overcome for the moment with cold and nausea. " Relieve the wheel !" snapped the Captain. The other steersman stumbled forward, his face ghastly in the binnacle's light, gasped once, and fell. The Captain bent over him, straightened himself. " Heart !" he announced briefly. " You'll have to carry on, Manesc. The First

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Lieutenant will relieve you in a little while. Heavy work for you, I'm afraid, but you'll see it through, eh ?"

It was the first human word that Rudo had heard from him. He tried to achieve an answering grin. But the Captain had turned away to deal with the Engineer once more. " What now, bird of ill-omen ?" he inquired. With impending disaster, he grew more approachable, as if, at length, he appreciated that his crew were not mere machines, and might be coaxed where they could not be driven.

The engineer spoke in low tones, as if he did not wish his tidings to be heard except by his commander, but Rudo could catch the general tenor of his report, and it was bad enough in all conscience. A leak had developed unobserved in the petrol feed-pipe, the mechanic who should have dealt with it being helpless from frost-bite, and before it had been detected and caulked a whole tankful of fuel had slipped away. And, worse, the petrol supply to the port wing engine having thus been interrupted, the engine had stopped, and the cooling water, freezing solid, had split the radiator. Three engines remained out of four, and of these one was firing badly owing to sooted plugs, and the radiator of another appeared to be leaky. With all respect, the Engineer submitted that to reach London was impossible unless the wind dropped, to reach it and return home impossible in any case.

" Listen, my little chauffeur," said the Captain, taking his subordinate's arm. " We are going to London. It is an order. And afterwards we shall return home—perhaps. But London first. Now I look to you to see to it—you have never failed me yet. So just do your best. Tell your mechanics that that is all : just to do their best—and then a little more." He patted the Engineer's shoulder. " Report again when the plugs are clean."

Half an hour passed. The wind and the cold grew. It seemed impossible for flesh and blood to continue the struggle, but their Commander's face never relaxed. Then the starboard wing propeller ceased to revolve, and immediately after that the third engine, too, came to a standstill. Once more the unshaven, grimed, frost-rimed figure of the Engineer appeared. The worst had happened. Another split radiator, frozen through the stoppage of the engine while the plugs were cleaned by numbed and clumsy figures. The third engine had lost all its cooling water and overheated until the pistons seized

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The Captain's face was like death as he set the course for home—home, with bombs unexpended! home, like a lame duck with broken pinions and tail-feathers bedraggled. The First Lieutenant took the wheel, and Rudo collapsed in a huddled heap, drank a cup of soup, tried to bite a frozen piece of meat, dropped it, and slept.

He woke as dawn lit the sky. " Nearly home yet ?" he croaked. The seaman who roused him shrugged helplessly. " God knows, comrade !" he answered. " Our captain certainly doesn't. No current for the radio since the starboard engine stopped. I think we are still over England. But you are to relieve the wheel."

It seemed that the very heavens conspired against the luckless airship. The wind veered and was still dead ahead ; though its force had slightly abated, it could still hold V.9 with her one running engine. Far away to the south, at a great altitude, a solitary companion vessel caught the first rays of sunrise, as slowly but surely she fought her way south and east. Below, between scudding cloudbanks, the land came to light. " We are losing gas," said the seaman. " We dropped all our bombs an hour ago, and now the petrol's nearly done, they say. We can't last much longer."

An hour later, flying low, before the wind, they passed over a little town. It was obvious that the end was near. The Captain telephoned to the Engineer, but the 'phone had failed. He took the wheel from Rudo, despatching him to the after-car to fetch the officer. As Rudo swayed along the open connecting bridge the ground looked very near. Then a wooded hill seemed to sweep sideways at him ; there was a rending noise as the starboard car struck among the trees and wrenched itself free, a shock that tore his hands from their hold. The great ship appeared to shake herself free of him, there was a tremendous snapping of twigs, branches struck him from right and left, and then the world vanished temporarily in a thudding impact upon unyielding turf.

He found himself, cut, bruised and shaken, reclining on grass—on solid ground. A young officer in khaki was pouring spirit between his teeth (and down the neck of his thick woollen jersey). " *He's* all right," said the officer, in English, with satisfaction. " Here, Reid, take the prisoner to the Major." He turned to Rudo again. " You speak English ?"

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" I understand him very well," said Rudo truthfully.

" You are a prisoner. You will go to my Major under escort. If you obey orders you will be safe for the present. Otherwise you will be shot. Got that ?"

" Perfectly yes, sir," Rudo answered.

And so he came, a prisoner, to a country house where two small boys and several maid-servants gazed at him as one studies a strange animal. Another officer asked him several questions, then let him sit and gave him water and a large piece of bread, which he devoured whilst his captor conversed on the telephone. He was led out to a car, still with his escort, and the officer drove him several miles through narrow lanes where trees arched overhead and the road was dappled with sunlight, and the earth smelt more sweetly than he had ever known, of rain and fresh grass and all the smells of the countryside. They came to a town and traffic, and presently slowed to a standstill at a corner where a long line of lorries blocked the way. A little crowd gathered.

" What cheer, Wally !" shouted a voice. " Where d'you pick up that bit of trouble ?"

His escort stirred uneasily, but the bonds of discipline kept him silent.

" Murdering brute !" another voice—a woman's—cried. " Low-down sneaking 'ound ! Are you going to let 'im set there in 'is car like a hearl, boys ? Gow on—give it to 'im !" A stone whizzed overhead.

The officer turned in his seat. " Take the prisoner into the school," he said. " These people might spoil him, and the Colonel wants to see him first. Look sharp !"

" Nah then, sausage, aht you get," the escort directed. " At the double—through that gate there."

The crowd seemed to have lost interest in him. They were flocking down the road, and as he ran up the steps of the school house a low angry roar travelled back to him ; women were shrieking and men shouting, and over the heads of a surging mob he could see a line of bayonets. Then the crowd thinned, and between a double file of khaki-clad soldiers he saw the crew of V.9, the sailmaker limping along on a comrade's arm, the navigator swathed in bandages, the Captain with head bent and pallid, haggard face.

" This way to the slaughter-'ouse," said his guardian, and prodded him with the butt of his rifle. A stone knocked

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off Rudo's cap and cut his ear. The door of the school closed behind him.

* * * * *

In a large office at the Air Ministry, a tall fair-haired man, dismissing a typist, turned again to the pencilled calculations on his foolscap pad. He paused to gulp at his cup of tea, replacing it with a grimace of distaste, for he had allowed it to get cold. He leaned back wearily in his padded chair ; his face was lined and his eyes sunken with the effects of thirty-three hours of continuous strain, tempered by forty minutes' sleep snatched at his club hard by. His blue Air Force uniform was crumpled from its long use, one pocket bulged with papers. The fireplace was littered with burnt matches and the stubs of cigars.

The door to the adjacent office opened and a younger officer entered with a sheet of paper. " From North-Western Area, sir," he said. " V.9 this time—and that completes the bag."

His senior glanced at the telegram, and his face relaxed for a moment into a half-smile of satisfaction. " Very good, Bingham," he answered. " Just chalk it up." He glanced behind him at a map pinned to a large deal board which leaned against a chair, and into which the other was stabbing one more of a series of wooden-headed pins. The pins dotted the Eastern Countries, one marked a spot in the North Sea off Sunderland, one showed solitary among the Westmorland hills. " Ten altogether, and, as you say, that's that."

He wheeled his chair around and stretched his long legs. " Better luck than we deserved, Bingham ?" he said.

" Luck ! I should rather say so—if you can call it luck, sir. It's rather like 1588."

" The Invincible Armada, eh ? But we'd even less of a defence ready than they. It's more than luck, Bingham." He rose and looked at the scattered pins on the map. " God blew with His winds and they were scattered," he quoted. A moment he stood thus, and his subordinate heard him humming under his breath the tune of a hymn, the hymn of Harvest Home, and the words that he hummed were, " All are safely gathered in."



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# AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL INDIAN NAVY

By BOSUN.

AT the opening of the Council of State on February 9th, 1926, the Viceroy of India announced the decision of the Government to rename and reorganize the Royal Indian Marine as the Royal Indian Navy. Some people think this is a new thing and refer to India as at the outset of her naval career, and talk about the opportunities now afforded to India to acquire traditions consonant with the privilege of flying the white ensign.

The purpose of this article is to explain that, so far from being at the outset of her naval career, India has a long naval history and glorious traditions.

It is probably not too much to say that the peace which now reigns in the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean is largely due to the work of the old Indian Sea Service.

The Royal Indian Marine or Indian Navy as it stands to-day, represents the latest phase of a service which has been in existence, in one form or another, for over three hundred years, and which, for two centuries and a half, was the sea-going fighting force of the Honourable East India Company.

The sea-service under the Government of India has been known by many names since its first establishment.

Although its functions have varied with the policy of Government, it has always remained the same service, and its existence has been continuous. The following is the list of its many names :—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1612 | ... | Honourable East India Company's Marine. |
| 1686 | ... | Bombay Marine. |
| 1830 | ... | Indian Navy. |
| 1863 | ... | Bombay Marine. |
| 1877 | ... | Her Majesty's Indian Marine. |
| 1892 | ... | Royal Indian Marine. |
| 1926 | ... | Royal Indian Navy. |

There was a time when India possessed a large and active Marine of her own. Ships made in India and manned and navigated by her sailors were making long voyages in the

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Indian and Pacific Oceans in the centuries when the very existence of the country was almost legendary in the West.

This maritime activity continued, in greater or less degree, down to the years when European traders began to establish themselves on the Indian Coast. There were Mahratta fleets on the western coasts of India and Bengali and Musalman on the eastern. The vessels were employed for war as well as trade. History speaks of the Emperor Akbar's naval department, although its functions appear to have been rather those of a Board of Trade than an Admiralty.

Niccolo Manucci, a Venetian, who was in India between 1653 and 1708, records an attempt made by Aurungzeb to set up a real war fleet to deal with Arab pirates who interfered with Mogul ships carrying pilgrims to Jeddah.

On being consulted, Jafar Khan, the Wazir, said there was no lack of money or material in the Empire, but that the control of a war fleet required a special type of men, and such men were difficult to obtain.

Unconvinced, Aurungzeb ordered a small warship to be built complete with guns which when ready was launched in a great tank and certain European sailors who were in the Mogul service were brought to Agra to demonstrate.

They " went aboard the vessel and caused it to move in all directions by adjusting the sails and working the helm with great dexterity and cleverness. Then, as if engaging an enemy, they discharged the cannon, turning in all directions." Aurungzeb's conclusions were " that to sail over and fight on the ocean were not things for the people of Hindustan, but only suited to European alertness and boldness."

When, in 1612, the East India Company first gained a precarious footing at Surat, they lived in a constant state of apprehension and alarm, for, in addition to the assaults of the fanatical Mahrattas on the land side, and the opposition and annoyance caused by their Dutch, and particularly by their Portuguese trade rivals, the fact that the west coast of India was a series of wasps' nests of well armed and enterprising pirates—as were, indeed, all Eastern seas at that time—rendered the establishment of a local sea force absolutely necessary, and so in that year Captain Thomas Best, of the Company's Service, with two large ships, the *Dragon* and *Osiander*, together with two smaller ones, the *James* and *Solomon*, arrived to form the nucleus of such a force.

This was promptly attacked by the Portuguese Fleet,



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and, in fact, the Honourable East India Company's Marine, as this small force was called, was engaged for the next three years in almost continuous warfare. The bravery and skill of the Company's marine forces so impressed the Mogul Emperor Jehangir, that he eventually granted a firman permitting the English to trade within his dominions.

This force, augmented from time to time, was engaged up to the year 1686 in a practically never-ending, and on the whole successful, warfare with the Company's enemies and rivals, both on the coasts of India and in the Persian Gulf, notably in the assault on and reduction of Ormuz (1622), the Portuguese stronghold and trade centre in these waters, which broke the monopoly of that power, and, in fact, led to their ejectment from the Gulf and opened it to the Company's trade.

As a matter of interest it may be mentioned that William Baffin, the celebrated Arctic navigator, who was one of the Company's pilots, was killed during these operations. It was in this year that the Company's first factory in the Gulf was established at Gombroon—renamed Bunder Abbas—(after the Persian monarch of that name, whose troops had co-operated with the Company's forces against the Portuguese) where they remained for one hundred and fifty years before removing to Bushire. In 1652 the Dutch War broke out, during which the Company's vessels could do nothing owing to the superior strength of the enemy, and their trade suffered severely in consequence. In 1661 the Island of Bombay, one of seven small islands, was ceded to the English Crown, as part of the dowry of Catherine of Portugal, on the occasion of her marriage to Charles II, but, on account of local opposition it was not actually occupied until 1665, and three years after that, so unsuccessful was the administration of the Crown, and so lightly was it esteemed, that it was transferred to the Company for an annual rental of £10, and after a time, the Company, having had enough of Surat, transferred its headquarters to that island, although effectively cut off from the mainland by the Portuguese, who still occupied the Island of Salsette. As a matter of fact, they had had their eye on it long before, on account of its harbour and had tried unsuccessfully to capture it in 1626. The East India Company's Marine then became the Bombay Marine, a name it was to bear for nearly two hundred years, and to this day Bombay serves as the headquarters of the sea-service of the Government, and has its principal dockyard there.

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Following on the cession of Bombay to the Company, and the appointment of Captain Thomas Young of the Marine as Deputy Governor, a further development of that force took place, and it is recorded that Mr. Warwick Pett, a descendant of the celebrated Elizabethan shipbuilder, Phineas Pett, was sent to Bombay with a full supply of equipment and stores for shipbuilding, but it was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that, menaced on all sides by the Portuguese, Sidis, and Mahrattas, the settlement seemed so insecure that the Bombay Council largely increased their fleet by purchase and building, drawing on their trading vessels to man their fighting ships. They brought down a Parsee foreman of shipwrights, Lavji Nasserwanji Wadia, from Surat, who selected the site of the present dockyard, and who, with his descendants, held the post of Master Shipbuilder to the Company, and afterwards to the Government, for nearly a century and a half. One of them, Mr. Jamsetji Bomanji Wadia, was responsible for building for the Royal Navy, between the years 1805 and 1831, no less than twenty ships, from 84-gun ships to 12-gun brigs, all of which were remarkable for their strength and sea-going qualities. The first ship ever launched for the Marine by this family was in 1735, the last in 1881.

In 1722 the Bombay Marine made a joint expedition with the Portuguese against Alibag, a pirate stronghold. The Portuguese provided the land force and the Bombay Marine the naval force. The Viceroy of Goa and a Portuguese General came down to Bombay full of pretended zeal, but on the day of the attack feigned illness in spite of the fact that a British doctor could find nothing the matter with them. The timidity of the Portuguese Commander communicated itself to his troops and turned a well-timed attack into a complete defeat, and the only satisfactory feature of the engagement was the gallantry of the English naval force, which lost many officers and men. On the conclusion of the battle, the British Commodore was so annoyed that he rushed aboard the Viceroy's ship and thrust the cane he was carrying down the Portuguese General's throat.

This period of activity was followed, as happened over-and-over again, by a sweeping reduction, for economy's sake, when the temporary lull promptly ceased. This lull was, in fact, mostly due to the Marine being " in being." Not only did the Company's trading vessels suffer at the

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hands of pirates, but, on war breaking out with France in 1774, their ships were quite unable to cope with two French privateers, who lay off the Port of Bombay to intercept East Indiamen.

In 1756 a Royal Squadron visited Bombay for the first time since its cession to the Company. Advantage of this was taken to despatch a joint naval and military expedition against Viziadroog, or Gheria as it was usually called, the principal stronghold and arsenal, of the powerful pirate Tulaji Angrai, the representative of a family, which, for about one hundred years had committed outrages on the Mahratta Coast, and had acquired both wealth and territory. The military part of this expedition was commanded by Colonel (afterwards Lord) Clive, and it finally broke the power of this inconvenient neighbour.

After the destruction of Gheria had been effected, it was proposed by the Court of Directors again to reduce their sea-going force, but war breaking out with France prevented this, and " Commodore " James, taking his squadron round to Fort William (Calcutta) during the monsoon, the first time such a thing had been attempted, actually brought with him the news of the outbreak of hostilities, and with 500 men from his ships assisted Colonel Clive and Admiral Watson in the capture of Chandernagore, which dealt a severe blow to French trade and prestige in the East.

Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries much of the time of the Bombay Marine was taken up in dealing with pirates, not only Mahrattas on the west coast of India, but Arabs in the Persian Gulf.

These pirates preyed, not only on the Company's ships, but also on the Mogul Emperor's trading ships.

This latter endangered the Company's trading privileges, as the Emperor insisted on attributing these piracies to the presence of foreigners, and at last the Company were obliged, together with the French and Dutch agents, to give security bond for payment of any losses which the pirates might in future cause him. It is obvious, therefore, that the extirpation of these gentry was a matter of the highest importance. Hence the expedition against the powerful Joasmi pirates in the Persian Gulf, whose power was not finally broken till 1818, and then only by a joint expedition, and against the Beni-Bu-Ali Arabs, who, after repulsing the first expedition sent against them with great slaughter, were finally wiped out in 1820.

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These Indian pirates were often as well armed and as well found as the Company's vessels themselves, and Kanojee Angria, the first of his notorious line, had successfully defied the efforts of the Dutch, Portuguese, and Mahratta Fleets. He possessed a large and powerful fleet, which was manned by every sort of ruffian that the East would produce, renegade Christians, chiefly Dutch and Portuguese, Arabs, Indians, and Negroes—a most daring and desperate crowd, who did not hesitate to attack the Company's or even the King's vessels of war, when the odds appeared to be sufficiently in their favour. He possessed a long stretch of fortified coast, south of Bombay, one of his fortified places being the Island of Kenery, at the very mouth of Bombay Harbour, against which all the efforts of the Company's forces even when aided by the Portuguese had been in vain. Besides these, there were pirates, sailing under both Dutch and English colours, whose headquarters were on the east coast of Madagascar. It was a Captain Avory or Evory (*alias* Bridgeman) together with the better-known Captain Kidd who attempted to make the Island of Perim in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb their headquarters, which, of course, would have put the whole of the Red Sea trade at their mercy, but fortunately, the entire absence of water, in spite of extensive borings, frustrated their designs. Many stories of the cruelty and brutality of the former are told, but with regard to Captain Kidd, the remarkable thing about his case is, that he was supposed to be acting on behalf of the then Governor of New York, Lord Bellamont, and others, in a venture which had for its object the suppression of piracy, particularly in the West Indies. The facts appear to be that it was notorious at the time that many of these sea-rovers sailed from English colonial ports, and even from New York itself, the Governor of which, The Earl of Bellamont, had made strong efforts to stop them, and having been advised that the only way to deal with them successfully was to send a vessel or force against them, Captain Kidd was introduced to him as a competent person to command such a vessel. Owing to the war with France no man-o'-war was available, so the *Adventure* galley of 275 men and 30 guns was fitted out with the sanction of the King, and Captain Kidd was given command. Whether Kidd was at first sincere in his offers of services against the pirates is unknown—he may have been—but one thing is certain, that he had not long been in command of a well-

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armed ship before he turned pirate himself. He went into the Indian Ocean, and is said to have ravaged up to the Malabar Coast. After about three years of this he incautiously returned to America, was arrested in Boston, tried, and, after some delay, was hanged as a pirate at Execution Dock. About £14,000 is said to have been recovered from him, but "Captain Kidd's Treasure," buried somewhere round his old haunts, is traditional.

From 1759 to 1829 a captain of the Bombay Marine was appointed annually to the post of Admiral to the Mogul Emperor, and a small squadron was detailed for the purpose of protecting Mogul trading vessels.

The pay of a captain in the Marine at that time was Rs87 a month, but if appointed Mogul's Admiral his fees and perquisites amounted to Rs85,500 per annum.

This vast sum was paid by the Mogul Emperor by the assignment of certain revenues. When one realizes that at that time the pay of the Governor of Bombay was £500 a year and the Commander-in-Chief £250, it will be seen what a plum was the post of the Mogul's Admiral, even though only held for a year. From 1774 to 1783 the Bombay Marine was engaged in warfare with the Mahrattas, mostly in the neighbourhood of Bombay, sometimes actually in Bombay Harbour, as, for instance, the Battle of Tannah.

After peace had been declared, the Company's brig *Ranger* (12 guns), commanded by Lieutenant Pruen, was proceeding from Bombay to Calicut, conveying certain military officers to the British forces operating in the Bednore country. Among these were Brigadier-General Norman McLeod, newly appointed Commander-in-Chief, a Colonel Humberstone, and others. Meeting the Mahratta Fleet, whose Admiral was apparently unaware of the conclusion of peace, the *Ranger* was ordered to surrender. This Lieutenant Pruen refused to do, and a desperate action ensued lasting five hours, one British ship against eleven Mahratta ships. Eventually the *Ranger* was overwhelmed by boarders, two military officers were killed, and all the rest badly wounded. The whole of the crew were either killed or wounded. The *Ranger* was taken into Gheria, but was eventually released and a full apology made.

Among minor instances of the gallantry of the Bombay Marine may be mentioned the case of the *Vigilant* (6 guns), commanded by Lieutenant Hayes. While crossing the Gulf

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of Cutch on January 13th, 1797, the *Vigilant* was attacked by four pirate ships, each more than double her size and carrying twice as many men.

The pirates lashed their ships two forward and two aft, and for three hours the *Vigilant's* crew carried on a hand-to-hand fight. Eventually the pirate ships were beaten off with loss.

In 1798 occurred the incident of the *Viper* (14 guns). This vessel was lying on Bushire roads, and was ordered by the British Political Resident to provide certain "friendly" Arabs with powder and shot for their dhows. No sooner had this been done than two of the dhows attacked the *Viper*, without warning. After a hard fight the dhows were beaten off, but not until the captain had been killed. After his death the senior midshipman took command and fought the ship.

On August 1st, 1798, the Bombay Marine Regulations were revised, and relative rank with the Company's land forces was given to its officers. The Marine was re-organized into a regular Naval service; its duties being defined as :—

1. The protection of trade.
2. The suppression of piracy, and general duties of vessels of war.
3. The convoy of transports, or carriage of troops, if necessary.
4. The prosecution of Marine Surveys.

As the Bombay Marine or Indian Navy was represented in almost every operation of any consequence that took place in Eastern waters, besides affording protection to the trade of the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, and Malabar Coast, as, for instance, during the French Wars, 1793 to 1810, when all the French possessions in India, viz., Pondicherry, Mahe, Karikal and Chandernagore were captured.

The French colours captured at Pondicherry were sent to England in the Honourable Company's cruiser *Scorpion*, but she was captured by a French fleet when nearing her destination.

In 1803 the Company's 14-gun brig *Fly* was captured in the Persian Gulf by a French privateer. Before surrendering the captain ran the brig into shoal water and sank the Government despatches and some treasure with which he was charged. The ships' officers were sent to Mauritius as prisoners of war, but the crew and passengers were taken to Bushire and there

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released. Here they purchased a dhow and sailed for Bombay. On the way they recovered the despatches. Nearing the mouth of the Gulf they were captured by pirates, but bargained with them for release in return for the treasure. On being shown where the treasure was, and having gained possession, the pirates released them, but on an island with no hope of escape. After some time, however, the wreckage of a small boat was thrown up on the island, which they managed to repair, and with this and a raft they set off for the Persian mainland. The boat sank, and all on board perished, but the raft with the remainder of the party—still with the despatches—reached land safely.

They set out on foot for Bushire, none knowing the language, and constantly subject to plunder and imposition. The Indian sailors, sepoys, and servants had by now all died or been killed, and the Europeans, one after another had to be abandoned on the road, but still the survivors pressed on with the packet. Eventually, two survivors reached Bombay, and were thought to be adequately rewarded for their sufferings and devotion to duty by a letter of thanks from the Government.

Another story which is of interest is that of the sepoy Marines of the Company's cruiser *Aurora* (14 guns), which was captured in 1809 and taken to Mauritius. Every inducement was held out to the Marines to abjure their allegiance and enter French service. Certain captured Bengal and Madras sepoys had done so, and were given all kinds of luxuries. This, however, had no effect on the sepoys of the Marine Battalion, who not only refused to be false to their salt, but shamed some of the traitors into throwing down their arms. After this they were made to endure many hardships, and were only released when the British captured the island in 1810. On their return to India each of these marines received one step in promotion and a medal, while a Government Order describing their loyalty and the rewards given them was read on parade to every native regiment in the Army.

This is but one instance of many in the record of the Marine battalion, which was raised in 1777 for service in the Company's ships, and no history of the Indian Navy is complete without a reference to them. They took part in every fight in which the Company's ships were engaged, and for their continued gallantry were eventually constituted the 1st Battalion of the 11th Regiment Native Infantry. After

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the abolition of the Indian Navy they became the 21st Native Infantry, and later the 121st Pioneers, now known as the 10th/2nd Bombay Pioneers.

From 1812 to 1815 Great Britain was at war with the United States. After peace had been declared the Company's cruiser *Nautilus* (14 guns), commanded by Lieutenant Boyce, fell in with the U.S.N. sloop *Peacock* (22 guns).

Ignoring the declaration of peace, the American attacked the Company's ship, and, after a brisk action, during which all the officers and most of the crew of the *Nautilus* were wounded, she surrendered.

The American Government subsequently apologized, and awarded Lieutenant Boyce a pension, which he drew for over sixty years.

The Indian Navy was well to the fore in the attack and reduction of Mocha (1820) in the first Burma War, in the final defeat of the piratical Arabs in the Persian Gulf, at the capture of Aden (1838), in the first China War (1840-42), in which the Indian Navy was represented by a fine squadron of six steam vessels—the *Aukland*, *Seosostris*, *Akbar*, *Memnon*, *Medusa*, and *Ariadne*—and in the Maori War in New Zealand.

In the Sikh wars of 1848-9, which led to the annexation of the Punjab, the Indian Navy provided a force of 100 seamen, gunners and 7 officers. This force, the first known instance of a naval brigade fighting on shore, was known as the Indian Naval Battery, and played a prominent part at the Siege of Multan.

It is recorded that W. S. Gilbert, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, was a midshipman in the Indian Navy, but retired, because " his views on the rights of man differed from those of his superiors."

The Indian Navy was also actively engaged in the second Burma War, in the Persian War of 1855, the China wars of 1856-57 and 1860, taking part in the capture of Canton, the Taku forts, Fatshan and Pekin, and during the Indian Mutiny it was represented by a Naval Brigade nearly 2,000 strong, with 40 guns, serving in detachments in Bengal and Assam, and in which an officer of the Indian Navy won the Victoria Cross.

It should also be mentioned that the first steam vessel to go from Bombay to Suez was the Company's steamer, *Hugh Lindsay*. This was in 1830. It was commanded during this experimental voyage by Commander John Wilson of the

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Marine. The voyage took twenty-one days. The object of the voyage was to see if a vessel could make the journey without recoaling.

In 1838-39 a steam packet service was instituted as an integral part of the Marine, which, from this date, exchanged all its sailing vessels for steamers. From this it will be seen that the services rendered by this small but efficient force have been of the most varied character.

Although the Indian Navy was continually co-operating with the Royal Navy, there was at times considerable friction between the two, largely owing to the ambiguous position which the Indian force occupied. For instance, the question of flags and pendants of command was a fruitful source of trouble. From their earliest years the Bombay Marine had been in the habit of flying the Company's white and red striped ensign. It was also a custom for the senior officer of the Service to display a red " broad pendant," and for all ships to show a " common pendant " in the same way as the King's ships, but certainly without the sanction of the home authorities, although doubtless the Honourable Company's Charter covered this.

Matters were at last brought to a head when, in 1764, Captain Brereton of H.M.S. *Falmouth*, on arriving at Batavia, ordered Commodore Watson of the Company's frigate *Revenge*, an officer of tried ability and distinction, to strike his " common pendant," which he positively refused to do. Mutual recriminations seem to have followed, and the next morning the *Revenge* was seen to be clearing for action, with a party of armed men in the maintop, evidently to prevent interference with the pendant. However, eventually at the instance of the other officers of the *Revenge* it was struck and handed over to the *Falmouth*. This Commodore Watson was afterwards killed at the Battle of Tannah, on the mainland at the back of Bombay (1775), while in joint command of an expedition against the Mahrattas, and a monument erected by the Company in St. Thomas's Cathedral at Bombay perpetuates his memory.

This example well illustrates the anomalous position of the Bombay Marine at the time, for, on the one hand, it was recognized as a Colonial Naval Force, while on the other, it was treated as if it were a part of the Mercantile Marine, and later, even in the Indian Navy days, when its position had been more or less regularized, an objection to the use of a " broad

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pendant" was made by the Naval Commander-in-Chief, and it was then decided that the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Navy should display a red pendant with a yellow cross and the Company's gold lion rampant in the upper canton. This was later adopted as the official flag of the Director. In recent times the Service has flown a blue ensign, with a badge of the Order of the Star of India in the fly, a blue-bordered jack, and a plain red pendant for ships in commission.

In 1863 it was decided that the Royal Navy should take over all maritime defence duties in Indian waters, and the Indian Navy was accordingly abolished.

At noon on April 30th, 1863, a salute of eleven guns was fired from a battery on the Apollo Bunder, in honour of the Commodore broad pendant. The Company's jack, the distinctive flag of the Indian Navy, was then hoisted at the castle flag-staff and saluted with twenty-one guns, and as the boom of the last gun sounded, the broad pendant of the Commodore and the pendants of all the Indian Naval vessels in the harbour were struck, and the Indian Navy ceased to exist as a purely fighting force. On landing from his flagship, the Commodore was received with a personal salute of eleven guns, and so passed away (for a time, as it turns out) the power from a service which had exercised undisputed sovereignty from the Cape of Good Hope to the Straits of Singapore.

Sadly shorn of its former importance, the Indian Navy became the Bombay Marine.

A certain number of the officers of the late Indian Navy took pensions, but the majority accepted the change and continued to serve in the Bombay Marine. The principal change was that the service was no longer entirely combatant, and European seamen were replaced by Indians.

It was manned, as it still is, by the sea-faring Mahomedans of the Ratnagiri district (about 100 miles south of Bombay), who are descended from the Malabar pirates with whom the old Bombay Marine waged such bitter warfare in the 17th century. The Marine continued to maintain armed vessels, and retained the Surveying Service and the dockyards. Gunboats of the Bombay Marine took part in the operations against Bahrein in 1870, and for many years the Service maintained armed vessels on the Irrawaddy.

In 1867 a trooping service was organized as an adjunct to the Bombay Marine.

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As its title shows, this is but an outline of the past history of the Marine, in fact, it barely touches the fringe of it, but it is hoped that enough has been said to show that this small and little known Service has a past of which it may well be proud.

In 1871 the Government of India purchased two coast defence vessels—the *Magdala* and *Abyssinia*—as the nucleus of an Indian Naval Defence Force; these were reinforced, in 1889, by seven first-class torpedo boats, and in 1892 by two new torpedo gun-boats—the *Assaye* and *Plassy*. An Indian Defence Squadron was formed and placed under the command of a captain of the Royal Navy, the officers being drawn from the Royal Navy and Indian Marine, the crews being partly lascars and partly seamen of the Royal Navy. This squadron lasted until 1903, during which time the officers of the Royal Indian Marine went through regular courses of gunnery, torpedo, signals, etc., when it was abolished, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that the vessels were becoming obsolete, and partly owing to the expense, and so it was dispersed and the vessels sold or broken up. Up to the war there was always at least one lieutenant of the Indian Marine serving on board the flagship of the East Indies Squadron for training, also a very large number of officers up to then had passed through naval courses at home.

In 1877 the Marine was reorganized into an Eastern and Western Division, with headquarters at Bombay and Calcutta. Its duties were defined as follows :—

1. Transport of troops and Government stores.
2. The maintenance of " station " ships at Aden, the Andamans, in Burma, and in the Persian Gulf for political, police, lighting and other purposes.
3. The maintenance of gunboats on the Irrawaddy and Tigris.
4. The building, repair and maintenance of all local Government launches and vessels, and those used for military purposes.
5. The Marine survey.

A complete history of the Marine survey would be a labour in itself, and it is not possible in the space of this article to give an account of its many activities.

But it can at least be stated that the hydrographic services of the Marine Survey of India have ever been warmly

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acknowledged by the Admiralty. As Sir Roderick Murchison said, in his anniversary address to the Royal Geographical Society in 1862, "The war services of the Indian Navy, as well as the beneficial and enduring results of its suppression of piracy and the slave trade, are well known. These services have been varied, honourable, and useful; but in the eyes of geographers the widespread and lasting utility of the excellent surveys made by officers of the Indian Navy hold an equally prominent place."

Although reduced in status, both in name and functions, in 1863, the Indian Marine continued to perform valuable service in the many wars in which the British Empire found itself engaged. This war service included the Persian Gulf, Egypt, 1882-1885, the third Burmese War, the Chin-Lushai Expedition, the South African War, the Boxer Rebellion in North China, East Africa, Somaliland, and the gun-running operations in the Persian Gulf, 1910-14. In all of these officers and men of the Indian Marine have been actively employed.

The Indian Marine Acts of 1884 and 1887 provided for the taking over by the Royal Navy of Indian Marine vessels in time of emergency. In the war of 1914-18 all the Royal Indian Marine vessels were taken over by the Admiralty. The Royal Indian Marine was represented, either by individuals or complete units, in the Grand Fleet, the North Sea, France, the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, Egypt, Mesopotamia and East Africa.

Two of the largest ships, the *Dufferin* and *Northbrook*, became, in turn, the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief of the East Indies. The *Hardinge* took an active part in the defence of the Suez Canal during the attack on it by the Turks in 1915; it was heavily engaged and somewhat knocked about.

The *Lawrence* and other vessels took part in the operations on the Shatt-el-Arab and Tigris, while the rest were employed under the white ensign in the Persian Gulf and Red Sea. In all cases the crews were composed of their own Indian lascars, supplemented by Naval ratings, and under these conditions acquitted themselves very well; and they have proved—by no means for the first time—that the active and docile Mohammedan seaman of the Ratnagiri district can, if properly treated and led, be trusted under fire or in an emergency.

Many Royal Indian Marine officers held temporary

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naval or military ranks during the war. The list of war honours received by the Service shows that it ably upheld its glorious traditions.

The responsibilities of the newly constituted Royal Indian Navy will comprise :—

1. The training of personnel for service in war.
2. The services required by the Indian Government in the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf.
3. The organization of the naval defences at ports which are under the control of the Indian Government.
4. Survey work in the Indian Ocean.
5. Marine transport work for the Government of India.

The Royal Indian Navy will fly the white ensign, and be officered and manned by the present personnel under a flag officer commanding. Commissions to a limited number will be granted on the public entry system to suitable Indian candidates who are prepared to undergo the necessary training.

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# THE PROBLEM OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE FROM AN INFANTRY POINT OF VIEW

By CAPT. B. G. HORROCKS.

ONE of the greatest problems which faces the British Army of to-day is undoubtedly that of defence against low-flying aircraft. The British soldier demands a much higher standard of comfort than his brother in other armies, with the exception of the American, necessitating an ever-increasing amount of transport which results only too often in an apparently unavoidable conglomeration of traffic behind even the smallest tactical unit operating in the field.

How are we dealing with this vital problem of defending our lines of communication against the ubiquitous aeroplane? At present, apart from the Air Defence Brigades, each battalion is armed with mountings and anti-aircraft sights for six Lewis guns.

The problem may be considered under two separate heads :—

(*a*) The Training of the Anti-Aircraft Sections.
(*b*) The Tactical handling of the Sections when once they are trained.

Under the first heading are we satisfied that the private soldier, having fired his anti-aircraft practices during classification, and having practised without ammunition against aircraft during Brigade and Divisional Training, etc., is sufficiently well trained to be a serious danger to enemy aeroplanes in war? The answer is unquestionably "No." The present A.A. target teaches a correct aim with the A.A. sights, but at the same time only a stationary aim, and there is all the difference in the world between firing at a target on the stop butts and at a fast-flying aeroplane as it passes overhead. It would appear, therefore, that the soldier must be trained to fire at a moving target, and there are several solutions to the problem, of which three are distinctly possible.

1. In the Aldershot Command there is an excellent apparatus which consists of a stationary engine capable of pulling an aeroplane across the top of a hill on Ash Ranges



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at quite a fair speed. The guns are placed at the bottom and open fire as the 'plane passes between certain limits. There is also a light railway running down the side of the hill, and an aeroplane mounted on wheels coming down this track strongly resembles a diving 'plane.

This would appear to be all that is needed, but there is one great drawback to it. The present A.A. sights are constructed on the basis of an aeroplane flying at not less than a certain speed, and it is almost impossible except at an enormous cost, to construct a machine which would pull the 'plane across at the required pace. Therefore, if the gunner takes the correct aim his shots will pass in front of the 'plane.

To counteract this drawback, however, it should be possible to construct A.A. sights of exactly the same design as those in use at present, but slightly smaller and based on the actual speed of the aeroplane crossing the hill. Once this has been accomplished we have the ideal place to train our A.A. gunners with a crossing and diving 'plane, using the correct sights. Two or three of these apparatuses could be constructed at different centres, and the six gun teams from the different units could be concentrated here for a week or a fortnight, to fire an Anti-Aircraft Course, on the same principle as the present Machine Gun Concentration at Netheravon.

2. A central Anti-Aircraft School could be formed on the sea coast, in conjunction with the Royal Air Force, where the gun teams could undergo a concentration every year and fire at targets towed by aeroplanes.

This solution is probably the best from a practical point of view, but impossible from a financial one.

3. A School of A.A. Gunnery could be formed somewhere in the depths of the country in the neighbourhood of a deep disused quarry. Small aeroplanes could be run down on wires from every conceivable angle to be engaged by the gun teams at the bottom. The chief merit of this solution would be its cheapness, as no engine or special mechanical device of any sort would be necessary.

Whether any of the above suggested solutions do indeed solve the problem or not, it is obvious that in the near future this branch of training should be specialized and a specialist A.A. Officer should have charge of all the training of the gun teams and should be responsible for their tactical handling.

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Under heading (*b*) let us examine the existing organization in an infantry battalion. There are only two gun teams whose sole business is A.A. work—*i.e.*, the two teams formed from the Drums and belonging to the Headquarter Wing. The remaining four are supplied one from each company, and may be any Lewis gun section of that company. It would not be desirable to decrease the fire power of a company by taking one section simply for A.A. work, but undoubtedly one section should be specially trained for this work as well as firing their ordinary Table "L," Part II.

Supposing now we had out Specialist Officer and our six well-trained gun teams who have been for their yearly concentration to the A.A. School, how would they be used?

The time when every unit is most open to aeroplane attack is when it is on the move, and this is, therefore, the time when the A.A. gun teams can be most effectively employed.

Let us take a brigade and attached troops on the line of march, say, with one battalion as advanced guard. If the present organization is adhered to, each unit retains its own guns. On the approach of a hostile aeroplane, the mountings are hastily unearthed from the limbers and the damage is done before a shot has been fired. To be of any use the guns must be in position before the 'plane appears, and this necessitates piqueting the route under some central authority.

The great principle to be borne in mind throughout is that the initiative should not be surrendered to the enemy by the column stopping to protect itself. This protection must be given by gun teams piqueting the line of march so that the force can proceed steadily to its destination without interruption.

Unfortunately at the present moment the two anti-aircraft mountings and guns are carried in the Signal limber while each company's mounting is in its own Lewis gun limber.

Transport is the crux of the whole problem, and once that contention is admitted, the solution would appear to be fairly easy.

All A.A. gun teams should be brigaded under the Brigade Machine Gun Officer or the Senior Specialist A.A. Officer in the brigade. They move with the advanced guard and



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the brigade route is systematically piqueted (the guns of a brigade can piquet over two miles of road), until the tail of "B" Echelon Transport has passed. They are then picked up by their own transport, which must of necessity be of the cross-country tracked variety and proceed up to the head of the column without causing any confusion to the order of the march of the brigade. Should the country be very enclosed, the hourly halt could be utilized for this purpose.

Admittedly, this method denudes battalions of their greatest protection against the air, but once the brigade has deployed, or is at the halt, the units' own teams could easily rejoin them in a very short space of time.

Each company should also have its air fighting platoon who are constantly on the watch for the approach of hostile aircraft on the line of march, and who are prepared, without further orders, to jump out to the side of the road and open steady rifle fire, while the rest of the column proceeds on its way.

It is often said that the Army is becoming too specialized. But this is an age of specialization and it is difficult to see how we can compete with modern inventions without it.

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# A LEGACY OF THE GREAT WAR

By A. G. WEBB

(*Secretary, Pensions and Disablement Committee, British Legion.*)

GREAT Britain is paying £65,000,000 a year as War Pensions. The amount already paid is £725,000,000, a sum which is larger than the National Debt at the beginning of the war.

Six million men and women served at home and abroad, and as a result of their service—

702,410 lost their lives
1,662,625 were disabled
} officers and other ranks.

There are still 145 Ministry of Pensions hospitals and clinics in use, and over 15,000 men are receiving in-patient treatment. In addition, dreadful to relate, more than 6,000 men are inmates of mental institutions. Other legacies of the war are—

300,000 orphans, including 18,000 total orphans ;
36,000 men suffering from tuberculosis ;
3,500 epileptics ;
21,000 totally blind ;
39,000 who have lost a leg, an arm, or an eye.

Further, there are many hundreds of thousands of men, suffering from minor wounds or impaired health, who have received permanent or temporary pensions. By April, 1926, no fewer than 562,902 final awards had been announced by the Ministry. Of these only 257,529 applicants obtained permanent pensions, the remaining 305,373 having failed to obtain more than a temporary pension or a gratuity in " final settlement."

Whatever may be the defects of this gigantic administration, which necessitates the employment of 11,358 civil servants, the pensions on the Statute Book are a distinct advance on any legislation of the kind in this or any other country that participated in the Great War.

For the purpose of comparison it may be useful if I outline briefly the history of War Pensions in Britain.

In medieval times the feudal system was all-powerful, and the care of disabled soldiers was more a matter for individual or private charity than for public recognition by

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the State. In those days the lord who bought his vassals to fight was expected to look after those who were wounded, and provide for the families of those who were killed. This was done mainly by assistance in kind, or by employment.

From authorities I have consulted, I find the first institution of a war pension occurred in 1593, when a Statute entitled " An Act for Relief of Soldiers " was passed. Between this date and 1601, a series of laws were passed with the following effect: Pensions were put on the rates and every parish was charged a sum of not less than 2d. and not more than 10d. a week, while the average of all parishes in one district was not to exceed 6d. per week. The Fund itself was under the control of Quarter Sessions, the parishioners agreeing among themselves as to the amount of taxation they could bear. Every claimant was required to submit his claim to pension through the Treasurer of the county of his birth, and according to the man's rank and service and the nature of his hurt, a temporary grant was made by the Treasurer until the next Quarter Sessions. The maximum rates in those days were £10 a year for a private, £15 a year for an N.C.O. or commissioned officer up to the rank of lieutenant, and £20 a year, over that rank.

The necessity for some permanent means of relief and support became so strikingly apparent in the days of the Stuarts that at length the erection of a hospital at Chelsea was decided upon, and the foundation stone was laid on March 12th, 1682. The structure was erected on a site vested in the Crown, but the cost of the building was met by a poundage deducted from the pay of every soldier, and this poundage was continued for the maintenance of the Hospital until 1847. In-pensioners were governed by strict rules and army discipline, a striking contrast with the present system of a statutory money grant paid to a man without restriction of any kind as to the method of spending it.

In a somewhat similar fashion Greenwich Hospital was founded for seamen by William III, as a memorial to Queen Mary.

As time went on it was obvious that these hospitals could not house all the soldiers placed upon pension, which was the original intention, and a system of out-relief was instituted which, so far as Chelsea is concerned, survives to this day. The amount of the first out-pension was £7 a year.

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Some idea of the growth of the pensions list may be gathered from the fact that in 1689 the cost was £6,000, whilst in the year 1713 it had risen to £61,000.

The first flat rate pension was adopted in 1713, the rate being 5d. per day.

In 1854, arising out of the Battle of Alma, in the Crimean War, when the British losses were very heavy for the time and age—*i.e.*, 99 officers and 1,866 men—a Fund was inaugurated by *The Times* for administering to the surviving wounded and the widows and orphans. This Fund was called the Royal Patriotic Fund, and was not closed until nearly £1,500,000 had been subscribed. Although the administration and control of this fund had been severely criticized, it remained in being as the chief pensions institution in this country for nearly half a century. The Fund was strengthened in 1886 by the inclusion of various funds raised by the public, such as the Zulu War Fund, the H.M.S. "Victory" Fund, etc. After the South African War, other funds, such as the Lloyd's Patriotic Fund, Imperial War Fund, "Telegraph" Fund, etc., were incorporated, and the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation was set up.

When the Great War began, three chief authorities were responsible for pensions—the Army Council, working through the Commissioner of Chelsea Hospital, the Admiralty, and the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation. The suggestion that one authority should be responsible for the payment of all war pensions was first mooted in November, 1914, but it was not seriously considered.

Towards the end of 1915, however, a Statutory Committee of the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation was constituted, the idea being that this should be a permanent body, and that members—27 in number—should serve for three years and be eligible for reappointment. The Admiralty and the Army Council each had one representative on the Statutory Committee, and a grant of £1,000,000 was made by the Government to them in 1916. Thus we see that for the first time in the history of this country one authority was responsible for the payment of pensions. To assist this Committee in the execution of their duties, local committees were established in every County and County Borough.

The rates of pension at the outbreak of the Great War varied from 10s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. per week for a totally disabled man.

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In April, 1915, a Select Committee was set up under Mr. Lloyd George to consider a revised scale of pensions. The result of that Committee was the issue of a new Warrant on May 21st, 1915, with improved rates, and a noteworthy change was that, for the first time, a differentiation was made between the married disabled man and the single by the addition of allowances for children.

In 1917 a Warrant was issued, familarly known as " The Barnes Warrant "—the Right Hon. George N. Barnes being Pensions Minister at the time—which, in addition to giving increased rates, introduced the alternative pensions scale, perhaps the soundest and fairest scheme ever devised in this or any other country. It also introduced the principle of constant attendance for men who were so badly disabled as to need the constant attendance of a second person.

On April 4th, 1919, a Select Committee was appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the method of administration of the Pensions Acts and to report what steps, if any, were necessary for the removal and prevention of legitimate grievances.

The recommendation of this Committee were the means of placing the rates and conditions of pensions on a more or less satisfactory basis. Many useful reforms were introduced as far as administration was concerned, and a new Warrant was issued, substantially increasing the flat rate of pension, making the alternative pension a reality by loading the pre-war earnings (the basis of this award) by 60 per cent. and establishing an Independent Court of Appeal.

A Pension Act passed in July, 1921, has had a very important bearing on the general pensions scheme. This Act, *inter alia*, fixed a time limit for claims to pension, introduced a scheme of Final Awards, and, whilst reducing the number of Local War Pensions Committees, deprived those remaining of the major portion of their power.

### Principles of Pensions Award.

Broadly speaking, the pensions scheme in this country aims at providing compensation in money for officers and men disabled during the war, the principle followed being compensation on equal terms for all men suffering from disability in like degree. In contrast to the method in vogue at the beginning of the war, when the pension was determined by the extent of the man's injuries and the effect of such injuries

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on his earning capacity, the Great War scheme is based entirely on medical and not economic grounds. The amount of compensation is determined solely according to the effect of war service on a man's physical condition, and ignores altogether the effect of the disability so far as earning capacity is concerned. The degree of disablement is ascertained by a comparison with the condition of a normally healthy man of the same age, assessed generally, in degrees of 10 per cent., from 20 per cent. to 100 per cent. When fixing the monetary value of the assessment of disablement, the State also accepts the responsibility which the man incurred before being disabled, and grants allowances in respect of a wife (if married prior to his disablement) and to the children born before or within nine months of the receipt of disablement.

Similarly, in the case of death due to war service, the State accepts the responsibility which the man had assumed up to the time he was disabled or killed, and pension is granted accordingly to his widow (if married to him before disablement) and to any children born before or within nine months from that date, or where there is pecuniary need to a dependant or parent.

To establish a claim for pension a man has to fulfil two very important conditions. Firstly, under our pension scheme—as in that of nearly every other country that participated in the war—the onus of proving the claim is on the man, and therefore it is necessary for a man, before his claim is established, to prove to the Ministry that his disability was either attributable or aggravated by his services in the Forces of the Crown. The other important condition is the limiting of compensation to those men who submit their claim within seven years of the date they were discharged, and this has been the subject of controversy.

The experience of the Legion is that this limit has caused hardship to genuine claimants, and will increasingly do so in the future. It was fixed by the Government in 1921, but one hopes that in the light of experience gained and as a result of the arguments put forward by the Legion time limits will be abolished from our pension laws.

Some countries have never applied time limits to their pension schemes, whilst others have recently extended the limiting period for first cases. For example, France, which had a time limit of five years, has extended this until

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December 31st, 1928, mainly because of the claims arising now in respect of cases of tuberculosis and other after-effects of poison gas.

The bulk of the British Forces served in France, and our men were subjected to the horrors of poison gas in a similar manner to our French comrades. In South Africa there is no time limit of any kind. In Canada, whilst there is a seven years' limit, there is an important proviso to the effect that any record of disablement made during service is considered as equivalent to an application for pension. Even in America —with their bitter experience of pension law after the Civil War, when that great Republic shouldered almost unlimited responsibility—a Bill was recently introduced into the House of Representatives seeking to repeal altogether the time limits which were imposed by the 1924 Act.

In the case of widows and other dependants, the State accepts the responsibility a man had assumed up to the time he was killed or disabled. Pension is given by way of money grants and represents replacement for the support lost. The terms of entitlement are very wide, the widow being eligible to receive pension if her husband was killed or dies as a result of a disability contracted or commencing on active service or aggravated by service. It is thus possible for a pension to be paid to a widow for the death of a man which, although it may have resulted from a disability commencing on service, was not due to the conditions of service.

As in the case of men, the onus of proof is on the widow, and there is also a time limit. This time limit is seven years, and covers the period between the time the man was first removed from duty for the fatal disability and the date of his death. The limit was rigidly adhered to until 1924, when it was found that many genuine cases deserving of pension had to be ruled out. To meet these cases a new Warrant was introduced in January, 1924, and this contained a formula for dealing with those claims which were barred under the old regulations by reason of the date of the man's death.

Experience has shown that the Government provision for widows whose claims are dealt with under the new Warrant is inadequate. It is not difficult to cite cases where the man's death has been hastened through war service, and yet the widow has been denied compensation.

It is a remarkable fact that the pension law in this respect

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falls short of the law covering compensation for death of workmen in industry.

A decision by the House of Lords Appeal in a particular case (Hughes *v.* Clover, Clayton & Co.) establishes the principle that maximum compensation must be paid under the Workmen's Compensation Act to the widow of a man whose death was accelerated, however slightly, by an accident at work.

The British Legion ask that the same consideration should be extended to the widows of men whose death was accelerated by their service in the armed forces of the Crown during the war.

In the early days of the Ministry of Pensions many and bitter were the complaints made regarding the question of entitlement to pension, and, indeed, it was not surprising that errors were made by an entirely new State Department suddenly faced with thousands of claims. In 1919, when the bulk of the Forces were demobilized, the volume of complaints grew to such an extent that Parliament decided to set up an Appeal Tribunal for dissatisfied claimants. These Courts, appointed under Section 8 of the 1919 War Pensions Administration Act, are under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor, and carry on their duties absolutely independent of and unrestricted by the Ministry of Pensions. The Courts are composed of three members: a barrister, a doctor and an ex-Service man, with the legal representative as chairman. All decisions given are final by statute and binding on all parties. The functions of the Courts are to decide the question of entitlement to pension for disabled men, widows and dependants who appeal against the decision of the Ministry.

In 1920 similar Courts were established to deal with the question of final assessment. The personnel of these Courts was slightly changed, the barrister giving way to a further Medical member. The Court is therefore composed of two doctors and one ex-Service man, and is charged with the duty of adjudicating the question of final awards made by the Ministry. These Courts have power, either to increase or decrease the amount of final award, and also (and this is very important) they have the power to set aside the finality of the award.

The only restriction, so far as all appeals are concerned, is that the right to appeal must be exercised by the appellant

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within twelve months from the date of the Ministry of Pensions' decision.

This right of appeal to an independent body has formed an integral part of our pensions system since 1919, and has proved an inestimable boon to the ex-Service community. Up to the end of April this year, 261,049 appeals have been heard, and of this number 105,324 were allowed.

It is permissible for any appellant to take to the Court a friend in order to assist him or her to state a case. The British Legion at some expense have established machinery whereby in every town and city where the Courts are sitting, an advocate who is an expert in pension law and the procedure of appeal is available to conduct the case on behalf of the man or dependant appealing. The record of this organization in this respect is a remarkable one, especially when it is remembered that cases are not selected, but that every one sent up is represented. Up to the end of May, 46,050 cases have been represented by the Legion, and of that number 26,055 cases have obtained a favourable verdict.

Not only has the influence of the British Legion been responsible for most of the concessions obtained, but through representatives on the various committees, both national and local, it has been possible to keep the Government fully informed of the point of view of the disabled men, which has enabled the Ministry to adapt the scheme to meet the requirements which experience has shown to be desirable.

That there are defects in the British scheme of war compensation is only too apparent to those who have studied the problem. These, however, can be adjusted, and whilst there is in existence an organization such as the British Legion, charged with the duty of safeguarding the interests of the disabled men and the dependants of the fallen, the war victims need not be despondent. Whilst there remains in this country one disabled comrade to whom justice has been denied, or one widow or orphan unprovided for, the sacred trust we owe to those who never came back remains unfulfilled.

"If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields."

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# THE PASSING OF S.30

By GEORGE STANLEY.

IN the long high-roofed hangar stood a line of trim, perky little Ravens, resplendent in all their newness. These Ravens, the very last word in design of single-seater fighters, were assembled at this aerodrome, preparatory to taking part in the Aerial Pageant. Behind them stood a machine all by itself, a Seabird, of a considerably larger and totally different type, possessing a certain dignity as rightly befitted one who was amphibious. Away back in a corner two very old machines, bereft of their under-carriages and with fuselages chocked up on trestles, presented a forlorn appearance. At first it would have been difficult to tell what exactly they had been in the heyday of their youth, and even a closer inspection would only have betrayed the markings T.5 and S.30 upon their sides.

For many months past this hangar had been empty save for the two old wrecks; indeed, if truth be told, nobody from the station had been inside the building, though now that the new machines had arrived the shed was swept and garnished, bright red fire-buckets and extinguishers festooned the walls, and at regular intervals the Orderly Officer visited the shed after working hours.

It was a still, clear night, and except for the occasional call of night birds there was no sign of life on the aerodrome. Only the pale silvery moon and a few twinkling stars, shining through the open ventilator at the top of the shed, knew all that happened when the Orderly Officer had made his final round for the night.

For some hours the youthful Ravens had kept up a ceaseless chatter amongst themselves, discussing the different evolutions that they were to perform at the Pageant, until through sheer exhaustion of the topic they relapsed into silence.

"Just about time, too, that the young pip-squeaks shut up," observed the sedate Seabird to the Raven that bore the Flight Commander's streamer attached to the rudder.

The senior Raven chuckled softly, for he realized that the newness of his design rather irritated the other, and already

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several highly placed officials had passed this other by in their eagerness to study the new features.

There came a lengthy fit of coughing and spluttering, and the Seabird, turning round, was surprised to see that it emanated from the distressing collection in the far corner. So far he had not noticed the presence of the two old veterans.

"Young fellow," came the hoarse, croaking voice of T.5, "can you tell me who all these talkative infants may be? I do declare that I have never seen their like, nor has my old comrade here, S.30."

"Eh? What's that?" wheezed the other. "Ever since they came and took away my wheels——"

"Yes, old chap, we know about your wheels," interrupted T.5. "You see," he continued to the Seabird, "my friend and I have been in this hangar for a long, long time. One day, soon after our exploits—of course, you know all about them—a working party came into the shed where we were and removed all the other machines. Later on we were taken out for a flight and then left at another aerodrome where we remained for a long time, eventually being brought back here."

"Really, that's too bad," answered the Seabird politely. "These young Ravens are a new type of single-seater, and are to perform at the Pageant, you know."

"Pageant? What's that?"

"Oh, come, surely you know the Pageant! Why, it has been held regularly these last——"

"Never heard of it. But tell me about these infants. When I was last in the air I had a fair turn of speed; in fact, I actually touched sixty knots"—proudly. "But perhaps these youngsters can do that?"

"Ye—ss, they can do sixty," came the tactful reply. He did not add that sixty knots was less than half their speed.

"Ah, well, my old wings are not as young as they used to be. Can these brats climb? On my last flight I broke the altitude record—just touched ten thousand feet, my boy. But of course you know all about that flight."

The Seabird was rather bewildered, and made a rapid calculation. Ten thousand feet? Why, that was a pre-war altitude; this old fellow must be decidedly aged. As he seemed to think that such an altitude was excessive, presumably he must have spent all these past years in storage, for the ceiling of these new Ravens was twenty-five thousand feet at least. It seemed unkind to disillusion the old fellow

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too severely, so, rapidly turning the conversation, he asked for information concerning the exploits of the other veteran, S.30.

" Eh, hey ! my old friend was the first aeroplane to land on water-bags in the sea. It was reckoned a fine feat, and only equalled by his subsequent daring in flying off from the forecastle of a battleship. Tell me, young fellow, how goes your present flying ? Still troubled with the *cabré* nuisance ? Ah, it is a dangerous thing to fly *cabré*, and usually results in a *vol piqué*."

This conversation had been eagerly listened to by the young Ravens, and they were hard put to it to understand what the old chap was talking about.

Suddenly, without any preliminary wheeze, just as though talking in his sleep, S.30 started up. " Ever since they came and took away my wheels——"

" Yes, yes, old man ; I have just told this youngster." Then, aside to the Seabird : " Poor old S.30 is not as strong as he used to be, you know ; strained a longeron when his engine was removed."

" Seems to me," whispered a Raven to his neighbour, " that both the old beans are batty, positively loopy."

" You were talking about flying *cabré*, sir." The Seabird was now thoroughly interested, and also felt that it was an opportunity to air his knowledge in the presence of the senior Raven. " We have very little trouble nowadays in flying with our tails well up. As a matter of fact, the term *cabré* is never used. Similarly, the present generation use the word " dive " instead of *vol piqué*, and 'glide' for *vol plané*. Thought perhaps you might like to know."

" Yes, yes ! I suppose when these infants start on their careers they like to initiate new phrases, but when they get to my age they will find the old terms are best."

There was a loud crack, as of splitting wood, and S.30 gave a wince.

" Hurt yourself, old chap ?" inquired T.5 solicitously.

The other's reply was incoherent, and the mumbling soon died away altogether.

For the next few minutes, whilst the conversation lagged, the Seabird, hearing the titters of the Ravens, felt that it would be a kindness to enlighten the aged one as regards the more modern terms, and also it would demonstrate to

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the upstart Raven how extensive a knowledge he himself possessed of the earlier conditions of flying.

" As you were saying, sir "—politely to T.5—" that must have been a very notable feat of S.30 landing on the water on air bags, and flying off the forecastle of a battleship. Indeed "—positively rocking with self-esteem—" it is only through those first experiments that it has been possible for me to land and take off anywhere on sea or land." The Seabird noted with satisfaction the surprise that showed upon the face of the veteran. " My rev. counter——"

" Eh ? Rev. counter, what's that ?" came the hoarse wheeze.

" Why, sir, the indicator that shows the revolutions of the engine, so that the pilot can see his air speed and adjust the throttle."

" New-fangled ideas "—a trifle peevishly, not fully understanding all that was explained. " Dare say there may perhaps be something in it, but in my time my pilots never required such things. Once the engine had been started on the ground, all they had to do was to count the number of oil pulsations per minute in the gauge glass, and then when in the air nothing more was required, for the speed of the engine could not be varied."

" Told you he was batty !" whispered a cheeky young Raven to the infant alongside him. " Seems to me that both the old beans have been pushed in here and had their engines removed as their bearers are cracked ; they are quite loopy."

A suppressed chuckle ran down the line of young Ravens.

Another ominous crack came from S.30, and his ancient companion looked up in alarm.

" You know," said T.5, turning to the Seabird again, when the paroxysm of the other veteran had passed, " I think our pilots must have gone away or are getting careless, for we seem to have been here ages, and it is long since we have been rubbed down or our wires nicely greased."

As a matter of fact, these two old veterans had been entirely omitted from all returns and almost forgotten. At the outbreak of war they had already reached a state of un-airworthiness and were too obsolete to have any attention wasted upon them. Since then various station commanders had succeeded each other until most of the true history of the vehicles had been forgotten.

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"Yes, it is a shame, sir," replied the Seabird. "But never mind, we shall all get a rub up to-morrow, I expect, for the Pageant procession."

"Procession?" inquired the veteran slowly. Then: "Tell me of your own flying. You say you are amphibious?"

"Oh yes, sir, rather! All we Seabirds can land equally well on the water, the deck of a ship, or on an aerodrome. Of course, personally I think the pilots expect us to carry too much. What with the crew, wireless, gun—well, it is expecting rather a lot, you know."

T.5 looked rather glum. So W/T was actually *un fait accompli*—in his own day it was merely being talked about; and the gun—of course, the youngster must mean a rifle, for if he remembered rightly, his own pilot had suggested the possibility of the observer firing a rifle whilst in flight.

"Gun?" he asked discreetly.

"Well, I should say guns; you see there is the Vickers and the old Lewis."

The veteran became even more thoughtful. Vickers? Lewis? Good Heavens! he was glad he had not betrayed his complete ignorance.

"I suppose you have quite long flights sometimes?" he continued bravely.

"Unfortunately, no, though of course it depends on the speed the pilot requires. A couple of hours or so full throttle tries my engine much quicker than a long spell of comfortable cruising speed of, say, seventy knots. . . ."

The rest of the sentence was lost upon poor T.5. The longest he had kept the air at a stretch was for ninety minutes, and that was on the occasion of his altitude record. The old fellow relapsed into a passive silence. At last the real truth was beginning to penetrate his dried and cracked longerons. Whilst he and S.30 had passed their solitary sojourn, the weeks had flown by—there had been nothing by which they could measure the time; maybe it had been months or even years—and they had developed into merely old wrecks. Why, these youngsters could all put up a better performance than either of them, and if he was not mistaken there was a smile of tolerant sympathy about the Seabird. Their pilots had never been near them because they were things of the past—"has-beens." Had he been deceived when he thought he heard one of the precocious Ravens use the term "loopy"? What it could mean he had no idea,



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but it was used in rather a derisive tone. And " old bean " ? They were terms he had never heard before.

He looked round cautiously at all the engines of the other machines ; they were all stationary like those of a motor car, none of them rotary like the Gnôme he had so proudly carried. Even the structure of their bodies was different ; the ailerons did not fall downwards when at rest, and in a hundred other ways their whole basic construction was on strangely new lines. All the references in their conversation to their various fittings were entirely unintelligible. His centre section sagged a little, and had there been any moisture left in him at all, it is certain that copious tears would have fallen to the floor at this stark realization of his utter uselessness.

The procession at the Pageant ? His whole body quivered with indignation—a procession of different types of aircraft, he and his old friend bringing up the rear as relics of a bygone generation ? Yes, that is what it was. His indignation sapped all his ebbing strength, and tremulously he leant over towards S.30.

" Wake up, old comrade ! Rouse yourself ! Don't you realize—didn't you hear—they are coming for us in the morning." The husky whisper was tragic in its intensity.

" Eh, what's that ?"—between a splutter of wheezes. " Coming for us in the morning to restore my wheels ? Did you——"

His companion's one and only theme no longer irritated T.5, and he passed it by.

" To polish us up and drag us along in a procession as relics, behind all these youngsters. We, you and I, old pioneer, are to be the curiosities of the collection—freaks !"

" Then my wheels will still be away and . . ."

The almost uncanny silence that had descended upon the hangar was suddenly broken by a volley of sharp cracks and twangs. The Seabird and young Ravens looked up in alarm just in time to see S.30 sway for one awful moment before the last of the bracing wires carried away, and the shell of S.30—the pioneer which had opened the line of advance culminating in the latest amphibians—fell up against the aged T.5, bringing both the " has-beens " crashing to the stone floor in a tangled mass of dry-rotted wood and rusted wires.

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# THE MILITARY SIDE OF THE BOMBAY RECLAMATION SCHEME

APART from the general question of the wisdom or otherwise of the methods of execution of Lord Lloyd's great scheme for the development of land in Bombay, that portion of it which relates to the Cantonment of Colaba, and the military areas generally has a very great interest for all who know the city. It is this portion of the scheme which by common consent is to go forward, whatever may be the future for the completion of the rest. There are many thousands in this country who have served in the Army in Bombay and know its disabilities, and there are thousands more who know how the military station at Colaba Point has always been one of the lungs where air could be breathed on stifling evenings. Not only is Bombay one of the most important harbours in the Empire, or perhaps in the world, it is by economic fact as well as poetical thought the Gateway of India. It has always needed a considerable garrison for its protection and the manning of its forts. But Bombay is not on the mainland. It is situated on two islands, and it is because it is situated on islands and has no room for expansion for its vast and growing industrial population that Lord Lloyd endeavoured to give effect at last to the demands which have been put forward and examined by engineers for the last forty years. Behind the front of palaces which meet the gaze of those who steam into the harbour, lies a vast seething population intensely sensitive to that Hindu Moslem enmity which so mars the prospect in India at the moment. From time immemorial bitter communal riots have been the yearly fear and often the happening in the city. Military precautions can never relax, and the troops are constantly moved to their alarm stations against internal communal rioting. Constantly troops to reinforce the garrison are summoned from Poona, a hundred miles away. The garrison of Bombay itself consists of a British battalion, two Indian battalions, and several batteries of Coast Artillery. As in all riots of this type, disturbances tend to turn to raids on property, and the large floating population of Arabs and Pathans from the frontier is always ready to improve the



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shining hour. Enmity between Hindu and Moslem can easily turn to enmity against the Christian, and Bombay has a large unprotected population of Christians of mixed descent.

Thus, it is that although Bombay is most unsuited for the training and well-being of soldiers, nevertheless the presence of a garrison is obligatory in addition to the Volunteer Defence Force. Because the city stands on crowded narrow islands, with only one road and two parallel rails of approach from the mainland, there is no place near where troops could be quartered with any certainty of their being on the spot in time should communal riots arise. The military authorities have, therefore, always had to accept the situation, which compels one British battalion and one Indian battalion, and the Artillery to be stationed in the city itself. The second Indian Battalion is quartered in a suburb only a shade less crowded than the city.

The British battalion and the Artillery are quartered at Colaba Point, that long narrow rocky promontory, which jutting out into the sea, forms the western horn of the harbour and the eastern horn of Back Bay. The British troops themselves are in well-built, airy barracks with good hospitals, but the officers reside in single-storied bungalows built a hundred years ago, damp and mosquito-infected, with practically no gardens or compounds, a deplorable scandal. In fact, the way the Government of India treats its officers, civil and military, in many of its stations, has been and still is a scandal. The Indian battalion is quartered in a portion of Bombay itself, on the shores of Back Bay, in what till recently was the most appallingly fever-stricken accommodation that has ever disgraced an army. On the other hand, the officers of the battalion were quartered with the General and his staff in good stone houses, the bungalows and barracks being known as Marine Lines. Now the Marine Lines, in the centre of the most exclusive part of Bombay, are sites of very great value. But the Army also held various other sites almost as valuable as St. Paul's Churchyard, in the heart of the commercial and business quarters of the city, notably the old Dutch barracks, of an earlier dispensation. The Army authorities were prepared to surrender these and all the valuable sites in the Marine Lines in exchange for an adequate area, some 200 acres, at Colaba Point, which was to be reclaimed, and on which were to be built

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the lines for half the Indian battalion, the General's house, and quarters for all the military officers and institutions at present in Bombay city. The horrible officers' bungalows in Colaba were to be replaced by a modern three-storied block of flats with all modern conveniences and set to the prevailing breeze. The proceeds of the sale of the surrendered sites in the city were to pay for all this reconstruction and more. Indeed, several of the military sites were to be sold first to give the Development Trust the cash to finance the beginning of their work. The 200 acres to be taken at Colaba would also afford some drill and recreation grounds long needed for the town-girt troops. A motor road and esplanade would run all round the Point for the health and pleasure of the citizens generally. The other half of the Indian battalion is to be quartered a hundred miles away up on the high plateau of Deolali, where the companies can receive Field Training in turn, and this also was to be financed from the proceeds of the rendition of sites in the city.

That is the story of the military share in the Bombay reclamation scheme, and one that is eminently calculated to improve the health and amenities of the troops in that difficult station. It is certainly satisfactory to know that it will be completed, while the advantage to the community of Bombay of their circular drive round the Colaba sea-wall, will equally mature.

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# THE EVOLUTION OF HORSE-RACING

By James Murray.

ONE would naturally think that horse-racing is a sport of some antiquity, because horses have always been noted for their speed and endurance. This is indeed the case, for classic writers bear record of horse-racing at the Grecian Olympiads in 600 B.C., and Grote in his "History of Greece" mentions races for one-year colts about that period.

However, in those early days, riding horseback was not a popular pastime. There were no saddles, except perhaps a cloth thrown over the animal's back, and no stirrups. Virgil states that continued horse riding tended to weaken the ankles of the rider as his legs hung down on either side of the horse without any support whatever. So most of the trials of speed and endurance between horses took place in chariots, the most popular being the Quadriga, which was drawn by four horses harnessed abreast.

There is no record of horse-racing in England until the ninth century. When Hugh Capet was soliciting the hand of Ethelswirtha, sister of King Athelstan, in marriage, he sent a present of German "ronning-horses." But horse races did not begin to be frequent until the reign of Henry II. They were generally held at Smithfield, the present wholesale meat market, which was then the principal horse market of England. They were not held much in esteem, as the most popular sports of England at the time were tournaments and jousts; and by the Tudor period horse-racing had ceased to be a great public amusement.

When James VI of Scotland became James I of England, the "sport of kings," as it has since been called, was revived, and the three principal race meetings were held at Croydon, Enfield Chase, and Garterly in Yorkshire.

Newmarket did not come into prominence as a race-course till 1640, although before that James had built stables there, near his palace.

Records show that at that time races were known as "bell courses," because the winning horse received a bell. But in 1610, at the Chester Meeting, which is believed to be the most ancient of all race meetings, the winning horse was

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presented with three cups instead of the usual silver bell, and the race called St. George's Race.

Racing owes its position as pre-eminently the national pastime to the support given to it by the Stuart monarchs, Charles II being a particularly devoted patron of the sport, and a constant spectator of the races, especially at Newmarket and Datchet Mead, near Windsor. It will be remembered that in 1683 when coming away from Newmarket, Charles was very nearly murdered at the Rye House. It was during this period that the English breeds of horses became famous, a fact due partly to importations and partly to the various old laws regarding horse-breeding and the export of well-bred horses and mares, which were passed during the reigns of Henry VII and Henry VIII, when the horse supply had become seriously depleted by civil and foreign wars.

Horse-racing continued to be accorded the patronage of Royalty up to the accession of the House of Hanover. Both William III and Anne added several plates to the existing number for competition, the latter even keeping race-horses and running them in her own name. During the reigns of the earlier Hanoverian monarchs, the rulers of England do not appear to have taken kindly to the sport, but if, during that period, it was not the sport of kings, it was certainly the sport of the Princes of Wales. George IV, when heir to the throne, owned race-horses, and in 1784 when he was in danger of having to sell his stud owing to pecuniary embarrassments, Parliament increased his income and he was enabled to indulge in his favourite pastime without stint.

The memory of the late King Edward will always be specially dear to lovers of the Turf. And one has only to visit a race-course now to realize that there is more patriotism amongst the crowd there than anywhere else ; when His Majesty arrives all thoughts of " beating the bookie " are forgotten amid the rousing cheers and bared heads. If the king's horse wins the punters are as glad as if they had owned the animal themselves.

The " blue riband " of the Turf, for horses or mares who are three years old, was instituted by the Earl of Derby, after whom it is called, in 1780.

Amongst other important races are the St. Leger, instituted by Colonel St. Leger in 1776, which is run at Doncaster, where the Colonel lived, and the Oaks, for fillies only, which took place first in 1779, and is run at Epsom two

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days after the Derby. Ascot as a popular race-course can trace its history from 1711.

Practically all the great annual steeplechases began long after the establishment of the great classic flat race meetings. Occasional steeplechasing across country is traceable as far back as 1752, principally in Ireland, but in England it did not gain any popularity till 1852, when the younger devotees of fox-hunting took it up, plates being presented and restrictions being placed on the weights of the riders. The first Liverpool steeplechases were run some ten years later over a ten-mile course at Aintree, and the sport became increasingly popular. After this meetings were instituted at St. Albans, Aylesbury, and other places. In 1866 the Grand National Hunt Committee was formed at the instigation of the Duke of Beaufort, Lords Suffolk, Coventry, and others, as a ruling body governing steeplechases, the Jockey Club refusing to assume control over disputes unconnected with flat-racing.

Hurdle-racing is also a popular form of race; possibly because the fact that the favourite may so easily fall in jumping adds to the zest in gambling on the result.

There can be no two words about the continued popularity of horse-racing. A peaceful provincial town or village that has slumbered in tranquillity during the months that intervene between its race meetings, will wake up with a vengeance on race day, the sleepy country station seethes with activity, and the traffic on its roads resembles an army on the march. For, whatever the race and wherever it is held the sporting fraternity, comprising all sorts and conditions of men, some perhaps with hardly a shilling to their name, will be present in their hundreds.

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# WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

By Major J. H. Piper, M.C.

## 9.—GOING INTO BUSINESS.

THE Service man who goes into business, commerce, industry—call it what you will—is not necessarily always the fool that the Real Business Man believes him to be.

Sometimes he admittedly has, and in due course proves it, a sound and practical business instinct. Such lucky ones, though certainly sharing at first with others less fortunate the contempt which the Real Business Man feels for those who have been in one of the Services, are able to win through without becoming parted for ever from their gratuities, commuted retired pay or other hard-won capital. Such men are truly blessed, and with that we can leave them. These few simple words that follow are not intended for them, but for the aforesaid less fortunate ones—those who, if unhindered, merely perform the function of a sort of human money order, enabling their gratuities or other rewards to be transferred with speed by way of their bank from the financial branch of their late Service into the pockets of Real Business Men.

It is a hard thing to say, therefore let it be said at once, that the average Service man looking out for an opening for himself and his limited capital finds that he is continually up against a mixture of cunning, callousness and a sort of foxy, brutal shrewdness that leaves him at first almost aghast. The sheer effrontery of it is almost incredible to him until he has met it often enough to realize that it is the rule rather than the exception. Therefore let him be suspicious at all times; for every once that this attitude is unwarranted, at least twenty times will it be justified in full. He approaches the business world with a code and standards which the majority in that world either do not recognize or have scrapped, and in any event despise in others.

A very usual start for a retired officer is to answer or insert advertisements in the newspapers. Whichever he does the result is the same. He gets in touch with business

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agents who know of innumerable openings, for those with money to lose, as directors, secretaries, and secretary-directors in companies which may already exist or may be still unborn. The agent takes no responsibility as to the genuineness of these propositions, and simply throws them out for what they are worth on the off-chance of something coming along in the way of commission. Many of them sound quite promising. Some are so blatantly idiotic that even the retired officer rules them out at once, thereby proving that the people who sponsor them are even bigger fools than they suppose him to be, and knaves to boot. Such suggestions as he considers promising he probably follows up. He has been told by the agent that "investigation is necessary"—surprising!—"by solicitor and chartered accountant," and so on; but as he is usually not a millionaire, and solicitors and accountants are not usually philanthropists who work for the love of the thing, he decides to look into the matter himself. As a consequence he meets the First Gentleman, who appears to be a good fellow, asks him all about his Regiment, tells him how his own father was in the Umteenth South Oaklandshire Fall-backs, and so on, creates an atmosphere of mutual understanding and quite often unfolds spontaneously his whole life story (also quite often imaginary), which discloses how the First Gentleman lost all his property and country houses owing to the fall in the Portuguese exchange and had to sell all his horses, cars, dart-boards and other desirable things, such as no doubt the retired officer will be able to own if he puts his money and himself into this excellent company that it is proposed to form. The First Gentleman does not explain how it is that his own personal friends have failed to realize what an unexampled chance of getting rich quick here lies before them. Should the inquirer be rude enough to put a question on these lines, it will produce nothing but agility in changing the subject. The First Gentleman will explain that he is not a company promoter and, as though to confirm his statement, will produce newspaper cuttings about his son who is fruit farming in Australia (the furthest place he could go to, to get away from his father). Questions on concrete points such as the objects of the proposed company, its capital, any existing business it is proposed to acquire, and so on, are answered in the sketchiest possible way, and the inquirer is referred for further particulars to the Second Gentleman.

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The Second Gentleman is a similar article without the nickel plating. He shaves evidently the day before yesterday, has an accent that is hard to place, is the proprietor of the existing business which it is proposed that the company shall acquire, and is clearly trying hard, entirely without success, to conceal the fact that he is in a fever of anxiety for a company to be formed as rapidly as possible to save him from disaster. To this end he has crammed his little factory with every conceivable kind of "work in progress" to convince the potential investor of his difficulty in coping with the great volume of orders coming in. He explains the proposition more in detail, goes into the question of shares, etc., explains how the chief object is to safeguard the investor, and dwells on the fact that the First Gentleman is a very clever business man and will take a seat on the Board. The retired officer makes no comment on the fact that this same cleverness has apparently not been proof against the fall in the Portuguese exchange with all its sad consequences, but busies himself at once with the details of a typewritten document, which the Second Gentleman dignifies with the name of balance sheet, actually signed by a firm of chartered accountants whose name appears in the telephone book in large type. This document shows a profit on the year's working which the inquirer can in no way reconcile with the desires of the proprietor to share it with others, but on probing further into the matter he will probably find that a bank overdraft and numerous pressing creditors form more tangible results which the accountant for some reason or other has failed to bring into the picture. Also the value of plant and goodwill would seem to be a trifle overestimated. We need follow the course of events no further; the greenest and most credulous of would-be directors would usually pull up short at this stage. Enough to add that in a proposition of this type it will probably be found that the company is to be formed on the strength of a prospective order for the manufacture on a large scale of certain articles (at a huge profit), such order being about to be given by some company of which the First Gentleman poses as Managing Director, although inspection of the files at Somerset House will show that this is merely a pose and part of the First Gentleman's cleverness.

All this sort of thing sounds rather stupid and incredible, but it is happening every day. Our would-be business man can look forward to further experiences on these lines, the

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number depending on the amount of convincing required before he realizes the facts and the amount of plausible subtlety displayed by the thieves who are trying to catch him. Wonderful to relate, plenty of catches are made in this way, and only after his capital has all gone does the victim look round and perceive how simple was the trap and how obviously artificial the piece of cheese. If he has avoided the trap, he will have learnt something of the sort of creature he is usually likely to be up against, and he will the more easily recognize the genuine, honest concern that requires more capital for justifiable expansion or other object. He will have decided that it is absolutely necessary for him to find out all he can about the formation and running of companies. He will have provided himself with a good manual on the subject and will make himself familiar with the nature of shares of all kinds, debentures, mortgages, valuations of plant and goodwill, accounts, the meaning of assets and liabilities, and a hundred and one other things that he thought he knew something about before. He will find out a lot about the kind of agreement that is signed for the purchase of a business, and the need for very careful and close examination of it, while he will learn from some reputable accountant how to read between the lines when he looks into sales ledgers and journals, " bought ledgers," and all the array of other books which any business worth the name should be able to show. He will also have found the value of discreet inquiries, made through a proper agent, about those who are angling for his money.

After all, no reasonable man, knowing nothing of business, ought to expect to be able to acquire a well-paid directorship and a large rate of interest as well in return for the mere investment of money. Judging by advertisements, such a feat is well within the range of possibility. It is not, at least with any sort of security. There are, to be sure, good opportunities occasionally, but they are few and far between, and anyone looking forward to landing one must first of all provide himself, if nature has not so endowed him, with the means of recognizing it the instant it bobs up.

Especially in the case of a new company must the reasons for its formation be examined. No man with capital to dispose of wishes to see it used in paying off another man's bills or frittered away in the expenses, weekly wages, and so forth of a concern which has no hope of producing

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a suitable return. So very many of the businesses which shriek for fresh capital—only to be obtained by the offer of directorships—are merely forced to get money to save themselves from collapse because nothing is coming in, and in such cases investment is simply a case of pouring water into a sieve ; the investor is providing the money to pay his own salary and other people's as well, and the end is only a matter of time.

With the case of large public companies this article has no concern. There is every possibility of finding out all about them, and in any event they are not usually given to throwing out directorships or secretaryships to be scrambled for. It is in the small private company that the retired officer is chiefly to be found. It can safely be said that most small private companies are at their best a gamble ; very often they have been formed to exploit some untried invention, and it must be remembered that only a small proportion of inventions bear the test of time and warrant extensive manufacture, so that the prospects of a new thing becoming an established success should be well weighed before staking any capital. Again, a private business worked up by its owner may bring him in a reasonable livelihood, but whether its volume is capable of sufficient expansion to bear increased overhead charges and provide a return on added capital is a subject for exhaustive examination. It is not overstating the case to say that the newcomer should assume every concern he investigates to be unsatisfactory until he is convinced against his will that it is not. It may in consequence take him a long time to find anything he can put his money into with any degree of safety, but he will at least have the laugh of some of the thousand of business " stiffs " who think that every retired officer is fair game and a mug.

" More haste, less speed " is a good motto for the average Service man looking to business for his future. Rather than take the bait of an immediate and good salary which cannot last and so make a present of the whole of his capital to some gang of sharks, he will be wise to carry on for a time on some specified portion of it and to use the time so gained as a very necessary course of instruction. Books on company work, as has already been pointed out, are useful, as also are books on accounts. Advice from a trusted family solicitor, if possible, and from a good accountant is invaluable, and the opinions of any friends who have business experience themselves are,

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it need scarcely be said, of the greatest help. No one would call himself a proficient machine-gunner unless he had taken a course of instruction in the subject, yet there is a great deal more to learn about all that goes on under the wide term of " business," and so it is best to take a little time and learn something of it as cheaply as possible. The yawning pocket of the " flat-catcher " will in this way be baulked of much of its plunder, and the thought of the Service man will not so readily bring a foxy smile to the smug face of the Real Business Man.

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# THE FUTURE OF THE EX-SERVICE MAN AND A SHORT HISTORY OF HIS PAST

By F. GEORGE.

(*Late Sergeant, The Sherwood Foresters.*)

UNLESS ex-Regular Service men can organize themselves to obtain redress through Parliament, they will always suffer from unemployment owing to our short service Military system. Parliament must either give ex-Service men a statutory right to further State employment, if the present method of recruitment and discharge is to continue, or alter the system.

Hard facts must be faced. Sentiment, sympathy, charity, appeals to individual employers or firms, or to trade unions, will not solve the problem of the employment of the ex-Service man. Why this is so I explained in a previous article in THE FIGHTING FORCES. Appeals have been tried for half a century—ever since, in fact, the short service system was introduced into the Army in 1870—and still the ex-Service man suffers.

And yet, despite the bitter experience of over fifty years, it is obvious that the Nation cannot get away from the idea that the interests of ex-Service men can only be served by giving financial support to Associations and Societies formed to deal with his life after discharge. Such Societies are the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen; the Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors Help Society; the Soldiers and Sailors Families Association; the British Legion Benevolent Fund; and the Regimental Old Comrades Associations. These bodies do their best. The first-named, so far as it is able, finds employment for men, as do the Old Comrades Associations and branches of the British Legion. Otherwise charity is handed out to the old soldier. Yet, despite the efforts of these organizations, far too many men, particularly ex-soldiers, become derelict. So far as any Government action towards employment is concerned, the question is, as truly stated by the Editor of THE FIGHTING FORCES in the October issue, "dealt with in a cold-blooded, bureaucratic manner."

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It is proposed in this article to give first of all a brief history of efforts made by ex-Regular Service men before the war, and to show in what direction they were then going towards a solution of their difficulties; and because circumstances caused the men of the Great War to follow in their footsteps some remarks are given on their activities in the same direction.

In the latter years of the nineteenth century, and in the early years of the twentieth, ex-soldiers were suffering acutely from unemployment. In 1909 steps were taken by ex-soldiers in Aldershot to organize themselves into a body to grapple with the position. The movement caused astonishment in official circles, so much so that after the first meeting, held in a Soldiers' Home, a ban on further gatherings in such places was issued by Headquarters. The Secretary of State for War, Lord Haldane, was approached to help the men, but declined to do so. Despite these rebuffs they carried on, and eventually a meeting of secretaries of Old Comrades Associations was held in the Veterans' Club, London, on March 9th, 1912, with Lieut.-General The Earl of Dundonald in the chair. This distinguished officer had consented to preside after several other officers of high rank had refused to have anything to do with the activities of the men. A long discussion took place at this meeting, and at a subsequent one held on June 15th, 1912, an organization was formed under the name of the National Society of Ex-Naval and Military Men, with Lieut.-General the Earl of Dundonald as President and the present writer as Hon. Secretary. The objects of this movement were those stated in my article in THE FIGHTING FORCES of September, 1925, and crystalized they led to the title of the article—*i.e.*, "Statutory Employment for Ex-Service Men." The constitution of the Society was similar to that of any other of a like nature. Paragraph 16 is, however, of interest as showing the minds of the men on one aspect of the situation. It reads: "No grants from the funds of the Society will be made for charitable purposes." I would add that no money was asked for from outside sources. The men did not want charity—they wanted employment.

From this time onwards the movement progressed rapidly. Branches were formed in many important centres, and on the suggestion of the Army Council the Society approached the Royal Commission on the Civil Service,

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which was sitting at the time, on the question of the employment of ex-Regular Service men in the Civil Service. Eventually a deputation from the Society was allowed to give evidence before the Royal Commission, several members of which were far from sympathetic in their attitude towards suggestions put forward.

A mass meeting, held in the Kingsway Hall, London, on April 12th, 1913, culminated in the unanimous passing of the following resolution: "This mass meeting of ex-Naval and Military men, held at the Kingsway Hall, W.C., Saturday, April 12th, 1913, views with the gravest dissatisfaction the attitude of succeeding Governments towards the ex-Service man, an attitude which not only has a prejudicial effect on recruiting, but inflicts a real injustice on those who have elected to serve in the fighting forces of the Crown. We therefore ask the Prime Minister, the Right Honourable H. H. Asquith, to receive a deputation for the purpose of laying their proposals before him."

That resolution was strongly but clearly worded. The spirit of the men cannot be better expressed than by the following extract from the report of the meeting in the *Army and Navy Gazette* :—"We were struck by the intense loyalty and patriotism which characterized the speeches, and as a fitting finale the whole assembly, numbering considerably over a thousand, rose in a body and sang the National Anthem with fervour."

The Prime Minister declined to receive a deputation, but referred the Society to the Secretary of State for War, who consented to do so, as did also Dr. Macnamara, the Secretary of the Admiralty.

During discussion with the deputation, the Secretary of State for War, General Seely, was sympathetic and promised to do what he could. One suggestion was put before him. "Technical instruction to be given to prepare men for civil life." One wonders how much the forceful focussing of this principal in 1913 for the future of the soldier was responsible for the establishment of the present Vocational Training Centres.

The outbreak of the war stopped the activities of the Society, and owing to the growth of the great organizations of the ex-Service men of the war, it was decided by those of the Society who were left in 1918 to close down.

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The official mind to-day is the same as it was when these men were making a hard fight for recognition of continuity of employment under the Crown, and State controlled employment. One of the most bitter opponents of ex-Service men in pre-war days were Civil Servants. Ex-Service men of the Great War have had to form their own organization, inside the Civil Service, to prevent being turned out.

In fact, the history of pre-war days has repeated itself in many respects with regard to the treatment and position of the ex-Service man of the Great War. In 1916, the writer, whilst on leave in a Midland town, stood and listened to an ex-Service man appealing for others to join the Federation of Demobilized Soldiers and Sailors, in order to obtain redress from the Government for services rendered. It was the first he had heard of such a movement, and thoughts of the years before 1914 came to his mind.

In the past a distinguished soldier of high rank, Lieut.-General the Earl of Dundonald, who led the soldier of his day on active service in Egypt, and in the South African War, when he fought through with them and relieved Ladysmith, had for years been appealing for justice for the ex-Service man, and he allied himself with the men when they tried themselves to obtain a better condition of affairs.

On July 1st, 1921, the British Legion was formed, and another distinguished soldier of high rank, Field-Marshal Earl Haig, who led the soldier of his day on active service in the terrible battles in France, and won with them the greatest war of our history, is in the same position as his distinguished predecessor, pleading that the ex-Service man may be given justice. Earl Haig has also allied himself with the men he led to victory. He is finding his task as hard as his predecessor, the Earl of Dundonald, despite the fact that to-day the Nation knows its Army, and all that ex-Service men have done for the Empire. In the days before the Great War the Army and the ex-Service men were things apart from the Nation, and the neglect of its ex-fighting men was unknown to the great majority of the public. Such is not the case to-day, yet many ex-Service men are in the same position that men who fought in former wars were.

Earl Haig has succeeded in welding the men together outside party politics in the British Legion, but in their capacity as citizens they will still be exploited by party

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politicians. A reference to Parliamentary reports will give instances of how each political party advocate the interests of the ex-Service man for party ends. One example is the passage of words between the Labour Party and the Prime Minister on the debate on the King's Speech, which occurred at the opening of the session of Parliament in February of 1920, concerning the attitude of trade unions. General Elections have found ex-Service men the plaything of all political parties, each promising him a country " fit for heroes to live in " for party ends.

I hold the opinion that only through Parliament by political action will the ex-Service man problem be finally solved. But not by Party action.

Political action by ex-Regulars and, so far as Regulations allow, by Regulars as well should, on all occasions, aim at keeping their Members in the House of Commons up to the mark on this question of employment, whether they be Conservative, Liberal or Labour; and no Service man, whether he be still serving or not, should ever neglect to record his vote at a Parliamentary Election. This was the method adopted by ex-Service men of pre-war days. It was successful, and would have reached the full measure of success desired had the Great War not stopped the work of their organization.

If Parliament will not concede a statutory right to further State employment, what is the alternative? The answer is, as far as the soldier is concerned, to reintroduce long service into the Army, with a pension.

Placing the prospects for the man first, this would mean—

> He would know when he joined the Army he was secure for employment for 21 years, with a pension for the rest of his life.
>
> There would be no necessity to have to appeal to employers for work, knowing they cannot give it to unskilled men. Neither would it be necessary to have to appeal continually for charitable help, or maintain overlapping philanthropic institutions.

Many men would probably say they would not enlist for 21 years. They would not have to. The terms should be 12 years with the Colours in the first place, with the option, but also the right, to extend for the other 9 years. If a man



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wished to leave the Colours on the completion of his 12 years' service, it would, and should, be entirely at his own risk.

From a Military point of view the first matter for consideration is the provision of a reserve, for expansion in time of war. But do we want a Reserve as provided at present? Any war on a large scale would, following the precedent of the Great War, find Conscription on the Statute Book again. If the League of Nations functions, the only war this country will ever have will be a small native war within the Empire. With its consolidation even these will become more rare, and we only require, to use the words of Lord Derby, " an armed police force." In conjunction with the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, a long service Army, much reduced in strength, would be used to preserve law and order in India and various Crown Colonies. I cannot foresee that we shall ever have a war again of the magnitude of the South African War. This campaign, prior to the Great War, has been the only one in which the Army Reserve was mobilized.

A long service system would necessitate a reorganization of the establishment of the Regular Army in relation to the upkeep of overseas garrisons. Any reserve required for home defence should be found from the Territorial Army.

When a man enters the Civil Service or the Police Force, the State retains him for life. Then why not in the Army?

I regret I am unable, through lack of data, to present a financial statement of comparison, man for man, between the short and long service systems, or to work out an establishment. But arguing on broad lines of thought, it will cost no more to clothe and feed one man, and keep his accoutrements up for 21 years, then three men for 7 years each. The Reserve I suggest should cost no more than under the short service system, as the terms of service and the rate of pay should be the same. A saving in the cost of clothing would be effected, which, under the short service system, is constantly being issued to new recruits. Pensions would be a considerable item, but a sound investment.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## MESS GUESTS.

*To the Editor of " The Fighting Forces."*

SIR,

It seems to me it is high time that the somewhat old-fashioned system of assessing Mess Guest charges by rank should be amended. For who is the better off? The unmarried captain or the married major with two children at school; or, if you prefer, the unmarried subaltern or the married captain with one child. There is, of course, no shadow of doubt about the answer, married allowances notwithstanding.

Moreover, consideration is rarely given to the fact that married officers have their own entertaining to carry out, a duty which is generally most conscientiously performed and which plays no small part in enhancing the good name of the regiment.

It is not an uncommon event after, for example, a boxing competition between two adjacent units, for the members of one Mess to adjourn to the Mess of their neighbours. Many goodly drinks are absorbed; Lieut. " A " rings the bell and orders " a hell of a lot of drinks." The waiter brings " a hell of a lot of drinks." Altogether a most cheery evening, and though the Mess Sergeant found it quite impossible to say who drank what; and, consequently, all the drinks were lumped together and charged against Mess Guests, nobody wishes to cavil against these pleasant inter-unit reunions. But they are essentially the affair of the dining members, and though the married captains and married majors are naturally prepared to pay their whack, they feel it hard they should have to pay twice and three times as much as Lieut. " A."

No, let payment to the Entertainment Fund, which is reserved for the larger regimental entertainments be by rank, if you like, but the ordinary Mess Guest charges should be a matter of equal shares for all.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. H. POTTLEBURY, *Captain.*

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## NATIONAL DEFENCE.

*To the Editor of " The Fighting Forces."*

SIR,

Since you have been so kind as to let me see an advanced proof of " National Defence: A Reply," may I be permitted to trespass on your valuable space to answer some of the points raised by Capt. Clarke?

First, then, I am taken to task for not going into details. But surely it is evident that such a subject must be treated generally before any details can be considered. Capt. Clarke inquires why my " Defence against invasion " force does not include bombers to attack enemy

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aerodromes, and coast artillery for the defence of naval ports. Not only do I freely admit the omission, but I confess that I also omitted to mention the 30-cwt. lorries and their drivers who would take the coast defence gunners their rations and their rum. Doubtless other omissions will occur to my readers.

Secondly, it would appear that Capt. Clarke has entirely missed the point of Drake's pronunciamento. Drake's object was to get the "gentlemen" (the Army) and the "mariners" (the Navy) to "haul and draw together" both at sea and when fighting on land. This was the secret, in the opinion of the writer, by means of which Drake forged the finest weapon for conducting Combined Operations that has ever served this country. To put the matter into a nutshell, if you turned half the Army into Royal Marines,* and half the Royal Air Force into Fleet Air Arm, three-quarters of the difficulties of Combined Operations would be overcome by a stroke of the pen.

Finally, Capt. Clarke seems to think that my reorganization scheme will involve our having to have "three navies," but surely this has always been the case. In the Great War, for example, we had the Grand Fleet at Scapa; the Mediterranean Fleet helping to land the Army at Gallipoli; and Admiral Sturdee's Fleet protecting our trade by sinking Von Spee in the South Atlantic. Nor is this threefold task of the Navy unique in the Great War only. In the Seven Years' War we find our blockading fleet outside Brest preventing a French invasion up Channel; another fleet of frigates convoying and protecting our West Indian trade; while a detachment under Admiral Saunders was assisting Wolfe to land at Quebec. This is what I mean when I talk of the "functional tasks" of the Services—tasks which, I maintain, are best carried out in war not only by having unity of command, but also by a system under which the land, sea and air Services are trained together under one staff in peace. Such a system of training can, I suggest, only be attained by a re-grouping in the way I have outlined.

I hope, if I may, to be allowed to develop this thesis in more detail in a subsequent number.

I am, Sir,
Yours, etc.,
"SABREUR."

* In this connection it is interesting to refer to an article entitled "The Future of the Royal Marines" which appeared in the November 1926 number of the *R.U.S.I. Journal*.—ED.

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## EMPTY COMPARTMENTS.

*To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."*

SIR,

After much wandering and many adventures, my March 1926 copy of the FIGHTING FORCES has just reached me, so that I have but this moment finished reading Major Piper's "Case Against Depots."

What struck me most about this article was the phrase I have put above; for when I was soldiering in England, the "Empty Compart-

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ment " was a catchword only slightly less popular, or more popular, depending on your point of view, than the " Soft Spot."

In those days this vacant box usually consisted of a harassed N.C.O. of junior rank, carrying a flag, and a company setting off on its training, reminded one of a well-disciplined, but unpopular section of the Salvation Army, afraid to unfurl its banners in case of ridicule. Now, of course, these flags are out of use and instead, our friend, the harassed N.C.O. of lowly rank, enters another compartment and with a sigh of relief, drifts into nonentity for the rest of the summer.

For nowadays except in the case of a few lucky regiments, it is rare for a platoon to have more than one rifle section which does not " fall below the strength necessary to enable it to act independently as such."

And so, in many battalions, there are a number of section commanders without sections—N.C.Os. who on mobilization, will be called upon to command a fair proportion of reservists. Now, in nearly all cases, these reservists will be older men and with more worldly experience than their section commanders. In some cases they may even look down upon these youthful leaders with scorn and derision.

From the point of view of knowledge these junior N.C.Os., well-trained in weapons and tactics, should be a match for any rusty reservist, but knowledge is not all that is required in leadership. The test comes when under fire. Without experience in handling men and with his character yet undeveloped, a young N.C.O. stands small chance of getting his section to follow him, especially those to whom he is more or less a stranger.

Chapter I, of " Section Leader Training," deals with the character of the military leader. Its teaching is admirable. It exhorts the student as follows :— " I must play up for my section," it says, putting the words into his mouth, " and be sympathetic to the men under my command, set a good example, and maintain discipline firmly."

The seed having been sown, the young N.C.O. should then go and develop it, but he has no section on which to practise.

Theory is practically useless in his case. Personal contact with subordinates is essential and for a young leader, a few weeks collective training with a *full* section under him, will do more for his character than months of teaching.

Perhaps in days to come the depot may be a thing of the past, and, as Major Piper says, " No one has been hurt," but on the other hand, the junior N.C.O. will be immeasurably benefited, for no longer is he a stranger in another carriage, but has his own compartment filled with those whom he may soon learn to lead.

I am, Sir,
Yours, etc.,
R. S. KENILWORTH.

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# THE BOOKSHELF

A GREATER THAN NAPOLEON. By CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART. Messrs. Wm. Blackmore & Sons. 12s. 6d.

Every schoolboy knows that Scipio Africanus defeated Hannibal at the Battle of Zama. By the time the schoolboy has become the subaltern he has forgotten the fact. So sinks into oblivion one of the greatest of classical generals and one of the most high-minded of Romans, who helped to raise their state from a mere Italian province to the finest civilizing force till the rise of the British Empire.

Captain Liddell Hart has done something of a public service in rescuing Scipio Africanus from the ill-deserved obscurity which surrounds his name (the standard Life dates from the early years of the nineteenth century, and, as might be expected from its clerical author, omits all study of Scipio as a soldier—a good example of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark). The authorities, unfortunately, are few and not always reliable, but under the excellent handling of Captain Liddell Hart this long-neglected vein yields up gold abundantly—gold of wisdom, instruction and, be it added, of example.

That failure and not success is the touchstone of immortality is abundantly illustrated by the career and ultimate eclipse of Scipio Africanus. Born in 235 B.C., he was a military tribune at nineteen, a generalissimo at twenty-five, a conqueror of Spain before thirty, the vanquisher of Hannibal by thirty-five. With such a career, only those of Alexander and Napoleon can compare. Yet while Alexander's meteoric and (be it noted) ephemeral victories were gained against barbaric forces, while Napoleon's hammer-blows were directed against the spiritless armies and corrupt generals of the ancient regime, Scipio's triumph was over a nation not only efficient, but powerful and hitherto victorious, and over a soldier admittedly one of the most brilliant of all times. What was the secret of this extraordinary man, who, like Marlborough—with whom his career presents more than one parallel—never fought a battle which he did not win? Are we so purblind or so self-satisfied that we think it impossible or beneath contempt to learn from a general who lived and fought *and won* two thousand years ago? Captain Liddell Hart's masterly study leaves the reader in no doubt.

Through lack of authorities, we are left to deduce the secret of Scipio's successes from fragments of his reported speeches and from a critical study of his campaigns. From the first it is easy to see that "he was master of two attributes of generalship—the power to keep his intentions secret until their disclosure . . . the wisdom to realize that military success depends largely on the thoroughness of previous preparation" at once of the army and of morale. Preparation and plan are in themselves insufficient unless there is psychological and intelligent informing of the one, and original and scientific execution of the other. In these Scipio would have nothing to learn from a present-day General Staff. In strategy he never repeated himself; in tactics he had grasped the fundamental principle of securing every offensive move from

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possible interference, and of " fixing " the enemy before and during the decisive manœuvre—a neglect of which has probably caused more military disasters than the sum of all other causes.

To these consummate military attainments Scipio added the hardly less rare ones of self-command and modesty, even in the hour of his greatest triumph. Free from the cravings of avarice and the promptings of ambition, he had not the personal miserliness which clouds the fame of Marlborough, or the overweening egotism which vulgarizes the name of Napoleon. He was, in the words of the author, " the staff, not the whip of Rome." *O sic omnes.*

W. B. P.

THE CHINESE ARMY AS A MILITARY FORCE. By LAWRENCE IMPEY. Tientsin Press, Ltd.

This treatise, whilst somewhat sketchy in character, will prove of interest to professional soldiers and others who may wish to know something of China's modern army. Mr. Impey, who is an American, acted as special correspondent with Marshal Wu Pei-fu during that leader's life-and-death struggle in 1924 with his great rival, Chang Tso-lin, and thus had excellent opportunities of studying the Chinese soldier on active service at first hand. Each arm of the service is dealt with separately, and the author, though not a professional soldier, has put his finger on the various shortcomings and failings which at once strike any trained observer.

Mr. Impey's conclusions are of interest. We are in complete agreement with him when he states that in his opinion " any good overseas division is equal to at least two, and possibly three, Chinese ones " ; we would, in fact, go as far as to say that five good overseas divisions would have nothing to fear from the combined forces of China as they now exist. We agree, too, when he gives it as his opinion that China, if left to her own resources and devices, has no possible chance of waging an external war successfully for fifty years to come. We cannot, however, believe that there is even a possibility of either " Russia or Japan supplying the missing factor which would render the yellow race a deadly menace to the peace of the world." Were they to do so they would indeed be sowing the dragon's teeth and endangering their own safety. In his last chapter the author refers to " the criminal folly and overwhelming greed of the Governments of Europe in supplying the Chinese with the latest armaments." We have no wish to defend those European countries which have either deliberately or through indifference allowed their nationals to play fast and loose with the Arms Embargo Agreement, but we think it only fair to point out that there are others ; Japan is an old offender, and Mr. Impey's own country is not entirely guiltless, for no small store of small arms and ammunition has reached China from the U.S.A.

The book is well and profusely illustrated.

THE BRITISH NAVY IN ADVERSITY. By CAPTAIN W. M. JAMES, C.B., R.N. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., London. 25s.

This admirable book completes a trio of works by three different naval historians. Captain James joins a worthy company—that of

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Sir Julian Corbett as author of " England in the Seven Years' War " and of Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, the writer of " The Navy in the War of 1739-48 "—in his " Study of the War of American Independence." From the naval point of view the struggle which he describes was one to decide whether England or France was to be the dominating Power in the West.

He opens with a striking description of what he calls " the dissipation of a legacy " whereby a Navy, which Anson had brought to a high state of efficiency, deteriorated as the result of political corruptions and maladministration until, when the American revolution came about, it could not even provide an adequate force in those local waters, much less could it act as a deterrent to France and Spain to prevent their joining the revolutionaries.

We see the ill-effects of civilian control of naval strategy in the shifting policy of the Cabinet of those days with regard to the disposition of forces and in a strong leaning towards dispersing our already inadequate strength in small weak groups. That worse did not befall our fortunes, in this state of unreadiness and ill-directed effort, was largely due to the vacillation of the enemy. As Captain James puts it, we enjoyed " the advantage which a single nation with unity of aim has over the divided counsels of a coalition."

As the drama of those critical years unfolds, the centre of interest swings from the fighting in North American Territorial and even inland waters to French dockyards, from the West Indian Islands to the Battle of Ushant and back again to the West Indies and North America. Then we are given a vivid picture of the combined enemy fleet threatening the very shores of England " becalmed and anchored in sight of the Tower at Plymouth," as d'Orvilliers reported on the eve of his culmination of his plan " to proceed directly to St. Helena in order to bring the enemy to action . . . to become masters of the Channel . . . and so bring about the passage of the land army " ; but the Court and Ministers in Paris could not make up their minds whether to attempt a landing on the Isle of Wight or at Falmouth, while the fleet was daily suffering in efficiency and finding it more difficult to hold its ground. Eventually a change in the weather compelled d'Orvilliers to abandon all idea of an invasion.

The combined fleet had the somewhat empty triumph of chasing an English fleet up their own channel before dividing and returning to their respective countries, with nothing accomplished.

The following year, 1780, includes the first relief of Gibraltar, the " third phase " of the struggle for the West Indian Islands, operations in North and Central America, and the declaration of war against Holland.

In 1781 we have the " fourth phase " of the West Indian fighting and an account of the British defensive in North America, while in European waters Gibraltar is relieved for the second time ; a Franco-Spanish Armada again appears in the Channel, and the Battle of the Dogger Bank is fought.

The final phase of the West Indian fighting and Howe's activities in connection with the third relief of Gibraltar occupy the two chapters devoted to 1782 ; while the concluding chapters survey events and

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hostilities in the Indian Ocean, the Peace, and the causes of Success and Failure.

It is an ambitious work, but confidence, a facile pen and a clear head have carried the author triumphantly through his task. The period covered is of exceptional interest, the more so because it introduces us to such historic characters as Choiseul, D'Estaing, Keppel, d'Orvilliers, Paul Jones, Rodney, Nelson, Hood, Cornwallis, Hyde-Parker, Howe, Kempenfelt, and many others. The maps are clear and the battle plans most original. There are useful appendices and a satisfying index.

E. A.

ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT, 1926. Compiled and Edited by C. G. GREY and LEONARD BRIDGMAN. Sampson Low. 42s. net.

This remarkable book, which has now reached its sixteenth year of issue, gives a complete record of aeronautical progress throughout the world during the past year. The Historical section is extremely interesting. Some countries have refused to give the simplest information, and consequently all kinds of official and semi-official documents have had to be searched to get the information required, the result being, notably in the case of the French section, that the information given is perhaps more voluminous and more accurate than it would have been had the subject-matter been obtained direct.

There is a section on aeroplanes, the last page of which is devoted to the "Cierva Autogiro," which is not quite a helicopter and not quite an aeroplane, but something of both and wholly interesting. Two further sections deal with the world's aero-engines and the world's airships.

The illustrations are admirable, the organization and equipment of the Air Services of each country has been given in full detail, and the book should unquestionably find a place in every Service Mess.

GALLIPOLI TO-DAY. By T. J. PEMBERTON. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

This well turned out volume is more than a book—it is a monument. It is no ordinary story of travel and the jotting down of episodes and things seen that go to make up the ordinary story of far-off lands, but every page gives evidence that the writer has felt that he has had a sacred task in hand, and that he was writing for thousands to whom every word that he wrote would be full of moment. He has faced his task splendidly, and throughout the book there is a plain, simple, unvarnished tale that sheds a beam of brightness over a land that to many is but a name—and a bitter one at that.

I do not know what steps are being taken, other than the ordinary publisher's announcements, to make this book widely known, but I feel that it would be greatly appreciated could it in some way be brought to the notice of the thousands of families whose kindred found sepulture in this ancient peninsula.

One can picture every step the author takes. Here now lying tranquilly and poppy-strewn are the places that eleven years ago were

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peopled with the flower of the Empire's youth. Very little has changed, save that the weeds and rank vegetation have softened a little the scars of the war. The peasant life is much as it was before the carnage, and as it has been for thousands of years. The flowers that bloom to-day are the same as those which graced the hillsides when Leander swam the Hellespont. The strange birds are the descendants of those who knew the land when Troy was building, and the habits of the men and women have not changed through the centuries.

Names that are now household words, names that are stamped indelibly on the memories of those who came back, and names that now stand proudly amongst the battle honours of many famous regiments, stand out vividly as the pages are read, and the book is very much enhanced by the many war photographs that are included, a number being given by permission of the Imperial War Museum, and which doubtless have been seen by comparatively few. These will bring back poignant memories.

The reader, after being taken over the battle-fields, will marvel at the steps that have been taken to ensure that the name of every man and woman who made the supreme sacrifice for Britain's cause shall be commemorated "in perpetuity." The Imperial War Graves Commission have done their work marvellously well, and one has to read very carefully to appreciate fully the magnitude of their task. They had a difficult job to accomplish—and a long and thankless one. For two years they laboured, employing at times as many as 120 of the local inhabitants. Every square yard of the battle area north and south had to be scrutinized. It was not like the shell-smitten soil of France; nevertheless at Anzac and Suvla it was rough and tangled with the scrub which had grown up again since the cessation of hostilities. No wooden crosses remained to mark the graves, though a few unshaped rocks with names engraved thereon were still in place. The crosses had long since been put to baser uses by the inhabitants. Three years had been more than enough to reduce all human remains to clean whitened bones, for where the earth teems with insect life under the hot summer sun organic matter is subject to rapid change. But pieces of uniform, metal badges, buttons, knives, equipment were well preserved. Indelible ink on oil sheets was often found to be as clear as on the day it was written. Much time and industry were devoted to searching for identity discs. If identification was not immediately established, the ground in the vicinity of human remains was sieved and searched. Though the cemeteries of Gallipoli contain so many unidentified bodies, and though the monuments commemorate so many British and Dominion soldiers with no known graves, this was through no lack of diligence on the part of the Directorate.

Between the spring and summer seasons, when the wild grass and weeds were being burned up by the hot sun, it was often possible to detect where the earth had been disturbed. Where a grave had been dug, the loosened soil lost its moisture more rapidly than the set and hardened earth, and the herbage above dried up slightly in advance of the surrounding growth. Wherever this differentiation in the condition of the grass was observed there was almost sure to be a grave

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beneath. Again, wherever a patch of land appeared to have been not well searched, labour was employed to go over it again.

To this book is written an introduction by the one man, perhaps, of all men who is entitled to do so—the general on whom fell the brunt of the operations and who would have got through had there not been so much vacillation at home with regard to reinforcements—Sir Ian Hamilton.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. A Brief Sketch by DAVID KNOWLES. Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.

In a remarkably small compass, Mr. David Knowles has set out to give an account of the causes, characteristics, personalities and consequences of the war between the Northern and Southern States of America in the years 1861-65, and has given us a book that will bear the closest reading.

In a very fair and impartial way is given a narrative which, although perhaps shedding no new light, nevertheless explains and makes clearer the great problems of abiding interest that Americans of sixty years ago were called upon to face so terribly. The moral and political aspects that faced these descendants of English and Scottish settlers formed a crisis of great magnitude. Actually, until the supremacy had been established the country was a house divided against itself, and the principal bone of contention was slavery. Very shortly, Mr. Knowles analyses the lengthy struggle between the States, and shows how the climatic conditions had a great influence on the usage of slave labour, the southern and more fertile states growing a profusion of crops that could be harvested by unintelligent labour. On the great plantations in the almost sub-tropical latitudes this work was unhealthy and uncongenial to Europeans, and from the first an evil practice had grown up of importing African negroes into the country and holding them as slaves.

The details of the long drawn out campaign will be familiar to most readers, as, for the first time, two of the most important inventions of the nineteenth century were available, and, for the first time in history, influenced to a great extent the strategy of the commanders. These were the electric telegraph and the railways.

The author carefully considers the great and beneficial results of the war, and as these are of value at the present time to all those who would study the present spirit of the American nation, I may be forgiven for quoting the conclusion. "The disappearance of slavery and the ruin of the Southern aristocracy swept from American life and American politics the last trace of the old European social distinctions. It may be said that to some extent wealth has taken the place of birth in American life. This is doubtless true, and in time, it may be, a new aristocracy will spring into being. Nevertheless, for the present at least, and in spite of such bars as wealth may put between rich and poor, America remains democratic in spirit in a way that England is not, and, so far as can be seen, never will be. The people of the South were free, and they fought for freedom, but they had nothing of this democratic spirit. It was the spirit of Lincoln and the North."

Finally there is a small bibliography of the war that should prove very helpful, and which aptly completes a book of much interest.

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The following reviews were unavoidably held over from our last issue :—

GOVERNMENTS AND WAR ; A STUDY OF THE CONDUCT OF WAR. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR F. MAURICE, K.C.M.G., C.B. Heinemann, Ltd. 8s. 6d.

To the question of other days, " Can a democracy govern an empire ?" there succeeded, in the nineteenth century at least, the question, " Can democracy run a war ?" Not that this query had failed to exercise the minds of the ancients. It must have protruded itself at the time of the Syracuse Expedition and at the period of the Punic Wars upon any unprejudiced thinker. But it was not until the nineteenth century and Lord Salisbury's dictum—" I do not think the British Constitution as at present worked is a good fighting machine "—that the problem was seriously canvassed, with indifferent results.

Five lectures by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice published in book form under the title " Governments and War " are an attempt to answer the question. The author starts by asserting that " the mistakes in the conduct of war are not necessarily the consequence of any particular form of government, but that they may be due to causes which are remedial, whether the form of government be an autocracy, a constitutional monarchy, or a republic." As far as autocracy is concerned, the inevitable ruin of Napoleonic France and Hohenzollern Germany do nothing to recommend it over and above the other two forms of government.

The author proceeds to his conclusions upon empirical lines. His is not the *à priori* reasoning of the armchair critic, but rather that of the practical expert analysing the particular and thence deducing the general. His " particular " is the American Civil War—the severest test to which, till 1914, democratic government had ever been subjected. It was, moreover, the only previous war fought under anything like modern political conditions, and therefore of any real value for a politico-military thesis such as this. The bulk of the book is a study of the two opposing presidents, Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln, and with their relations towards their respective generals, Johnstone and Lee on the side of the South, McClellan and Grant on that of the North.

The initial situation of both presidents was very similar, with the pregnant exception that Jefferson had a little military experience and took a long time to learn how little it was, while Lincoln had none at all and took a shorter time to realize his complete ignorance. Both, by the provision of the United States Constitution, were *ex officio* commanders-in-chief. This position they both came to cede, Davis unwillingly and through force of circumstances, Lincoln by intuition and of his own free will. It is Lincoln's method of devolution of power which carried the North to victory, and which provides the author with a formula wherewith to solve the problem of the belligerent efficiency of democracy, or indeed of any form of government. That formula may be expressed in Lincoln's own words : " Nothing justifies the suspending of the civil by the military authority but military necessity, and of the existence of that necessity the military

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commander and not a popular vote is to decide. Whatever is not that necessity must be left undisturbed." That the statesman should abdicate in favour of the soldier is as baneful as the complete domination of the military by the civil. The correct relationship is only to be obtained when there exists an harmonious understanding between the two. The one ultimately responsible for the welfare of the state, whether he is autocrat, prime minister or president, must have the last word in the direction of strategy; and here is the true test of statesmanship in the conduct of war—he must know how to direct, but be prepared to leave the execution to the military leader, who in turn must be confident of support against popular clamour and press campaigns notwithstanding. In fact, and in the words of General Maurice: "Modern war demands not Napoleon's man, but a partnership between the statesman and his military commanders."

This excellent and thought-inspiring work ends with a chapter devoted to the need for preparing in time of peace such a system as Lincoln hammered out during the stress of war. An appendix considers one possible solution, which has more than once formed the basis of an article in THE FIGHTING FORCES—namely, a Minister of Defence.*

W. B. P.

OPERATION ORDERS MADE EASY. By LIEUT.-COLONEL F. A. PILE, D.S.O., M.C., *p.s.c.*, Royal Tank Corps. Hugh Rees, Ltd. 3s.

In his Foreword the author says: "The writer has vivid recollections of sitting before a sheet of spotless paper, completely at a loss as to how even to commence an order." He is absolutely right. Nearly every officer has been through the same experience, and not only on staff rides, promotion examinations, etc., but sometimes even on active service. And if this difficulty is felt by Regular officers, how much more must it have been felt by Territorial and new Army officers during the Great War?

As a general rule even a subaltern is quite capable of making a sound and workable plan for an attack or defence, or whatever it may be; it is when he comes to giving his orders, either verbally or in writing, that he stumbles and hesitates and in the end often says something entirely different to what he originally intended. "A sample order has often helped the writer to build up his own." Exactly, and unless an officer has some mental picture of well and clearly constructed orders to help him, he will always hesitate and stumble over his task.

Why, in the name of Heaven, F.S.R. does not give a few sample orders is past understanding, but perhaps it is as well for Lieut.-Colonel Pile's sake, for it would interfere with the sale of his admirable book. The writer of this review can often remember being puzzled as to where exactly in orders to put in reference to the troops attacking on his right and left, and also to the troops attached to his unit; the form of order to the artillery and tanks is another fruitful source of trouble. A glance at the sample orders given in this book will set all these difficulties at rest. Lieut.-Colonel Pile confines himself to Battalion

* See FIGHTING FORCES, Vol. II, No. 4; Vol. III, No. 2.

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and Brigade orders, but we hope in future editions he will add samples of Company orders, both verbal and written, and also give an example or two of message form orders.

The book is very portable, and will easily slip into a coat pocket.

TRAINING HORSES FOR RACES. By CAPTAIN G. W. L. MEREDITH, M.C. Constable. 4s. 6d.

This excellent book, written in the simplest terms and with every word to the point, must appeal to every horse owner and to every lover of horses. The author shows in detail the various stages of training the horse passes through from the time he first enters a stable until he is fit to take his place in a hard race. The notes on feeding and exercising apply equally to getting the horse "hunting fit," and, in fact, the book should prove of the greatest assistance to all those who take an active interest in horses.

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The following books have been received and will be reviewed in April, 1927, number :—

*Imperial Defence.* By Stephen King-Hall.

*Common Mistakes in the Solution of Tactical Problems, and how to avoid Them.* By Brevet Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Beauman, D.S.O.

*The Military Genius of Abraham Lincoln.* By Brig.-General Colin R. Ballard, C.B., D.S.O.

The following magazines have been received :—

*Canadian Defence Quarterly.*
*The Cavalry Journal.*
*La Cooperazione Delle Armi.*
*The Royal Tank Corps Journal.*
*The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette.*
*The Iron Duke.*
*The Bugle.*
*St. George's Gazette.*

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# ASSOCIATION OF RETIRED NAVAL OFFICERS

By VICE-ADMIRAL F. W. CAULFEILD.

THE Association of Retired Naval and Marine Officers was reconstituted on Trafalgar Day, 1925, as a Welfare Society, and is daily increasing its membership and the scope of its activities. It now numbers nearly 900 retired officers of commissioned rank, and there is a large honorary membership of widows and dependants.

Aiming as it does to bring together all commissioned officers, after retirement, for the purpose of mutual help, it appeals naturally both to those whose circumstances are straitened, and to their more prosperous brothers.

The Association is fortunate in having secured the generous assistance of several eminent surgeons and physicians who as honorary officers grant consultations and carry out operations either free of charge or at greatly reduced fees according to the means of their patients. Other honorary officers include the auditor, solicitor and architect, all of whom are prepared to advise members in their several capacities. That these advantages are appreciated by the members goes without saying.

Few people outside the Service realize the difficulties which beset the retired naval officer whose circumstances necessitate his obtaining some form of employment to make both ends meet. Under present industrial conditions vacancies are scarce and applicants abundant, and a man with no previous commercial experience stands a poor chance of securing a lucrative post. Here A.R.N.O. can be and often is of great assistance as an intelligence bureau for both employers and those seeking employment.

Although pensions may be said to be more or less stabilized, many minor questions connected with them still crop up and are dealt with from time to time. In this matter the close touch which is maintained by the Association with the Ministry of Pensions and with the Admiralty has proved extremely useful and has produced excellent results.

The education of children, often a strain on the family exchequer, is another matter in which the Association helps its members. In some cases scholarships or bursaries have been granted to boys recommended by A.R.N.O.

To retired officers who contemplate emigrating to the overseas dominions and colonies, A.R.N.O. is in a position to be of use, as it has corresponding members in all parts of the world.

It may therefore be said that the single object of the Association is the welfare of the retired naval officer and his dependants.

The annual subscription is £1, and full particulars will be sent on application to the offices at Empire House, 175, Piccadilly, W.1.

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Vol. III. No. 2. July, 1926

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*Edited by*
LIEUT.-COL. R. M. RAYNSFORD, D.S.O.

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